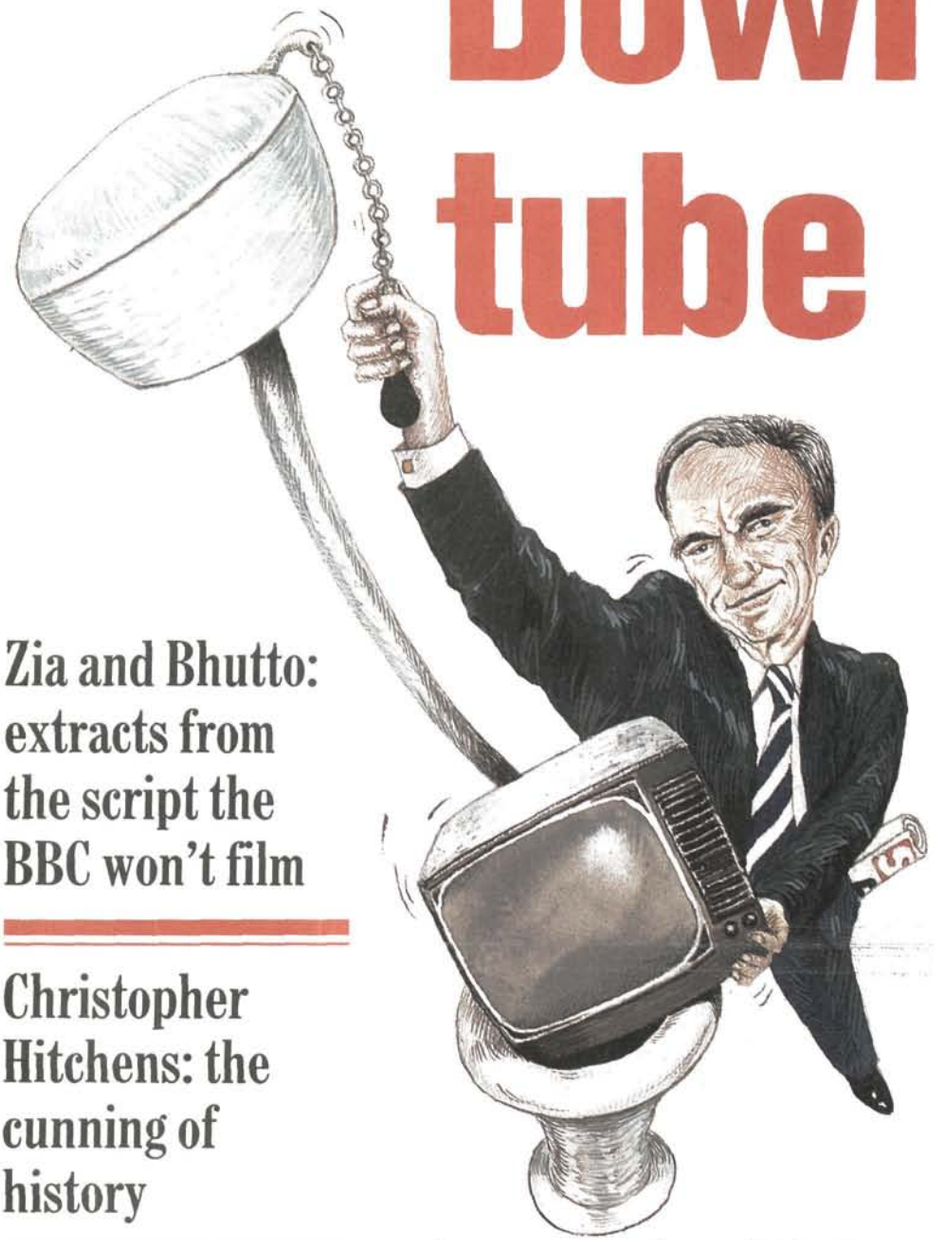
NEW STATESMAN
SOCIETY

SEP 1 5 1988
AMBASSADOR
COLLEGE LIBRARY

26 August 1988
US$1.75 Air
IR£1.47
UK £1

Down the tube



It's too late to adjust your set. The age of Mogg and Murdoch is upon us. The government may have brought TV to heel. But it's the international media barons who are really in control...

Zia and Bhutto: extracts from the script the BBC won't film

Christopher Hitchens: the cunning of history

Duncan Campbell: the Cabinet secrets the BBC won't show

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"NOTHING SHORT OF MIRACULOUS – A FILM TO CELEBRATE" ELLE

"Intelligent, sensational, A World Apart is one to applaud" Brian Case TIME OUT

"Beautiful and authentic"

Wendy Woods THE GUARDIAN

"Beautifully constructed and truly moving"

Amanda Lipman CITY LIMITS

BARBARA HERSHEY

A WORLD APART

PG

BASED ON A TRUE STORY

A FILM BY CHRIS MENGES

SPECIAL JURY PRIZE — A WORLD APART

BEST ACTRESS — BARBARA HERSHEY

CANNES FILM FESTIVAL 1988

BEST ACTRESS — JODHI MAY

BEST ACTRESS — LINDA MVUSI

BRITISH SCREEN *and* ATLANTIC ENTERTAINMENT GROUP *present* A WORKING TITLE *production*

BARBARA HERSHEY *in* A WORLD APART

starring DAVID SUCHET JEROEN KRABBE PAUL FREEMAN TIM ROTH *and* JODHI MAY *music* HANS ZIMMER *designer* BRIAN MORRIS *director of photography* PETER BIZIOU *a.s.c. executive producers* TIM BEVAN GRAHAM BRADSTREET

writer SHAWN SLOVO *producer* SARAH RADCLYFFE *director* CHRIS MENGES *screenplay published by* FABER AND FABER *11 days by* BUTTERFLY *published by* BLOOMSBURY PUBLISHING LIMITED

soundtrack album available on MILAN RECORDS *through* ROUGH TRADE CARTEL *distributed by* PALACE PICTURES *filmed in association with* FILMTOUCH INTERNATIONAL

recorded in DOLBY

DOLBY STEREO

FROM THURSDAY AUG 25th

FILM STARTS 1.00 3.30 6.10 8.50

CURZON WEST END

BOOK NOW! 439 4805

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW STATESMAN & SOCIETY

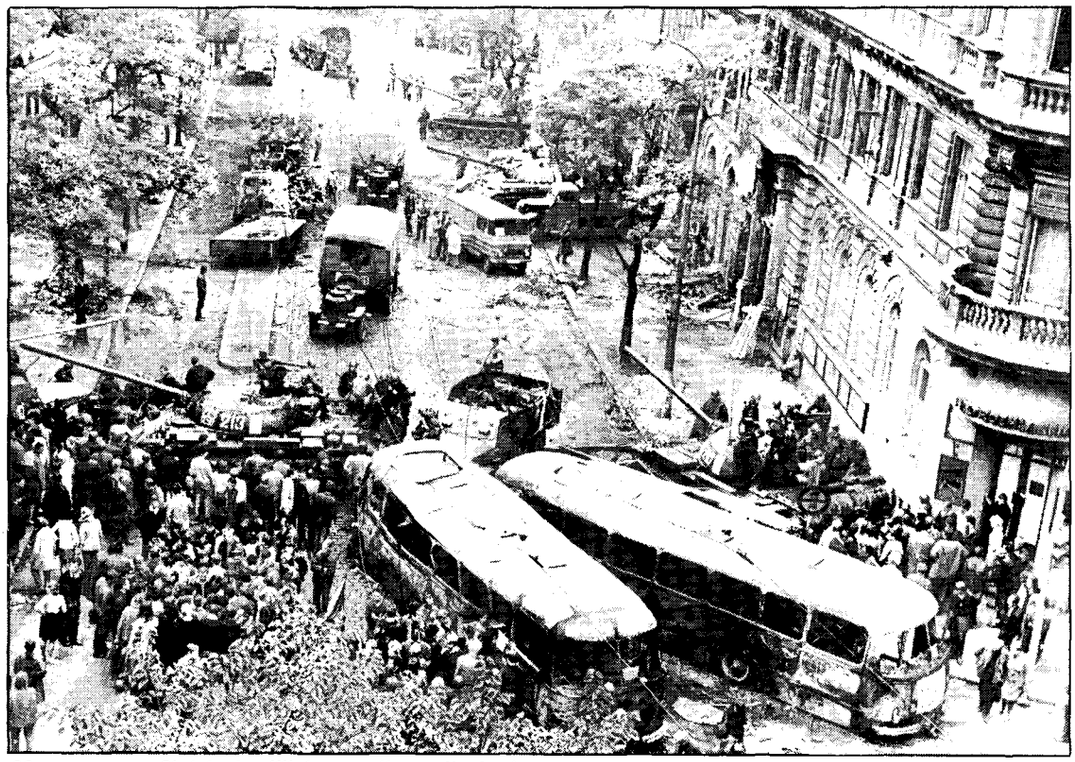
26 August 1988 Vol 1 No 12
New Statesman Vol 116 No 2995
New Society Vol 84 No 1338
ISSN 0954-2361

©Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd
Foundation House
Perseverance Works
38 Kingsland Road
London E2 8DQ
Telex 28449 Fax 01-739 9307
Advertising 01-739 1645
Editorial Administration 01-739 3211
Accounts Subscriptions 01-739 1737

Editor
Stuart Weir
Deputy Editor
Michael Poole
Assistant Editors
Jolyon Jenkins
Sally Townsend
Production Manager
Joanne Hurst
Art Editor
Caroline Heler
Political Editor
Sarah Benton
Associate Editors
Anthony Barnett
Duncan Campbell
Isabel O'Keeffe
Books Editor
Tony Gould
Sub-editor
Claire Sanders
Typesetter
Dory Royle
Writers
Yasmin Ahbhai
Rob Edwards (Scotland)
Sean French
Vicky Hutchings
Jeremy Laurance
James Stephenson
Nigel Townson
Poetry Editor
Hugo Williams
Editorial Assistants
Ingrid Dammers
Colette O'Reilly
Display Advertising
Jenny Shramenko
Lavinia Kennett
Classified Advertising
Hazel Stevens
Carol Anne McKenzie
Chris Gallagher
Michael Houlihan
Classified Production
Brian Cushion
Advertising Secretary
Linda Ring
Subscriptions
Cecilia Milton
Barbara Francis
Marketing & Promotions
Jane Richards
Office Manager
Gina Jennings
Accounts
Ted Peacock
Lee Charles
Chief Executive
Pat Coyne

Subscription rates
UK & Eire £48
Europe air mail only £55
USA air mail $106 air speed $87
Elsewhere air mail £73 air speed £61
US Postmaster: address changes to New Statesman & Society, Speedimpex USA Inc., 45-45 39th Street, Long Island City, NY 11104

CONTENTS



Frank Spooner Pictures

20 years on . . . Christopher Hitchens on the continuing legacy of Prague '68 in Eastern Europe. Page 24

Features

A life sentence 8
Helen Chappell meets the women who care for the people the state won't

Expendable asset 10
Dramatised exchange between General Zia and Ali Bhutto by Tariq Ali

Controlling factors 12
Phillip Whitehead on the age of Mogg and Murdoch

The global pillage 14
Bill Grantham on the internationalisation of television

Stand by your man 16
Alexander Cockburn on Zia's American connection—and Quayle's "smoking bank balance"

Filing Cabinet 18
Duncan Campbell on the other "Secret Society" programme the BBC won't show

Free the spirit 20
Lloyd in Moscow

Essay by Christopher Hitchens 24
Prague '68 and the cunning of history

Cover: Colin Merrin

Regulars

Diary 4
Sean French; plus Roger Woddis

Editorial 5

Frontlines 6
Beating the IRA with the SAS?; Australian Liberals call for racist law; On the trail of Quayle; *New Society* reborn

Political column 21
Stephen Howe: whose nation?

Letters 22

State of the nation 23
Anthony Barnett: Thatcher's not all froth

The Digger 52
Michael Leapman on optimism in the garden

Fringe Benefits 52
Colin Ward on the view from a train

Endgames 53
Competitions, Crossword, Chess

Backchat 55
Christopher Hitchens recalls the late Mark Boxer's work for the *New Statesman*

Doonesbury 55

Briefing

Society 28
Malcolm Brynin: Poverty in a fool's paradise 28
Bob Colenutt and John Barnes: UDCs don't create jobs 29
Plus: Rebellious shire Tories; benefit non-claimants 30
Welfare Watch: are local authorities breaking the law? 30
Stephen R. Johnson: drink and older people 31
Tailgunner Parkinson 31
Database: Air misses 32

Books 35
Carole Angier on Elias Canetti; Allon Reich: Russian soap opera; Hugh Brogan on an American villain; Kirsty Milne on A N Wilson's new novel; Adam Kuper: Ernest Gellner's vision of human history; Geoff Dyer on T Coraghessan Boyle; Suzanne Cronje: white South Africans; Jeremy Seabrook on Third World books; and John Lucas on new poetry

Arts and Media 40
John Hopkins on the remarkable response to Scorsese's unremarkable film; David Dabydeen on how West Indians have revived the carnival; Stuart Cosgrove on the re-invention of reggae; Georgina Born on a new play about Melanie Klein; Suzanne Moore on pretty pictures of poverty; Chris Savage King on Frederick Ashton's legacy; plus W Stephen Gilbert's notebook

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDINBURGH DIARY

One of my most startling experiences at this year's Edinburgh Festival was a concert by the Swedish Radio Symphony Orchestra conducted by Esa-Pekka Salonen. Yet, even though the dishy Finn is a bit of a cult figure, and the concert was held on Saturday night in Edinburgh's main musical venue, the Usher Hall, the rapturous applause came from an audience that filled barely half the auditorium.

Sean French

The reason was obvious—the concert was part of the Festival's "Weekend of 20th Century Music". The public thronged to the Scottish National youth Orchestra playing Rachmaninov's Third Piano Concerto and the State Orchestra of the USSR playing Prokofiev's "Classical" Symphony. The Swedish Folkopera production of Puccini's *Turandot* was sold out for its entire run. Yet when it came to a performance of Schoenberg's *Erwartung* and Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring*, to use Ronnie Scott's old joke, the bouncer was outside throwing them in.

Schoenberg represents what most concert goers mean when they say that they don't like modern music. Yet the extraordinary fact is that of the works I've mentioned, *Erwartung* is (with Rachmaninov's third) the oldest.

There's a romantic myth that all great art is unappreciated during the composer's lifetime and then becomes generally accepted. Schoenberg has evaded this process. Eighty years have not attuned our ears to the anguish of *Erwartung*. It sounds as unassimilable today as it did at its premiere. Many people would say that that is because Schoenberg's music is nothing more than a pain between the ears, but even that rejection proves the point. Every time you hear the work the revolution happens all over again.

I wrote the original version of my last week's report from Edinburgh on a miniature word-processor which the *Observer* lent me. All went well until, at the end of my evening's work, I began the process of sending it into the *NSS* electronic mailbox over the phone. The machine suddenly halted and refused to do anything at all. Not only would it not give my article to the *NSS*, it wouldn't give it back to me either.

It's difficult to know what to do at a time like this. There is the Basil Fawlty method, which is to strike or strangle the offending inanimate object. I felt more like using the Robert Maclennan/David Owen approach—"crying quite uncontrollably", as Dr Owen put it to Esther Rantzen.

The following morning I took it into the local computer shop. The man peered a bit and then told me that the only way to restore the machine to working order was to press a little button that was on the bottom of the word-processor covered by a piece of sticky tape. The reason it is so covered is because it wipes the computer's entire memory.

There is a long tradiation of literary works being destroyed. Byron's memoirs were posthumously burned by his friends, fearful for the effect they might have on his reputation. Similarly, the one fact that most people know about Thomas Carlylle's *History of the French Revolution* is that when he lent the unique copy of the first draft to John Stuart Mill, a servant used it to light the fire. But at least Byron and Carlyle didn't have to burn their manuscripts themselves.

A visitor to Edinburgh automatically imbibes something of the strict Calvinist morality. Even the four-square blackened stone buildings seem to embody it. As a consequence, the high point of the Dan Quayle affair for me so far was the response to it in a *Sunday Times* article by the disgraced ex-president, Richard Nixon.

In a rare example of the pot calling the kettle white, Nixon asserted that "Quayle has nothing to be ashamed of in using a family connection to join the National Guard instead of going to Vietnam". Unfortunately, Nixon provided no arguments to support this extraordinary contention. The most likely explanation, judging by his conduct in recent years, is that the circuits of Nixon's brain designed to experience and perceive shame burned out at an early stage of his career.

Nixon went on to blame the media for raising the issue: "Many of the reporters grilling him had been champions of the real draft dodgers and their pursuit of the story was hypocritical and cynical." Someone should introduce the ex-president to a six-year-old child who could explain that—whether one agrees with it or not—the position of people who avoided the draft because they believed the Vietnam war to be unjustifiable was at least consistent. By contrast, Quayle's behaviour disqualifies him from holding the views he proclaims.

It's instructive to recall the discussion of a related issue by Norman Mailer, who himself saw action during the second world war, in his book about the Washington anti-Vietnam war march, *Armies of the Night*. There was always a moral problem with draft dodging. It was fairly easy for middle-class boys to avoid being drafted. (Though rich boy Oliver Stone, director of *Platoon*, dropped out of Yale and enlisted in order to go to Vietnam.) It was possible that in the long term draft avoidance might help end the war but it was undeniable that in the short term someone else, probably working-class and black, would go in your place.

Mailer took the argument even further. On the eve of the march there was a ceremonial burning of draft cards. Mailer was unhappy with this and he even wondered whether it would be better if all the protesters enlisted, went to Vietnam and radicalised the army from within.

Like many of Mailer's political ideas, this is a mixture of nuttiness (after all the Nazi army wasn't much humanised by being drawn from all parts of the community) and good sense. People on the left should think carefully before advocating boycotts and withdrawals. Quayle's draft-dodging may not have been morally consistent but in a sense it was politically consistent. America's Vietnam war was something like its free medical service. Anyone with any money bought their way out of it. This made it easier to continue the war because the cannon fodder largely consisted of the voiceless.

It's worth spelling this out at length because the same thing is happening in Britain. The rich buy themselves out of problems. An example. People of my generation are having children and I'm getting used to the arguments of the liberal chattering classes as they prepare to take their children out of state education. "Of course, we would like to send them there but Josh needs special attention and Daisy is musical."

The religion is every man for himself and Dan Quayle is its incarnation. The Republicans were wiser than they knew when they hailed the vice-presidential candidate as a spokesman for the new generation.

ROGER WODDIS

Terminal case

"How's poor ould Ireland, and how does she stand?"—old Irish street ballad

The patient lay in a coma,
The doctors stood round the bed,
And many a grave head nodded,
And many a word was said,
And all agreed that the sick one
Was either alive or dead.

But whether they thought the patient
Was dying or merely ill,
They each had the right solution
That either would cure or kill,
With some being keen to move her
And others to keep her still.

One said, "Let us change the curtains,"
Another, "They should be green,"
A third, "No, I plump for orange—
Or something that's in between."
Some favoured more drastic measures,
And called for another screen.

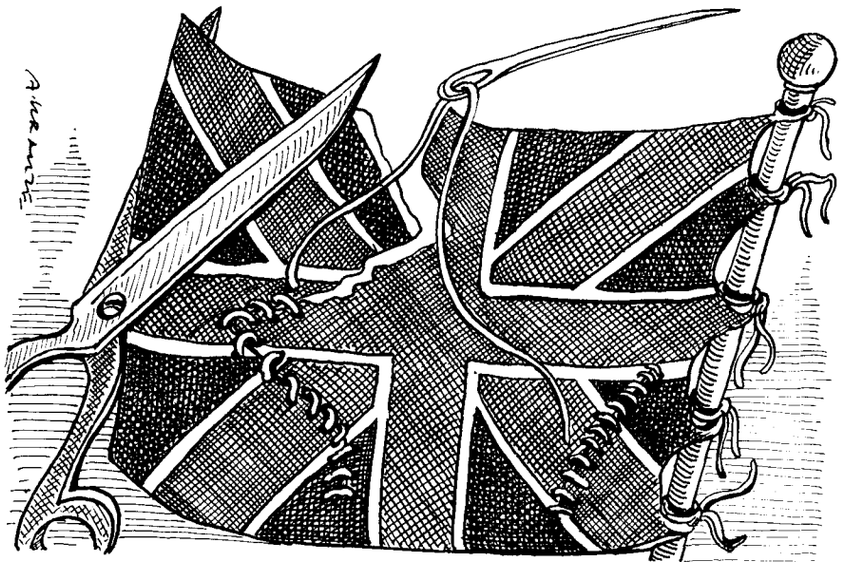
They kept under observation
The look of the firm-clenched jaws,
And noted the stertorous breathing,
The bleeding beneath the gauze;
And all of them saw the symptoms,
But none of them knew the cause.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITORIAL

Obtainable change

Calls for constitutional reform in Scotland could herald a new radical politics south of the border too



Andrzej Krauze

To coincide with this weekend's Edinburgh Television Festival, this issue of *New Statesman and Society* has television and power as its special theme. The lively Festival and the ancient city provide a picturesque backdrop for invading mediacrats to scratch backs. Meanwhile, Scotland is taken for granted, its difficulties regarded as of little interest to the English.

What was once the presumption of power is now the assumption of fools. Last month, the politics of Scotland put tartanry behind it and went serious. We refer to the report of the Constitutional Steering Committee of the Campaign for a Scottish Assembly, *A Claim of Right for Scotland*. It includes the most calm, systematic and damning dissection of Britain's highest office: "In fact, if not in theory, the Prime Minister is Head of State, Chief Executive and Chief Legislator, and while in office is not circumscribed by any clear or binding constitutional limitations. Against all this there is in the United Kingdom not a single alternative source of secure constitutional power at any level."

The Act of Union recognises Scotland as a distinct nation within the United (note, not single) Kingdom. In 1987, 76 per cent of Scots voted for Parties that favour an Assembly. Now, the poll tax appears to have hardened attitudes. Westminster singled out Scotland for the poll tax, yet the House of Commons can no longer even sustain a Select Committee on Scottish Affairs: "We are not aware of any other instance, at least in what is regarded as the democratic world, of a territory which has a distinctive corpus of law and an acknowledged right to distinctive policies but yet has no body expressly selected to safeguard and supervise these."

The quality of the *Claim*'s analysis and its seriousness of purpose are shown by the way it extends its argument to Britain as a whole and "the fraudulence and the fragility of the English constitution . . . It is the ultimate condemnation of that constitution that so many people, in Scotland and beyond, have recently been searching in the House of Lords for the last remnants of British democracy."

The *Claim* was drawn up by a committee of Scotland's great and good chaired by Sir Robert Grieve. Its arguments are practical and reassuring for those Scots fearful of taking action outside Parliament. It hides neither the gravity of the abuse of power facing Scotland (and, we would add, all democrats in Britain) nor the serious resolve needed to rectify the situation.

Indeed, *The Claim of Right for Scotland* summarises the nub of the problem most acutely: "The reasonable expectation of Scots will be fulfilled only within a changed system. However, the sytem is unlikely to be changed by any action the system itself authorises."

These quotations might give the impression that the *Claim* is no more than another discussion of British political woes. In fact, the bulk of the report is a careful discussion of positive steps outside the protocols of Westminster that may change the system: it seeks to turn analysis into action. It calls, for instance, for the convening of a Constitutional Convention in Scotland. Its objective? To ensure and oversee the creation of a democratic Scottish Assembly and to proceed with the negotiations and perhaps even the elections that will rally the people of Scotland to its support.

This is an exceptionally serious move, one that could expose the nature of Westminster's undemocratic power over the rest of Britain. It may therefore bring the people of Scotland into frontal conflict with a Prime Minister who thrives on confrontation. But a united Scotland will not go down like the miners nor will the English rally to crush its insubordination as they did to smash the Argies.

Hitherto there have been two main currents on the left in Britain. On the one hand "reformers", who wish to conserve the place of the labour movement, ameliorate the conditions of the worse off, and improve, even plan, the running of a capitalist mixed economy. On the other "revolutionaries", including those who seek genuine socialism slowly, like the early Fabians, parliamentary populists, fundamentalists and insurrectionaries. The first place faith in, the other pits its faith against the traditional constitution. The first rejects and the second scorns constitutional change.

Now, a new radical politics may be placed on the agenda, at least in Scotland. It seeks obtainable change—but through institutional transformation. In Scotland, this is plausible because it can be condensed into a simple, practical demand for a National Assembly. We welcome this initiative in itself and in the hope that it will help to wake up the English from *their* subservience. Even if it does not, the centre of British politics looks set to move north of the border.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Andrew Moore Reflex

As the IRA bombing and burning increases, is the SAS the answer?

Scarce options for a tough response to IRA

For the government, and for their army and police advisors, the clamour for a tough response to the IRA bomb which killed eight young soldiers in County Tyrone simply underlines how scarce their options are. The Anglo-Irish agreement of 1985 effectively declared that IRA support would only be drained away if military methods were harnessed to reform of the Northern Ireland state. That approach has won enough approval abroad to sustain official commitment, at least in name.

So there will be no return to widespread suspension of the law, to mass supergrass trials. At least for the moment, in spite of Mrs Thatcher's instincts, there will not be a return to internment without trial.

Instead a patchwork of force and legal stratagems will cover the increasing sense of official desperation about how best to proceed. Attempts through court orders have already been promised to freeze IRA funds from extortion and racketeering. And the use of the SAS troops, already in Northern Ireland, to shadow and pre-empt IRA ambushes tempts the army at times like this. It might very well appeal to Margaret Thatcher too.

A successful SAS operation lifts morale—like that at Loughgall last year which killed eight members of the same IRA unit as planted last-week's roadside bomb. Unionists cheer. At Loughgall the IRA were heavily-armed and on the point of ramming a mechanical digger loaded with explosives into the front of a rural police station. But an innocent passer-by died as concealed soldiers opened fire.

In the past seven years there have been 30 deaths in incidents involving the SAS; 25 IRA members, two soldiers and three civilians. Soldiers were fired on in five out of the twelve cases. In total, five prisoners were taken and two have been convicted.

A study of that sequence suggests that "shoot-to-kill" by undercover soldiers succeeded the period when special RUC squads shot a number of known but unarmed republican gunmen, and an innocent, in what grew into the Stalker controversy.

The rumbling aftermath of the Gibraltar shootings, latest in the sequence, has not dented militarist zeal for outgunning terrorism. But if Mrs Thatcher is tempted to authorise another Loughgall or Gibraltar she would do well to look at the similarities between IRA and SAS activity.

The IRA may ride high at the moment on a series of easy scores over off-duty soldiers. Over the summer, as down the years, they have also seen near victory in their terms turn to propaganda disasters; the Hannah family murdered instead of a judge, two Catholics in their own heartland blasted in place of an army foot patrol. Terror depends on surprise, ruthlessness and split-second timing. The arguments against its use by authority are as much practical as moral.

Fionnuala O Connor

Oz Liberals reassert racism

Australian racism has resurfaced. Earlier this month, the leader of the opposition Liberal party, John Howard, moved to end more than 20 years of bipartisan support for a non-racial immigration policy. This week opposition MPs voted to back his move. To the horror of genuine liberals within the party the whiteness of Australia is back on the political agenda.

The maintenance of a "White Australia" was one of the main aims of federation in 1901. Successive governments of both the left and right kept out their Asian neighbours by imposing a language test which had originally been designed for use in the South African province of Natal.

By the late 1950s the policy was facing growing opposition at home and causing embarrassment abroad. It was gradually watered down and finally abolished in 1966 by a Liberal government. Out of this grew a bipartisan commitment to a non-discriminatory immigration policy.

All this is about to change. John Howard is now calling for "One Australia". The centrepiece of his policy is a reduction in the number of Asians coming into the country. According to Howard this is necessary because present levels of Asian immigration are "imposing social tension and a lack of social cohesion." Two point six per cent of Australians were born in Asia.

Many Liberals were furious that Howard had made anti-Asian attitudes respectable again and for a while his leadership seemed in doubt. But this week opposition MPs voted two to one to endorse his position. They passed a motion giving a future government the right "to change the mix as required in the interests of social cohesion." The motion does not refer to any particular racial group but in the light of Howard's earlier comments there can be no mistaking its intent. Should there be any confusion, Howard's National party coalition partners are happy to fill in the details. Immigration, says the National party, must reflect Australia's "European heritage".

More worrying still, Howard's "One Australia" policy is not restricted to immigration. Howard says that it also applies to Aborigines. "We have apologised too much for our past," he said. And this week his shadow foreign affairs minister argued that ties with South Africa should be resumed.

The unifying theme is racism. Private opinion polls for the Liberal party found that anti-Asian sentiments are widespread. With the economy performing well under Labour, these polls have convinced Howard that race could be his only chance of winning an election.

Prime Minister Bob Hawke has accused Howard of opportunism and has denounced his policy as "morally repugnant and economically insane". And yet in a way the Labor government helped to bring it about. Its success in moving to the centre has driven the centre of politics to the right. Perhaps it is possible to too successfully occupy the middle ground. *Robin Archer*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Step forward the real Dan Quayle

On the eve of George Bush's selection of J Danforth Quayle III as his running mate, the *Washington Post* offered a thumbnail sketch of the aspirant's credentials. "Quayle offers boyish good looks, a combative political style and strong conservative credentials," it read.

We all now know that he offered a good deal more than that. There's the whiff of sex scandal with Paula Parkinson, the dodgy record on ducking the draft for Vietnam, and the emerging problems with law school. But, to be fair, what about the man's record?

Who could resist a man who last year defended his pet project, SDI, in the following eloquent terms: "There is probably a possibility that, though not in this administration but in some successive administration, that SDI is going to always be on the table." He went on to show a sound grasp of the significance of who wins the November election: "But what happens in future years probably depends a lot on who we elect as president," he said.

Then there is the young Danforth's mastery of the substantive differences which divide his party from the Democrats. In the midst of a Republican filibuster in the Senate in April, Quayle said: "We want to see the Republican agenda discussed and to slow down the Democratic agenda, whatever that is."

When Quayle wasn't ganging up with the former State Department superhawk, Richard Perle, to attack the INF Treaty, he was dissenting from Reagan's view that Gorbachev was "quite different" from previous Soviet leaders by claiming that he would eventually be "Brezhnevised".

Quayle, the busy hawk, still found time to send a heartwarming Christmas message. "The 1987 Quayle family Christmas photo," it begins, "was taken at the Theodore Roosevelt Memorial located on Roosevelt Island, Potomac River, adjacent to the George Washington Memorial Parkway. Roosevelt Island is a wildlife preserve, containing 91 acres, 411 types of plants, 76 species of birds, 20 varieties of animals and 9 types of reptiles. Our family has often enjoyed the many nature trails that criss-cross the island." Little wonder that George decided to pluck Danforth from his Senate obscurity. *James Stephenson*

Old times new look

The *Sunday Times* delivery sack will not be long in coming. The newspaper-round child's dilemma—the difference between standard-sized post-boxes and the over-sized paper—is about to be exacerbated. Two new sections of the paper are planned for the autumn.

You may well think that editor Andrew Neil has run out of *new* areas of public interest to hive off from the main paper in his tireless pursuit of advertising revenue for his proprietor Rupert Murdoch. And you would be right.

One of the planned sections is an attempt to grab *The Guardian*'s Wednesday advertising market and will cover social policy and health; its title, *New Society*, on lawyers' advice prefixed with *Sunday Times*.

An arranged marriage with the *New Statesman* is one thing, but losing your identity to a Thatcherite bully ....

THIS ENGLAND

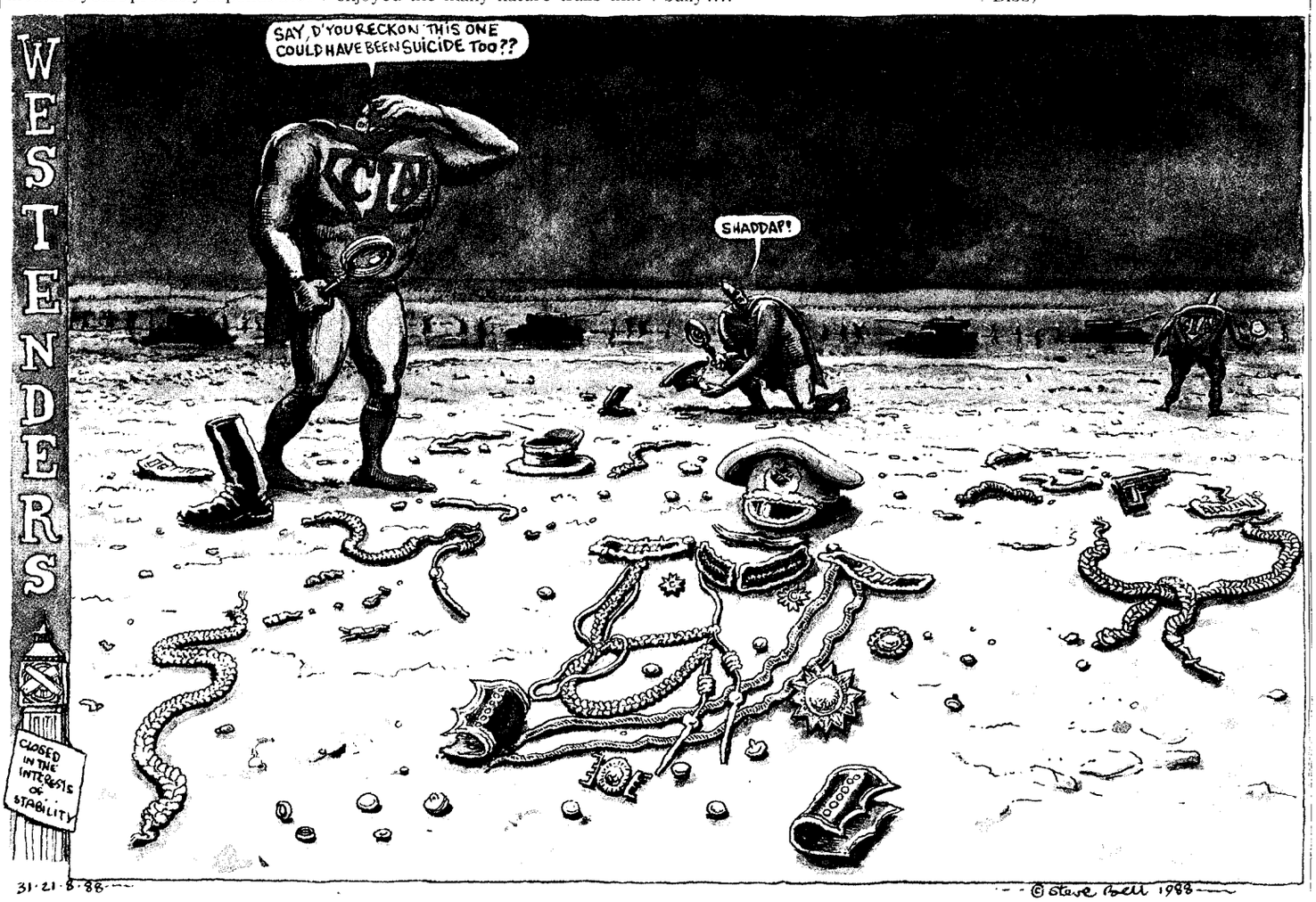
£3 Book Tokens for entries printed. (Postcards please.)

●A judge was criticised last night for cutting the sentence of an armed robber who is dying of Aids.

Mr Justice French reduced the sentence of Huw Mark Rees, aged 30, from seven to four years after hearing that he was not expected to live more than three years.—*The Guardian* (Graham Watson)

●One reason why the Scottish Colourists are such a good collectors' market is that there are enough about—hundreds, in fact—for anyone to have a reasonable hope of having his own collection. At this month's sale there is an exceptionally good Cadell, "Afternoon", estimated at £60-80,000, and two fairly ordinary Leslie Hunters estimated at £6-15,000.—*Observer Magazine* (John Gowing)

●More than 100 NHS hospitals have a "significant" number of cockroaches, but only 10 have an "obvious presence" of rats or mice, according to a report published today, which concludes that hospital food hygiene standards aren't improving.—*The Guardian* (Angela Bibb)



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A life sentence

Community care means that women have to look after the people the state won't. Helen Chappell meets two of them.

Tina is making deep hooting noises from her bedroom. Mrs Davies waits to see if they continue, if anything is wrong. They stop, she relaxes. "I'm sitting here waiting for her to shout, 'Mum!' or hear her fall again," she says. Tina is sitting in her bedroom, doing a Walt Disney jigsaw puzzle. She has cerebral palsy, mental handicap and severe epilepsy. Her mother is a widow, looking after her alone in a modest council flat in the London suburbs. All around the living room are photos of Tina—an angelic little girl with hair bows and a bright smile. The photographs look slightly faded. They were taken 30 years ago.

Sarah Davies is 70 and her helpless little girl is 33. She has looked after her for every one of those years—pushing her wheelchair, cutting up her food, taking her to the lavatory, catching her when she falls down in a fit, washing her sheets out every day because she is incontinent, harassing doctors and bureaucrats who treat them both with contempt. "I'm getting old now," says Sarah, "and things are getting harder. I want to know that Tina will be looked after properly in the future. That's why it's so important for me to get her a residential place that I'm happy with before I die." She had been counting on a charity home, but they took Tina for a couple of weeks and wrote to say that she was too much work for them to take on permanently. "They've got a laundrymaid, cooks and cleaners there," says Sarah indignantly, "and they say she's too much work. Not for me, of course."

Sarah is the first to admit she's got a chip on her shoulder about Tina. Those who care for permanently disabled relatives may be supposed to be long-suffering and saintly but Sarah doesn't claim to be. If she died tomorrow, she points out, Tina would be found a residential place at once. Somewhere, she fears, which might well be unsafe or unsuitable as long as it were cheap. But this is the era of care in the community and as far as the local authority is concerned, one old woman constitutes a community. Some weeks ago, Sarah's brother had a major cancer operation back in her native Wales. But she couldn't go to visit him. She knew there was nowhere she could put Tina, even for one night.

The lavatory flushes and Tina appears in the doorway. It is hard to recognise the same little girl in the pictures. Tina has become large and shapeless from constant sitting in a wheelchair that her mother is not strong enough to push. She has to wear surgical boots now and a leather helmet to protect her head from the daily falls. She walks slowly and uncertainly for short distances only and her front two teeth are missing since she last crashed onto her face during a *grand mal*. She grins at Sarah and returns to her jigsaw puzzle in the bedroom. "Of course she's grown fat," says Sarah, "they never get out of their wheelchairs at the day care centre. She's just left to vegetate. The staff are supposed to stimulate and occupy her, but they don't. I daren't complain or I'd be in trouble."

She doesn't know the mental age of her daughter now—that was last decided when Tina was ten years old. She does know Tina is deteriorating, though. Her legs are weaker and her childlike mental agility has gone. For years Sarah played games with Tina, laboriously teaching her to speak, taking her out for walks. Now she watches her handiwork coming apart at the seams. The only time Tina leaves the house nowadays is to go to the day centre.

Sarah's daily routine never varies. She gets up at 6.40am, gets washed and dressed. Tina has probably wet the bed already if she's had a fit during the night. Sarah has had to move her bed into the same room now in case Tina smothers under the bedclothes during the fit. She gets Tina out of bed, takes her to the lavatory, brings her breakfast to the bedside, gives her three different daily drugs plus a laxative (because they cause chronic constipation), and gets her spare clothes ready for the "accidents" Tina will have at the day centre (two slips, three pairs of pants and a pair of socks). After breakfast, she gives Tina a wash down in the bedroom and gets her dressed for collection by the ambulance at 9am. It takes her an hour and a half to get Tina ready to go.

After she's left, Sarah starts the daily routine of washing the sheets and blankets from Tina's bed. She has a spin-dryer but no washing-machine. She has given up asking her local authority for help. They won't even pay for a new piece of bedroom carpet to replace that which has become saturated with Tina's urine. She can't keep masking the smell with air freshner.

"I like Tina to be comfortable," says Sarah. "I won't put a rubber sheet on her bed, they feel nasty. I know that if she doesn't get well looked-after now, she won't ever be again." Ten years ago when Sarah was 60, she began looking for a good residential home for Tina—where the patients could have some independence as well as proper security. She is still looking, with little hope for the future now government policy has made a virtue out of her struggle to cope alone. "I'm still knocking on the same door," she says bitterly. "The local authority does nothing. How long do they want?"

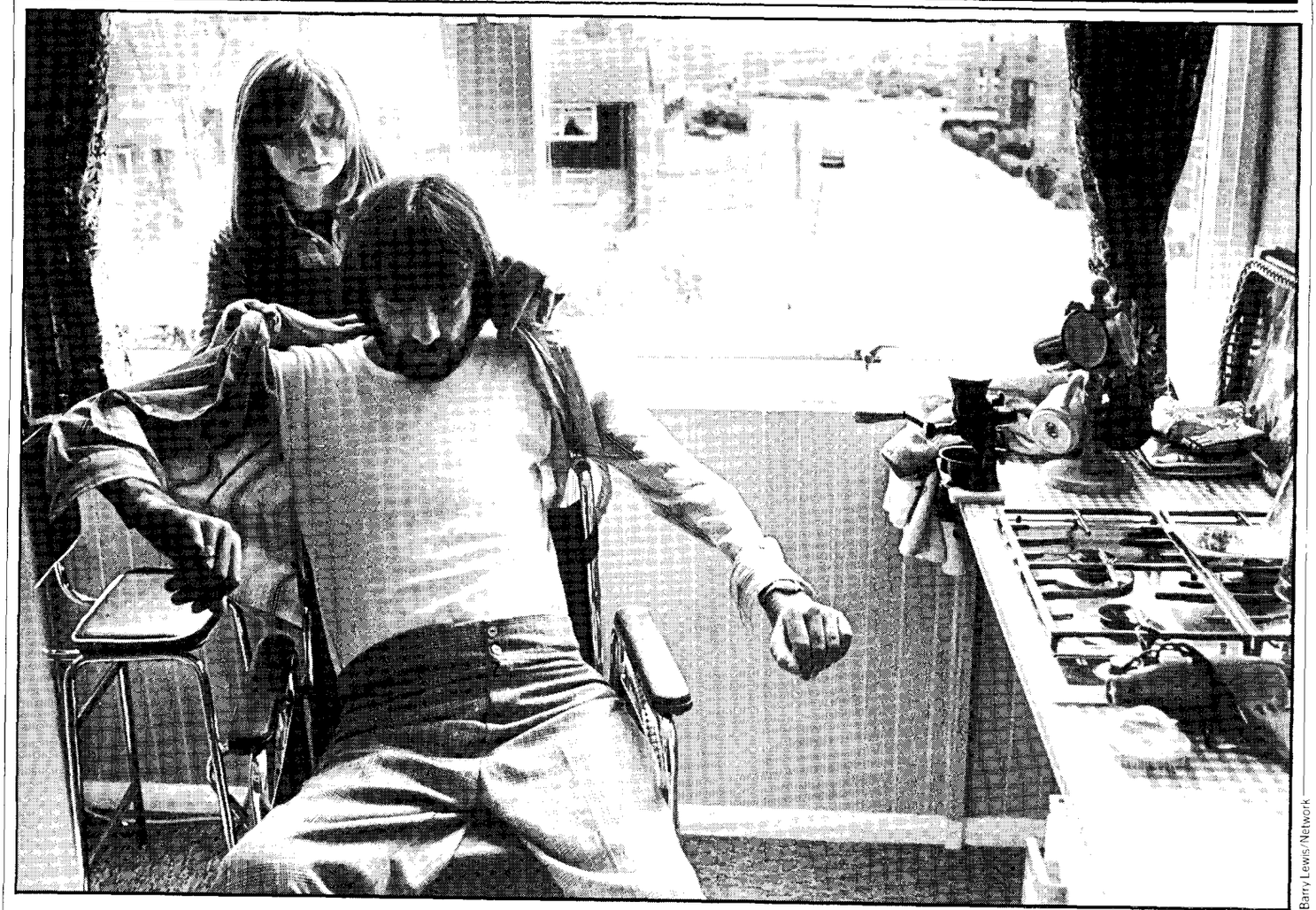
Sometimes she shocks people by telling them she wishes she could wake up one day and find Tina dead in bed. It would be the happiest day of her life. "She knows something is wrong with her, you see," she explains. "She's been unhappy since the day she was born." Sarah doesn't understand what community care is supposed to mean to people like her. In her opinion, everyone should have a free choice of whether to take on the care of a dependent family member. "If people don't want to give up their lives like I've done, they shouldn't be forced to," she says. "I love my daughter or I could never have done it. But I can tell you one thing—I would never do it again."

Jacqueline Freeman is a great believer in community care—in theory. In practice, however, she defines it as "a life sentence usually for a female relative". When, seven years ago, her son Daniel decided he was being attacked by poisonous spiders, spent all his money and refused to sleep for weeks, she was expected to cope virtually single-handed. Since then—as a divorcee living alone—she has supported her son through his repeated spells in mental hospital, his periods of vulnerable lucidity and his outbursts of terrified violence. Daniel was a brilliant boy at school—scholarship winner, editor of the school magazine, captain of rugby. When he was 18 his parents divorced and when he was 22 the girlfriend he had been living with walked out. That was when it all started. In her blacker moods, Jacqueline blames herself for the fact that he became mentally ill. "I think Daniel was pressurised a lot at school and by me. I neglected the emotional side of things for practicalities."

But she had been a very young mother with three children with only two years between each of them. If she'd had them now, she says ruefully, she would have treated them quite differently. But who really knows what causes mental illness? All she can say for sure is that she has carried the burden of care for her son ever since. Daniel is now 29 and highly dependent upon her. Yesterday she took him to her local shopping mall and he held her hand like a child. "He can't work, he's lost all his friends—it's terrible," she says. Conventional medical treatment has done nothing to help him, she believes. In fact, it is making him worse all the time. When he was first admitted to the local mental hospital, she was shocked by the brutal insensitivity of his welcome. "He'd never been in a mental hospital before, he didn't even know what was happening to him. Up came this Hitlerian psychiatrist and announced, 'He's hypermanic—but if you've got to have a mental illness, that's better than schizophrenia'."

She and Daniel took little comfort from these breezy assertions, especially as the doctor followed them up with the bald statement that Daniel would be on the drug lithium "for life". He was put on a six month section and kept heavily sedated after that. He had severe convulsive reactions to the drugs he was given but this was dismissed as a ploy to get attention. "No one once asked him

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Barry Lewis/Network

Many women sarifice their lives to care for relatives

how he felt, when and why he felt that way," says Jacqueline. In despair, she and her ex-husband drove up to the hospital one day and "kidnapped" Daniel. The family hid him at a friend's house for several months. "During that time," says his mother, "Daniel was horizontal. He couldn't get out of bed, he couldn't even sit up. He'd been so pumped full of drugs, he was dribbling and tears were pouring out of one eye. I thought he'd be brain-damaged or something." She refused to tell the hospital she had him when they phoned her. She suspected what she'd done was illegal, but she didn't care. "I thought—if it comes to it, I shall expose what they've done to him."

While Daniel was recovering, Jacqueline scoured London for a psychotherapist she could afford to pay—eventually finding one who only charged £8 an hour. She drove her son there and back twice a week. "If you mention psychotherapy to any NHS psychiatrist they just laugh at you," she says. "Unfortunately that approach has gone out of fashion in medical circles. The importance of emotions is totally denied. It's just keys and drugs." In hospital, she says, drugs are fed to patients as if they were battery chickens. She finds it surprising that more of them don't die. But although Daniel recovered from his first heavy-handed medication, he didn't stay well for long. The pattern of manic behaviour continually reasserted itself. Daniel has been in and out of mental hospitals for the past seven years now, and each time he loses control the police have to be called to take him back to the hospital ward he dreads. Jacqueline hates having to rely on hospital care for her son. But trying desperately to find alternatives in the community has become a constant battle for her.

"I have had to give up my full-time job as a teacher to try to find help for him outside a big institution," she says. "But real community care is as rare as gold dust. No help has been offered to me by officialdom whatsoever. Daniel is simply discharged from hospital without a word of advice and left to get on with life as best he can before it all gets too much for him again." She lives now, she says, like a hermit. When Daniel is out of hospital she worries constantly about where he is and if he's OK.

She could cope, if she had some helpers living with her, but one woman, 24 hours a day, seven days a week is pure hell. She has lost a stone in weight, been forced to ignore her two other children and to abandon her once lively social life. "I'm still fairly young and I'd like a bit of fun and life now and again. Maybe even get married again," she says. "But I never go out or have friends in to visit. How can I? Only two or three have stuck with me through all of this anyway." A son who has been known to fry liver at 4am or throw the television set out of the window takes more understanding than most casual acquaintances can muster. Every year, his pattern of relapse, oblivion and recovery returns. "It's like holding someone's head above water, you finally think—what's the point? It just goes on forever. Daniel is nearly 30 and he's like a baby." At times she has thought about killing both of them, but she couldn't do it.

That's really because, she insists, she's a fighter by nature. She has made history at Daniel's current hospital by getting his unsympathetic consultant changed to a kinder one. She has pressed her local authority to pay for Daniel to spend six months at a private therapeutic community home she greatly admires. When he comes out, though, her problem is still there. She has even considered selling her house to pay to keep him at the home but it is so expensive the money would run out after a year. "My son has become one of these people they want to turn out of hospital permanently and return to the community," she says. "But in seven years they've done such a good job of turning him into a drugged-up cabbage you can't undo it overnight. It will take years."

If community care really existed, she believes, there would be a 24-hour sanctuary that was run on humane and understanding lines. A place where he wouldn't be attacked in his sleep with an iron bar by other patients (as has happened to him in hospital)— or injected with drugs against his will. A place where caring professionals and fellow patients would keep talking to him and which he would visit willingly instead of having to be handcuffed by police. "It doesn't have to be lavishly funded," says Jacqueline, "but you'd have to be sure it wouldn't be closed down after a couple of years when the money ran out." She isn't optimistic. But she can't quite bring herself to give up hope.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Expendable asset

The following dramatised exchanges between General Zia and Ali Bhutto, the man he overthrew in the 1977 military coup, are from a TV script, "Two Men, One Corpse", by Tariq Ali. Commissioned by the BBC in 1985 but powerfully lobbied against by the Pakistani regime, it was never filmed and is published here for the first time.

Rawalpindi. June 1977. Bhutto's study in the Prime Minister's residence. Evening. Bhutto is seated on armchair. Zia on sofa.

BHUTTO I know you're in a hurry to go. Azad told me you had a Corp Commanders meeting tonight. What is it about?

ZIA (*slightly alarmed, but recovers very quickly*) Pure routine, sir. Routine.

BHUTTO Hmm. Anyway. I intend to lift Martial Law from all the cities, withdraw troops to barracks within the next fortnight. We have begun serious talks with the Opposition. The riots seem to be fading. No more dollars to pay for them, eh?

He chuckles. ZIA grins obediently.

ZIA That is good news, sir!

BHUTTO Next week I would like to address all the Corps Commanders and inform them of what we intend to do. OK?

ZIA At our GHQ, sir?

BHUTTO No! Here. Why, is there a problem?

ZIA Er, no sir, no problem, but—

BHUTTO C'mon. c'mon. What is it?

ZIA Situation is tense, sir. Army is tense. Some Generals might be worried.

BHUTTO What about?

ZIA Well, sir. After you first took over you invited military and airforce chiefs here and then asked for their resignations on the spot.

BHUTTO roars with laughter. ZIA grins and tension is defused.

BHUTTO And I was right! Don't worry Zia. You're safe. Bring them here! That's an order.

ZIA Very good, sir.

BHUTTO That's all.

As ZIA rises, BHUTTO signals him to sit.

Sit, man. We never have time to talk these days. Did you know that 20 years ago I had to argue hard for them to let you go to Fort Leavenworth? They didn't think you were good officer material because you weren't from a feudal family! I said you were first and last a professional soldier.

ZIA Thank you, sir. As always, you were right.

BHUTTO (*laughs*) No. No. I'm not *always* right. Your loyalty is the best thanks I have. All your predecessors were Bonapartes. Skulking in the bushes. Always eyeing the throne. Waiting to pounce on the politicians. They never gave democracy a chance! Field Marshal Ayub, not a very profound man, used to tell us (*mimics*) "Democracy can never flourish in a hot climate. We need weather like England." Heaven forbid.

ZIA grimaces nervously, as if grinning.

ZIA Times have changed, sir.

Sitting-room in the Prime Minister's house. Day. The room is formal but the PM is sprawled informally on the sofa. It is a relaxed atmosphere. BHUTTO stares at Robert Cherry, an American journalist, thoughtfully. Then walks slowly to the end of the room, picks out a cigar, bites and chews it.

BHUTTO How sure are you?

CHERRY My sources are reliable. You know that.

BHUTTO Disinformation.

CHERRY I know when I'm being used. Not this time.

BHUTTO But why? Why?

CHERRY Washington feels you're expendable.

BHUTTO (*laughing grimly*) Kissinger's curse! "If you don't give up your plans to build a nuclear reactor, we'll make a horrible example out of you."

CHERRY What did you say?

BHUTTO I reminded him that we were an independent country. I was an elected leader accountable to my people, unlike himself.

CHERRY (*smiling*) Naughty. Third World leaders can't speak to us like that. It's not just him now. You've united them all . . . the CIA, the Pentagon, the White House and even the State Department. An impressive achievement! They all want you out.

BHUTTO (*chuckling*) And I've also united the Opposition parties as well. Unheard of! We have our cockeyed Pathan from the Frontier. Confused idiot. Loathes me, of course. It's an obsession with him. (*he is now schoolboyish*) Did you know his wife was caught stealing panties at Marks and Spencers in London?

CHERRY shakes his head and laughs.

She was convicted. A fine. Her husband said it was an imperialist-Zionist plot! (*both men laugh*) Characteristic self-delusion! She returned home red-faced. Denied it all. Frame-up, etcetera, etcetera. Then her husband's best friend, or so we thought, an upright old feudal type also gave a press conference on the subject. (*mimics*) "Why should this decent lady steal panties in the first place. She never wears any." Cherry? How did he know? Our workers and peasants demand

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an answer.

CHERRY (*smiling*) It's this side of you that they hate. Can I ask you something?

BHUTTO (*lighting a cigar*) Off the record?

CHERRY Of course!

BHUTTO nods

Why do you have to *humiliate* your opponents? Isn't defeating them enough? You treat dissenters as enemies. To be destroyed. Why?

BHUTTO puffs away for a minute.

I'm asking you this as a friend.

BHUTTO (*deadly serious*) I suppose it's the Sindhi landlord in me. We're a terribly primitive class of property owners, you know. Feudal. Let me shock you, Robert Cherry. I have, in my time, exercised all my rights as a landlord. Yes, even the *droit de seigneur*.

CHERRY is silent.

You haven't answered *my* question, Mr Robert Cherry. Who will the CIA put in my place? (*stares hard at CHERRY*) No riddles today friend.

CHERRY No need for riddles. You know my countrymen. We believe the free world is best defended by military dictators.

It sinks in. BHUTTO is shocked, outraged. He pales. Explodes.

BHUTTO Impossible! I've removed every potential Bonaparte. Zia is *my* man! I shunted seven senior Generals to put him there!

CHERRY looks directly at BHUTTO

A third round of military rule? Has Washington gone mad? Zia's a simpleton!

CHERRY Listen my friend. Zia may have been created by you, but he belongs to the Army. This Army, like many others is loyal first of all to those who keep it supplied: the Pentagon.

Bhutto's study. Night. BHUTTO is in a cold rage.

BHUTTO *(barks)* Come in!

ZIA, GENERAL ZAMAN and a COLONEL enter. ZIA salutes BHUTTO.

BHUTTO You traitor. You pledged your loyalty to the Constitution. You snake what do you think you're up to?

ZIA Sorry sir. Circumstances compelled us to act.

BHUTTO Circumstances! Compelled! The Opposition had agreed to deal with us! You acted to prevent civilian politics from proceeding. You have stopped the constitutional processes of this country. You are traitors. Guilty of treason.

ZIA I have only taken over to ensure a free and impartial election, sir. Within 90 days there will be an elected government again. I'll be saluting you again as Prime Minister.

BHUTTO I still am Prime Minister. The only one ever to be elected in our entire history. Ninety days! Joke! Do you think the people will tolerate you that long?

ZAMAN (*moving forward*) You were the Prime Minister. Martial Law is now in force. Please get ready to leave this house.

ZAMAN opens door. SOLDIERS pour in. COLONEL takes BHUTTO's arm. BHUTTO gives ZIA a hard stare. Then he is led out of room followed by SOLDIERS.

Flagstaff House. Austere living-room. Night. There is a photograph of Zia with King Hussein of Jordan with a group of fellow officers and one with Bhutto. BHUTTO enters room, looks first to see if his picture is still there and is slightly surprised to see that it is. He shakes hands with ZIA who has stood up to receive him. Both men sit down. The atmosphere is extremely tense.

ZIA Welcome to this house again. I am sad it is in new circumstances.

BHUTTO (*smiling*) Politics is always volatile in our country. Was there any particular reason for this invitation?

ZIA (*self-consciously lights a cigarette*) Just a talk. There are some problems.

BHUTTO (*raising eyebrows*) Oh?

ZIA Your speeches, especially the one in Lahore, well . . . it's not what we expected.

BHUTTO Why? Don't you expect me to participate in the elections? After all, we've only got 90 days!

ZIA Yes, yes, I know. But some of us feel that in Lahore you went too far.

BHUTTO (*angry but cool*) You and your Generals must make up your minds. When you released me I asked: 'Am I allowed to campaign?' 'Oh yes, of course. Like everyone else.'

ZIA But you don't campaign like everyone else.

BHUTTO Ah! That's the problem. How can I, when millions come to hear me? The others give tea parties, hold press conferences. I speak to the people. They are the ones with the vote.

ZIA I've always respected you.

BHUTTO smiles wearily.

You don't believe me, but it's true. I assure you.

BHUTTO (*a sudden burst of anger*) Don't give me all this respect business. You had a nice way of showing it. Surrounding my house with tanks at midnight. Respect! I call it treason! (*changes tone again*) Let's be open.

ZIA stares at him.

I want to win the election. You know now that I will. You are in power. So there will be no rigging. But I will win. Agreed?

ZIA (*grins*) You haven't changed at all. Look Bhutto sahib. I have problems. Some of the Generals are worried. A gesture of good-will will be appreciated. Why don't you go to your estate in Larkana and rest for a while? Why big meetings everywhere? Just relax till elections.

BHUTTO I'm beginning to understand. You're worried that people might become too active. Take matters into their own hands. Get out of control. Surely, the public hangings and floggings which you have introduced will keep them quiet? Will they not, General? Your new Islamic punishments should do the trick?

ZIA (*stern*) Don't react like that. I say things for your own good.

BHUTTO Like the tanks. They were for my own good? Like the brutalities in your prisons? They are for the people's good? When are you going to release Rashid and other members of my party? This bloody election is already like an obstacle race as far as I'm concerned. You want more obstacles. (*sticks out his tongue*) Why not remove this tongue? I'm sure your Mullahs will find something from the Holy Book to justify the act. Eh? What do you want of me? If you're worried, why did you release me in the first place?

ZIA (*angry, the old mask has dropped forever*) You talk as if you're still in power! Understand one thing, Mr Bhutto! Army is in control. We will make Pakistan an Islamic state in reality.

BHUTTO nods cynically.

ZIA I said to you kindly—go to Larkana. You refused. Perhaps you should go abroad for a long rest. You have many friends in Europe. Take a long leave.

BHUTTO (*Looks at him*) We'll talk again after 90 days, General Zia. Rest assured, I'm returning to my house in Karachi today. Nowhere else. I will fight the election like every other politician. You can't deny me that.

BHUTTO stands up. Walks to door without shaking hands. Turns round and looks at ZIA, who half rises, but then sits back again and nods a farewell to BHUTTO.

BHUTTO After 90 days, OK? We'll talk again. (*a look at ZIA then he goes out*).

ZIA (*Softly, half to himself*) I don't think so. ●

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The age of Mogg and Murdoch

With the BBC tamed, the IBA sidelined, the ITV companies commercially cowed and William Rees-Mogg now safely installed as the keeper of the nation's morals, the government has every reason to feel that it is firmly back in control of the future of broadcasting. It would be wrong. The age of Mogg will also be the age of Murdoch . . . and no single government will be able to regulate the new transnational media he and the other sky barons have invested so heavily in.

There are few spectacles more ridiculous than a Conservative government hewing at the pillars of the state. The erasure of local government and the attendant tramp of developers around the redundant portals of county hall; the reproof to the heir to the throne that he had better keep his troubled thoughts to himself or he would be permanently unemployed; the speaker of the House of Commons bullied and blasted because he will not turn his office into an annex of the government whips. These are unlikely targets. No more so, though, than the cruelly publicised decision to make away with the Independent Broadcasting Authority.

The IBA was the market regulator the Tories set up. There was nothing radical or unsettling about it. But in recent times it has made a robust show of independence. The decision to transmit the Thames Television film on the Gibraltar shootings was a brave one, in the face of intense political pressure and the knowledge that there would be a price to be paid. A television team found and publicised witnesses whom the Inquest will have to hear. All the efforts of the tabloids to discredit them cannot alter that. It was enough to lose the IBA its remaining friends in government.

They may be reflecting that things are better managed now at the BBC. There the governors have had a major role in "curbing" the corporation's journalists. The pain of the process comes through in Alasdair Milne's terse memoirs, but more vividly in a review of them by his former deputy Alan Protheroe: "Too frequently, governors were appointed who regarded broadcasting with disdain or actively disliked it, and were profoundly hostile to the organisation entrusted to them. And far too frequently governors res-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ponded not to political pressure but to political perceptions fuelled by a consistently savage and self-interested Fleet Street." He went on, in terms Milne would never use, to talk of "malign interventionism and the overt 24-carat malevolence of some individuals".

Some of it was in response to an accident-prone management that seemed to draw the political lightning, to decision-makers who never seemed to know the implications of the decision they had to take. That has now been rectified by a structure which brings the key governors and executives together, a vehicle that has the fifth wheel of Paul Fox to provide over-drive. But real questions remain about the new style of the corporation's journalism. New programmes are launched. New commitments to factual analysis entered. New producers enter the lists, most of them, it seems, exiles from London Weekend, where the Birtians have been ritually sacrificed on a tabloid altar. BBC programmes like *This Week Next Week* which regularly delivered a punch (as in Neil Kinnock's defence interview) were talked down in the new order, but will re-appear with a new style and a change of Dimbleby. There will be lots of analysis. The political unit will see to that. The question is: of what kind?

John Birt is not a toady of governments. There is no question of programmes tailored to the whims of Tebbit. But he has a deep aversion to disorder, a need to control, that could narrow the agenda. For it is the disorderly programmes that cause the trouble, the ones that somehow get through the interstices of the system. The *Zircon* series, originating with BBC Scotland, was such a one. Milne's memoirs relate what happened when the governors learned that Duncan Campbell was involved. "Daphne Park and other governors were demanding to know why Campbell had ever been employed. He was a 'destroyer', he was not the sort of person the BBC should consort with." It is a revealing remark. Such pressures find their target. The agenda gets narrowed to the formalities set before Parliament—poll tax, for and against; educational reform, the background. All good and necessary, but the BBC has to accommodate the awkward programmes, too. There is a *Panorama* which has been completed on the plots against Harold Wilson by MI5. Once the Spycatcher case has been resolved in the Lords the decision on whether to transmit this programme will be some guide to the fibre of the directorate. The spooks won't like it, and they are better represented on the board of governors than any other section of the community.

Nor is theirs the last restraining hand, lest sex and violence flood the airwaves the great Pooh Bah of British culture, William Rees-Mogg, has been set up in some style to preside over a Broadcasting Standards Council. Rees-Mogg was one of those who thought the BBC had gone out of control when he served as its Vice-Chairman. His role will not be merely to monitor the alien porn but to examine "standards of taste and decency in television and radio programmes received in the UK." Not a lot missing, is there? He has said that he wants a code of conduct agreed with the broadcasters, and that with it he will not need to preview domestic output. But his terms of reference are such as to give every encouragement to the busybody who wants a programme stopped on grounds of taste. Disgusted of Smith Square, asking why the BBC are not even-handed in their presentation of apartheid, may prompt a few complaints. It is bad enough to see sex and violence linked as co-equals. It is worse to see this body in the hands of one who so plainly wishes to extend its functions.

The great paradox of this government is that it cannot resolve the tension between its desire to let market forces rip without intervention and its urge to control. The de-regulation of broadcasting is already breaking up the old securely-based duopoly. The BBC, in remission and not release, has put some of its financial worries behind it with an index-linked licence fee. But the Home Office seems unable to let go of the idea of subscription pay-as-you-view public service broadcasting, as trailed by the Peacock Committee. No matter that the Jonscher Report, commissioned by the Home Office, clearly showed the loss in consumers welfare which would follow since subscription would not finance services near current levels of expenditure.

The Home Office struggles to impress the Prime Minister as Lord Young's DTI makes the running. No idea has been too wild to be considered—even snatching BBC2 and Channel 4 away from the terrestrial viewer altogether, and making them available through satellite. They call it clearing up the wavelengths. A fifth and sixth commercial service could be created using the means of delivery everyone already has, and the satellite dish industry would be given a fillip by the purchases made by those who wished to continue to watch BBC2 or Channel 4. The pressure on the companies to go down market will intensify. Even in Charlotte Street the exhortation to "make programmes for *Sun* readers" is occasionally heard. In the companies it may become inescapable. Regulatory intervention to provide a balance to ensure that public service programming remains universally available even when not universally desired will be weakened, even extinguished. The companies will continue their attempt to diversify away from broadcast television if the next franchises hang as the government threatens, on the sealed bid of the predator.

The Peacock proposal that ITV franchises be subjected to competitive tendering has survived its initial ridicule. Even the Labour members of the Home Affairs Select Committee endorsed its use in their report *The Future of Broadcasting* with a pious caveat about ability to deliver. But the new weaker financial regulation will be poor protection and the claims of those who—capitalised in billions—bid the most as a loss-leader to establish their market dominance will not be restricted. The existing companies have taken the hint. They may settle to be facilities houses and owners of film and video libraries, or they may go multinational in their turn with Astra, or, as TVS have done by acquiring MTM, or whatever. In the meantime they will try to prop up their falling audience, and cajole Channel 4 into the kind of complementary programming that best out flanks the BBC.

Much of the changeover in this decade from technical restriction of outlets to practical abundance would necessarily be painful. But there was no need for it to be punitive. The British system of regulated diversity could have been augmented not axed. Parliament could have formed a voice to defend television journalism against the scurrilous and self-interested clamour of the tabloid press. Television from the sky by direct broadcast did not need to be dominated by Murdoch's Sky Television. These are failures of will. It is possible that by 1992 we shall find a financially shrunken and politically castrated BBC forced back into the subscription market, while advertising-financed television is dominated by an empire which by then includes News International Pearson when captured, Sky via the Astra satellite, and whichever terrestrial franchise this conglomerate tenders for.

BBC Hulton Picture Library

All foreign admirers of British broadcasting have united to tell us how easy it would be to destroy its distinctive quality on the twin altars of political/moral censorship and unregulated market forces. We are doing it almost by whimsy, as the age of Mogg and Murdoch dawns. When the Broadcasting White Paper eventually emerges from the three-way tug between the DTI, the Home Office and the Prime Minister's cabal the defenders of the public service tradition have their last chance to make the case for rational and regulated evolution of our system, with British and European safeguards against the new international monopolists and the interested tyrants. 1992 will be too late. They will do things differently there. ●

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The global pillage

The internationalisation of television is the real key to the changes that are sweeping the industry. Bill Grantham explains

Television is very, very expensive. And it is more difficult than it once was to make easy money from it. You have to work harder these days to get your licence to print money. One way of getting rich in television is by operating internationally. Programme-makers often have little choice. A glossy series or mini-series in the United States costs, say, $1.6 million per hour. An American network may only pay $1.25 million for that hour. The producer may have to wait a year or two before being able to sell the programmes to America's thriving non-network television business, where the real profits, eventually, will come. So, to make up the $350,000 difference, the programme is hawked around the world. ITV puts up $50,000, Channel Seven in Australia coughs up $60,000 (yes, the Aussies pay more), Canada, France, Italy, and Spain pile in and suddenly the gap doesn't look so bad.

This complicated equation is not restricted to the makers of high-sheen pap. A documentary that requires a bit of travelling, a drama with a couple of sets and an exotic location—all are likely to cost more than most countries' domestic television industries can support. In the past, these programmes would have been subsidised by public service television. Often they still are. But the international route is now becoming the only way to get many ambitious programmes made.

The creation of an international market in programmes was a slow and even grudging process: it took until the mid-1960s for the members of the European Broadcasting Union to lift their ban on selling programmes to each other (as opposed to exchanging them gratis). This internationalisation of television, driven by shortage of funds is, however, being shadowed by another internationalisation, driven by technology and regulatory change.

In most western nations, commercial television is changing the broadcasting landscape. In Europe before the 1970s, only two countries, Britain and Finland, had any television run by for-profit companies, and these were firmly imbued with the ethos of public service—fairly easy, since in-built monopolies on the sale of advertising dispersed the fear of competition and allowed commercial broadcasters to be more like their public service colleagues.

The change came in Italy—by accident. A court ruled that the monopoly conferred on the public broadcaster RAI applied only to nationally networked programmes. Virtually overnight, scores of local television stations sprang up, effectively unregulated, aggressively commercial and gradually dominated by one man, Silvio Berlusconi, whose Fininvest company is now one of the largest communications conglomerates in the world.

Italy demonstrated that a comparatively unregulated television system was possible in Europe—that frequencies were available, that technology was cheap, that programmes were affordable, and that the public, in the main, loved it. For zealots of both commercial and public service television, Italy was the model of the future, to be praised or feared.

The Italian television explosion coincided with a more general ideological revulsion against state power in the late 1970s and early 1980s. Popular—and populist—appeals for more television were difficult to withstand, as voters in countries with one or two stodgy public television channels were told that they could have six or ten or more racier versions if government could be got off their backs.

The kind of accidental leverage Berlusconi was able to get in Italy was not likely to be repeated elsewhere. But technology came to the aid of commercial television's prophets. In the 1940s, the writer Arthur C. Clarke had predicted that a satellite sufficiently far from earth—around 23,000 miles above the equator—would maintain an orbit which matched the rotation of the globe, and thus appear to be always in a fixed, stationary position. This observation led to the creation of communciations satellites, which could deliver signals—telephone calls, data traffic and television pictures—to a region 24 hours a day.

In order to produce successfully, media giants will need to produce internationally

Using a satellite for television meant an operator could beam into another country without being bound by its regulations. By 1982, the first such European service existed, Satellite Television, soon to be acquired by Rupert Murdoch and renamed Sky Channel. Although Sky has never gained a significant audience, and despite heavy losses, it achieved something important: it infiltrated commercial television into countries which neither had nor planned it.

Murdoch has been careful to weave through Europe's complex national regulations, which were never designed to apply to international services and are often contradictory. As a result, he has rarely affronted national law (national sensibilities are another matter). Sky can now be received in around 13 million homes linked to cable systems across western Europe, and in its wake have come a slew of other, supranational commercial services: Super Channel from Britain (Virgin and some ITV companies), MTV (a Euro version of the American pop station, whose owners are partnered here with Robert Maxwell), Screen Sport (dominated by W H Smith), Children's Channel and more.

The accumulated losses of these services, none of which has ever been remotely profitable, have made them into the televisual equivalents of the Texas banking system.

The satellite television business has exposed a juridical and regulatory void to match that exploited in Italy by Berlusconi. It is simple: nobody can stop satellite television. In theory they should be able to. Satellite uplinks (the beaming of the signal from earth to space) have to be licenced, as do downlinks (the carriage to the customer of the signal when it returns to earth) when television beams into cable systems. But there is always one country or another which is prepared to provide the uplink. And downlink control becomes largely irrelevant if people use personal receiving antennas.

The regulatory flexibility of satellite television is what has kept Europe's media tycoons—Murdoch, Maxwell, Silvio Berlusconi, West Germany's Leo Kirch—interested, despite the losses. Simply being in the satellite business enhances one's chances of getting into the conventional broadcast television business, which is cheaper (no satellites), more convenient (no receiving dishes) and reaches a wider audience. In West Germnay, both Berlusconi and Kirch—an enigmatic, almost invisibly private mogul with vast influence in his country's television system—have seen their satellite channels progressively gain terrestrial broadcast frequencies as new allocations are made.

For Murdoch as a US citizen and Maxwell as—well, Maxwell—getting broadcast licences is more complicated. Both increasingly realise, however, that while international satellite television of the Sky type is not commercially attractive, it may provide them with the model and the means to become suppliers of mass television in a single market, Britain.

Murdoch has already secured his uplink, in Luxembourg, which has pioneered international commercial radio since the 1930s, and aims to do the same for television. Maxwell, along with W H Smith, is likely to follow him on to the same satellite, called Astra. From next year, British viewers could be offered ten Astra channels

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

receivable by a two-foot parabolic dish and a "black box" set-top decoder. Cost: for a system with remote control, plus installation, around £300.

Unlike most satellite television companies, Murdoch is not planning to scramble his signal and charge a monthly subscription for the means to unscramble it. The key to commercial viability will be his capacity to meet a huge audience, and therefore pull in big advertisers. Maxwell and W H Smith may scramble one or two of their six channels, but will still be pitching for substantial advertising. A satellite rival, British Satellite Broadcasting, is due to launch a high-tech competitor later next year. It will offer four services, three of which will be advertiser supported. And if the government goes ahead with plans for a fifth or even sixth conventional broadcast channel, a couple more snouts may be round the advertising trough.

These channels are not going to cost anything like the hundreds of millions of pounds laid out by the BBC and ITV each year, although BSB has opted for a high-quality, high-spending route. But they will be forced into vigorous competition, and will need attractive audience-pullers to do so. This need arises just when programming is becoming particularly expensive, and deficits on the first showing especially large.

Many of our familiar media giants have a sleazy, low-rent image. But image often belies their understanding of the realities. For years, Berlusconi set himself against producing programmes, preferring instead to buy in huge amounts of American network material. In the end, he needed to get glossier to maintain his competitive edge, particularly when the much-reviled RAI fought back (Berlusconi actually fell behind RAI in the ratings earlier this year).

In order to produce successfully, they will need to produce internationally. Sometimes this will mean rivals working together—Berlusconi and Kirch have a co-production agreement, for instance. And producers who are also broadcasters are a powerful combination. Because they have guaranteed outlets for their productions, at times in the schedules they can select themselves, they can often afford to allocate *production* budgets instead of *acquisition* budgets for major programmes. They might spend more than they would on somebody else's programme, but they gain from having shaped something to the needs of their home market.

To go back to our US mini-series coming $350,000 adrift of its completion budget. If Murdoch and Berlusconi were to come aboard as co-producers, the shortfall could be cost-effectively netted, particularly if the partners were offered some sales rights in other countries. Repeating the programme a lot makes even the cost-per-hour look pretty cheap.

None of this means that the new television barons will find things easy. Even with this kind of financial prestidigitation they will not be able to manufacture a lot of exclusive blockbusters. And the extent to which multi-partner productions can be effectively tailored to the special interests of several home markets is often limited. But these are smart, unsentimental people, and some of them at least are likely to get things to work. Internationally. Which is to say beyond effective control. ●

Can you tell us how 1992 will effect the British way of life?

Entries are now invited for the second annual award to commemorate the late Charles Douglas-Home, former editor of The Times.

The subject is to be research into the effect on Britain of integration into Europe in 1992.

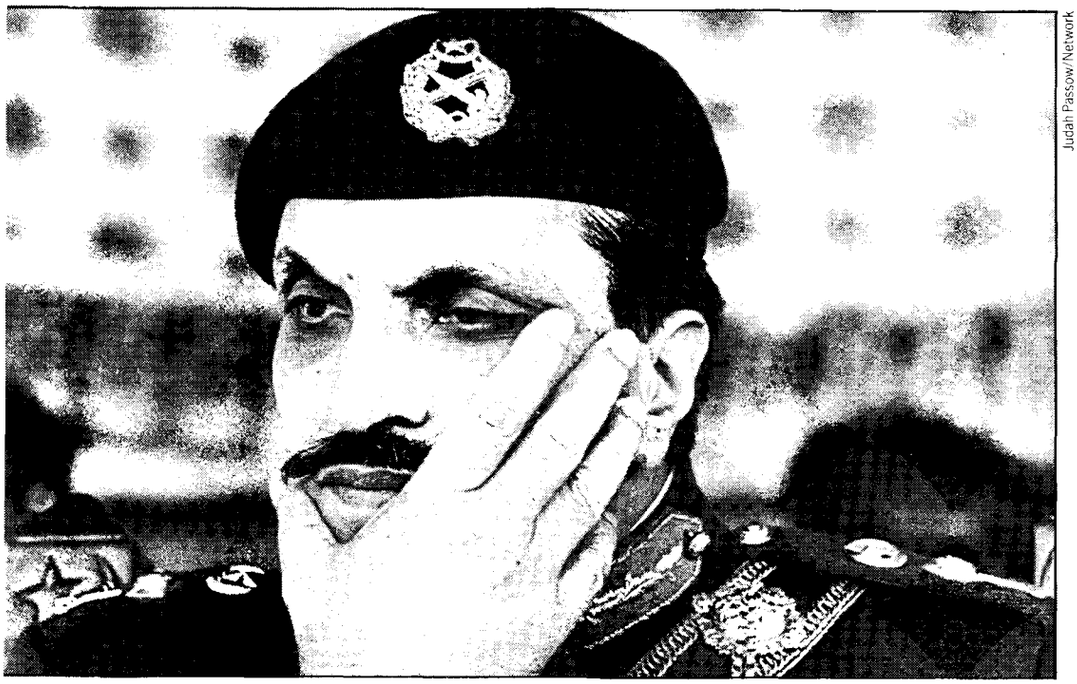
As well as receiving a grant of up to £15,000 from the Charles Douglas-Home Memorial Trust, the winner will have his or her work published in The Times.

Application forms can be obtained from Dr Barbara Day, 4 Offord Road, London N1 1DL, and the closing date for entries is September 16, 1988. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

THE TIMES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stand by your man



Judah Passow/Network

With Zia as with Sadat. As each regional representative of US interests falls to assassin's bullet or—putatively—infernal device, the tears flow in Washington even as cheering erupts in Cairo and Karachi. Vice-president George Bush received the tidings the day he was presenting Senator Dan Quayle to the world as his running-mate. He prefaced his eulogy for Quayle with sombre confirmation that a great friend to the United States and a much loved intimate of himself and his wife had passed away.

Public commentary, relayed from State Department officials and briefings from the National Security Council, has been addressing itself entirely to consequences rather than causes, as if the symbolism of General Zia's terminal voyage having taken place in the company of the US Ambassador, surrounded by military officials and subsequent to a review of American-made M-I tanks, carried no larger message.

Indeed Zia's death was treated mostly as an Afghan matter, with commentators spending much time pondering the impact of the good General's death on the mujaheddin and debating whether any potential successor will prove to be as doughty in supporting the rebels. The lead in the *Wall Street Journal* by Frederick Kempe on 18 August was typical: Zia's death, Kempe wrote, raised "concerns about the political stability of Washington's steadiest ally in southwest Asia and possibly threaten[ed] that country's support for the anti-Soviet Afghan resistance".

It goes without saying that the eulogies delivered about the dictator, from government officials and the press, were comical in their excess. Secretary of State Shultz called Zia "a great fighter for democracy". As we have seen, George Bush in a comment only to be expected from the man who toasted Marcos' love for "democracy," said Zia was "a friend of mine" and that "Pakistan and the United States have a very special relationship and the loss of General Zia is a great tragedy". Michael Dukakis, the Democratic presidential nominee, was equally reverential, saying he was "very saddened" and noting that the dictator was "very, very much involved with us in our effort to support the Afghan resistance".

These comments are perhaps understandable, as they come from representatives of the country that has been Zia's chief sponsor since he seized power in 1977. The Carter administration cut off military aid in 1979, after Zia refused to allow international inspection of Pakistan's nuclear programme. Aid was resumed after the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, and soared during the Reagan years, with the current six-year package of $4 billion ($611 million this year) making Pakistan the fourth largest recipient of US aid in the world and its army the seventh biggest in the world.

The US press naturally followed the official line, portraying Zia as a man leading Pakistan towards "democracy" and lamenting the loss of a key US ally. A *New York Times* editorial, awash with clichés, said that Zia was "certain it was his mission to impose unity on a fractious nation". The writer also said the general was "an effective, pragmatic bargainer" in the world of diplomacy. The *Washington Post* headlined a frontpage article by John Goshko, "US Sees a Continuing Transition to Democracy". Goshko implied that the Reagan administration's primary concern in Pakistan was the return of civilian rule, writing that tension between the two countries could arise if Zia's death "causes Pakistan's military leaders to halt the transition to democracy and revert to toughened repression".

Actually, this fabled "transition" to democracy was visible only to US officials and reporters, as Zia arbitrarily dismissed the largely civilian government of Prime Minister Mohammed Khan Junejo on 29 May, after it attempted to impinge on the military's power. He dissolved the lower house of the national assembly and the four state legislatures as well, which left the Senate as the only functioning governing body. In order to portray this action as a step towards democracy, Zia called for new parliamentary elections and said he had only acted because Junejo's government had failed to maintain law and order and enact Islamic law.

Despite the fact that Zia has been promising a return of civilian rule from the very first days of his dictatorship, this explanation was largely swallowed by the US media. The *New York*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Alexander Cockburn reports from the US on Zia's American connection—and Quayle's "smoking bank balance"

Rex Features

Times actually ran an editorial on 1 June endorsing Zia's dismissal of Junejo, saying that there might be real "substance in the steps he has just taken, sacking his Prime Minister and dissolving the National Assembly for alleged corruption, indifference to growing lawlessness and delay in transforming Pakistan into an Islamic society". The writer also said there were "encouraging signs that General Zia means to let political parties play a role in the voting now due within 90-days". The *Times* must have been crushed when, shortly thereafter, Zia decreed that elections would be held in November, well outside of the 90 day limit called for by the constitution, and then in July, when he made it clear that candidates would not be allowed to run as representatives of political parties.

There had been other recent signs that Zia might not be entirely committed to democratic norms. On 15 June he had announced the enforcement of Koranic-Sharlah law, which was intended to make the Koran the source of all law and authorised the courts to strike down any laws contrary to Islamic precepts. The likely result of this measure would have been the cancellation of the rights enshrined in the family law ordinances of the early 1960s, giving women at least the possibility of a range of civil and political rights. In late June, women in about half a dozen cities held peaceful marches to oppose Zia's action. They were promptly set upon by police in every city, who brutally beat and teargassed protestors, as well as arresting a number. These protests received scant attention in the US media.

Other problems in the "fledgling young democracy" included the use of torture, a large number of executions (according to Amnesty International, unofficial figures gave 1,467 prisoners in the Punjab province alone under sentence of death in 1987), court-ordered floggings, the approximately 200 political prisoners convicted during the period of martial law (by "military courts that employed extremely summary procedures and denied fundamental elements of due process," according to a report put out by Americas Watch and the Lawyers Committee for Human Rights) and the short-term arrests of hundreds of opposition party followers, for peaceful activities in 1987.

Quayle: the Pentagon's man

As Bush lamented Zia's death and then ushered forward Dan Quayle, his own nominee as vice-presidential candidate, he had no notion that by the end of the day he would be wishing that Quayle was as far beyond the reach of the American press as Zia himself.

One of the assets of not being at the heart of political decision making is the constant pleasure of trying to figure out how they managed to screw up this time. Did no one among Bush's seasoned advisers see that there might be a problem in nominating a young hawk of the ultra-right who chose to avoid service in Vietnam by joining the Indiana national guard?

Bush and his strategists were no doubt so pleased with themselves for selecting someone who would sit well with the Republican far right and supposedly appeal to women and baby boomers that they forgot to look at Quayle as a person endowed with qualities aside from the demographics beloved of pollsters.

As things are, the Republicans have managed to bring class into the election with an urgency Jesse Jackson would have envied, at least until he started preaching unity and the comity of lion and lamb at the Democratic convention in Atlanta in July. Quayle is not just rich, like millionaires Bush, Bentsen and Dukakis, but very rich, with a fortune somewhere in the low hundreds (of millions, that is).

Everyone is telling Quayle jokes: What do you get when you cross a hawk with a chicken?

Nor are women thrilled to be told that by the mere exhibition of Quayle's countenance on television they will be sufficiently aroused to vote for the Republican ticket in November. "He has about as much charm as a used Tampax box," one long-distance telephone operator snarled down the line at the end of last week.

Quayle comes from a far-right background, from a family that has long carried weight in such circles. The Pulliam family, from which he hails, owns the *Arizona Republic* and the *Indianapolis Star*, which were for years among the most violently conservative in the nation. The *Arizona Republic* was instrumental in launching the career of Barry Goldwater. Eugene Pulliam, Quayle's grandfather, was less well known to the general public than Bill Loeb, the famous publisher of the *Manchester Union Leader*, but more influential. These Pulliams were solidly in the milieu of the John Birch Society, and young Quayle floor-managed the senate confirmation to a federal judgeship of Indianan Dan Mannion, also of Bircherite past and regarded by many as the single most shameful judicial appointment of the Reagan years.

Quayle's senate career has mostly been devoted to stout work on behalf of the Pentagon. His office was a *lieu de rencontre* on the Contra-gate gang. One staff aide was Rob Owen, who was a bagman for Ollie North and another, Joel Lisker, advised US mercenaries on how to hook up with their employers in Honduras. Lisker went on to become a staff aide on the Iran-Contra committee. Quayle will probably survive as Bush's running-mate unless the press catch him in a serious lie. At the moment the press is roasting him for getting into law school on a C average. This is not really a case of a smoking gun but a smoking bank balance. Quayle must feel aggrieved. As a rich kid he made all the right moves and now half the people in the country are telling Quayle jokes to the other half: what do you get when you cross a hawk with a chicken?●

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Filing Cabinet

The banned Zircon programme in the series "Secret Society" will finally be shown by the BBC next month. Another in the series—about election dirty tricks—will not. Duncan Campbell reports

This weekend, television journalists gathering at the Edinburgh TV festival will debate the new constraints on TV journalism. They will also get to see, for the first time, at least part of the suppressed *Secret Society* programme on cabinet committees and alleged government manipulation of the electorate, which was first cleared for BBC transmission by former Director-General Alasdair Milne, but then (following his peremptory dismissal by the governors) withdrawn under a smokescreen of contradictory and often absurd excuses and explanations for its non-transmission. At different times, these have been stated to be "legal problems", "editorial difficulties", "unsuitable for a pre-election period", "out of date", and finally "new information".

The excuses mask a quite different story. Had Milne not been sacked by the BBC governors, the entire *Secret Society* (save *Zircon*) series, including the Cabinet programme, would have been transmitted more than a year ago. Since the publication of Milne's memoirs, it has also become clear that even the banning of *Zircon* had little to do with national security considerations and a great deal more to do with the politically-motivated pressure which was brought to bear on Milne to ban the entire series —before Milne or anyone else at BBC headquarters even knew what the Zircon programme was about.

The pressure on Milne to ban the entire series began exactly two years ago, in the week that BBC2 announced its autumn schedule for 1986. The series' presenter (this writer) was, Milne was quickly told, "a destroyer". It was clear by November 1986 (when the series should have been being transmitted) that a number of right-wing governors were intent on getting the series as a whole banned. Indeed, among the governors the Cabinet programme caused controversy earlier than did *Zircon*. A number of Conservative figures, such as Winston Churchill MP, had been invited to take part in the programme. When he and his colleagues declined to appear, they began a long smear campaign against the series and myself through such fronts as the far-right Freedom Association and the Tory-aligned "Media Monitoring Unit". Although these campaigns and smears had little if any effect on Milne, they probably informed and enlarged the fury of the Thatcher-appointed BBC governors who were quite as keen to bury Milne himself as to get *Secret Society* off the air.

In a statement at the start of July this year, the BBC announced its plans to show the Zircon programme this September, but finally announced that *Cabinet* "will not be shown". The statement claimed that the script of *Cabinet* "had been published in the *New Statesman*" – which was untrue, although an article based on the script had been published. "As a result", it was claimed, "new information was advanced about events...with which the programme dealt". This is completely untrue—no new information came to light and was passed on about any of the events described in the programme, as a result of the articles about the programme, or in any other way. The programme itself had been intensively researched and checked, cleared and re-cleared, by BBC lawyers and senior editorial staff. But the so-called "new information" is now allegedly the only problem with the programme. "Because of this", the BBC statement went on, "it would need a great deal of work to update and complete [Cabinet] ... this extensive update cannot be justified".

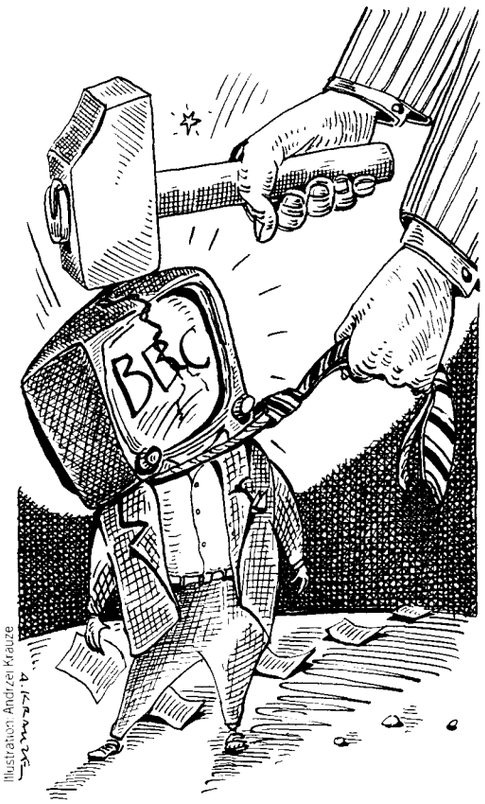


Illustration Andrzej Krauze

The BBC's conclusion does not bear close scrutiny, and in any case bears no relation to the many excuses for non-transmission advanced during 1987. The BBC's budget for next month's new programme about Zircon (to accompany the old) is almost double what the entire *Secret Society* series cost. The production staff is at least twice as large; cost does not seem to have been a problem. Moreover, during 1987, *Cabinet* itself was repeatedly re-edited and re-scripted (amounting to some four remakes of the programme, and 23 different scripts) to meet successive and ever-expanding anxieties about the programme's contents. All but one of these occurred *after* the programme had been cleared, legally and editorially, by Director-General Milne and the BBC's own solicitor. To alter the few parts of *Cabinet* which are now out of date would cost the same as any of the three earlier remakes.

The final misrepresentation of events in the BBC's statement was a claim that the decision not to re-adapt *Cabinet* for transmission after the June 1987 general election was made by the programme's Executive Producer at BBC Scotland. In fact, the decision was made by the new Director-General, Michael Checkland, and his staff in London. They then canvassed for any one of the programme makers, including the management of BBC Scotland, the producer, and myself, to endorse this conclusion. All refused, and said that the programme should be transmitted. After some time, however, Executive Producer David Martin of BBC Scotland agreed.

As the final episode of the *Secret Society* series, *Cabinet* explored how governments manipulate information to reinforce and retain power. It produced damaging new evidence about the behaviour of leading politicians in both parties in the periods before the 1979 and 1983 general elections—particularly including detail of the Conservative government's campaign against the peace movement in 1982–83. Those who saw the programme inside the BBC, including former BBC2 controller Graeme MacDonald who had originally commissioned the series, considered it the second strongest programme of the series, after *Zircon*.

Called *Cabinet* because of its partial focus on the role of secret cabinet committees, the programme included serious criticism of the Prime Minister's press secretary, Bernard Ingham, for taking an active political role in planning the Conservatives' 1983 election campaign. As a civil servant, such behaviour would normally be seen as a gross and unacceptable breach of propriety. In the programme, former Defence Permanent Secretary Sir Frank Cooper said that Ingham's active attendance at Conservative Party meetings "would be fundamentally wrong." This was one of a number of aspects of the programme (which devoted equal time and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

weight to attacking duplicity by former Labour Premier James Callaghan) which were clearly embarrassing to the Prime Minister and her colleagues.

Between October 1986 and April 1987, the *Secret Society* programmes were pulled from transmission schedules three times, usually without notice and within 24 hours of a deadline for *Radio Times* listings. *Cabinet* was cleared for transmission in December 1986 by BBC Solicitor Tony Bostock and assistant Director General Alan Protheroe. It was then passed by Milne, who stated publicly shortly before he was sacked that he had cleared all five remaining *Secret Society* programmes, including *Cabinet*, for transmission. Following the Zircon row in January 1987, Protheroe wrote in the *Listener* that the programme concerned matters of "legitimate public interest and concern" whose "peremptory seizure" by police was a "shabby, shameful, disgraceful incursion into a journalistic establishment".

But soon after Milne's departure, all the programmes were "uncleared", and had to be checked again, and again. Between February and May 1987, a succession of general or specific "editorial" or "legal" problems, often interrelated, were "discovered". The result (only the very charitable could now argue, the *unintended* result) was that the programme was eventually legally approved so late in May that the BBC felt it had to be withheld from transmission during a "pre-election period".

During December 1986, the programme had been cut and recut twice. Following the appointment of Michael Checkland as Milne's successor, Alan Protheroe ordered a new version of *Cabinet*, the third, to be cut to deal with new "editorial considerations". But this made matters worse, and resulted in further delay. In March 1987, the fact that new changes had been made to the programme since Milne left was used as grounds for postponing the *Secret Society* series as a whole. There were soon then said to be new "legal problems" to be "double-checked" with *Cabinet*—none of which, however, could be specified in writing.

Legal and editorial checks continued to be carried out on each of the programmes until the middle of April, by which time it seemed likely that a general election would be called for June. Finally, the *Cabinet* programme was once again said to have been legally (if not "editorially") approved, following a final close examination of the evidence by BBC legal adviser Tony Jennings. But the corporation then announced that they "would not wish" on "editorial" grounds to show the programme in a "pre-election period".

They were asked if it would, therefore, be transmitted after the general election. The reply appeared in the affirmative. "The fact that we wish to go on with the legal checks and with editorial consideration of those legal checks means that we wish to transmit this programme if and when it is possible". Checkland's chief political adviser, Margaret Douglas, wrote in April 1987. "If this is after [the] election, we do not believe that this in itself will make the programme out of time."

But after the June 1987 election was over, perhaps unsurprisingly, no steps were taken to adapt or transmit the programme. Senior BBC staff were told not to re-edit or re-schedule *Cabinet* for transmission. Asked what should now be done to advance the programme into the TV schedules, from Broadcasting House in London there came only a deafening silence. It was at times suggested that a suitably updated *Cabinet* programme might form part of a second *Secret Society* series, which had been commissioned by BBC2 in November 1986. This proposal remained in abeyance while (part of) the first series was, eventually, screened. But six days before the general election, we were informed that there would, most definitely, be no second series of *Secret Society*. The BBC has also consistently refused offers by independent or foreign TV companies to purchase *Cabinet* (or *Zircon*) to broadcast independently.

It is now obvious that a programme which deals with government manipulation of the electorate or media at a time of a general election should now, ideally, be updated to deal with the 1987 election. To change the version of *Cabinet* approved for transmission by Alasdair Milne would actually cost relatively little. But the major difficulty is obvious : ironically but unsurprisingly, the fate of *Secret Society* and the *Cabinet* programme itself would have to be part of the subject matter of the new version. Under the new regime at the BBC, the prospect of such critical examination of the role of government in the Corporation's affairs must seem more remote than ever. ●

YOU CAN'T BE LEFT WITHOUT THE

NEWSTATESMAN
SOCIETY

Take an alternative view of politics, social policy and the arts with a year's subscription for the special reduced rate of £40 - the cover price is £1 a week, so this gives you 12 ISSUES FREE
Do this before the end of September, and you will also be put in our free draw and have a chance to win a holiday for two in MOSCOW AND LENINGRAD

Please send me a year's subscription to New Statesman & Society - maybe I will be whisked off to the Soviet Union

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

..... FQ3

I enclose my cheque for £40.00 payable to New Statesman & Society, or debit my Access/Visa/Diners Club/American Express card no. .....

Signature .....

Send to: Subscription Department, New Statesman & Society, Freepost, London, E2 8BR (no stamp needed)

●

Sorry, but this offer is only available in the UK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LLOYD IN MOSCOW

Free the spirit

John Lloyd

The radical economists in Moscow these days are vying with each other to propose the most daring market-oriented solution to the crisis. Extra points are awarded for being rude about state planning, the distribution system, quality, quantity management, work ethic and honesty. In the past fortnight economists have used the state-owned press to call for markets in everything, including shares. They have raised the figure of the Soviet consumer aloft in their arms, like a mother with an injured child in a social-realist memorial; they have even all but made the connection—a commonplace of the new right—of free societies with the free market.

I confidently expect this last to surface. Conceivably, it is the only thing left which will guarantee publication for the author. Last Friday, in the magazine *Nedelya*, Professor Andrei Orlov, Director of the Research Institute for Market and Consumer Demand, came pretty close when he proposed that a system which *distributed* commodities (as the Soviet one does) rather than allows them to be *marketed* was "essentially an infringement of human rights". Seeing the queues in city shops, I can see exactly the professor's point and so, I guess, would the citizens.

When this is done, it will be wrapped up in a quote from Lenin. The chairman of the Agriprom Bank (once a funnnel for the state to throw money at collective farms), raided the old Bolshevik's *Imperialism, the Highest Stage of Capitalism* for the thought that banking constituted nine-tenths of socialism (because it had centralised, rationalised and made efficient large-scale industrial capitalism while destroying "petty" forms). This thought was then used as the foundation of the argument that banks should be freed from the tutelage of the state, and be able to charge a reasonable interest to enterprises that were demonstrably reasonable risks.

The co-operative movement has fed itself upon *On Co-operation*, one of Lenin's last texts (written after his strokes, when he had had time to reflect and even, it seems, regret a bit). It is a paean of praise for a movement which under capitalism he had showered with every filthy petty-bourgeois insult he could put his pen round. Even Professor Orlov of the Marketing Institute threw in an appeal when he quoted Lenin as being in favour of "cultured trading" (he gave no reference, but the Leninists among you will certainly spot it).

The problem about quoting Lenin is that he wrote 40 volumes—there is something there for everyone. The late, mellow Lenin is, of course, the favourite—at least in part because he talked of comrade Stalin as "rude" and advised the Party's Central Committee to get someone as their secretary who was "more tolerant, more loyal, more polite, more considerate and . . . less capricious". But it can't be taken as the holy writ. To be sure, Lenin thought co-ops great. But then, so did Stalin when, in January 1926, he wrote *On the Problems of Leninism* to refute the oppositionists who thought the new economic policy was a retreat to capitalism and used Lenin's *On Co-operation* to flatten them ("Co-operative societies taken in conjunction with state capitalism are one thing, and co-operative societies taken in conjunction with socialist industry are another").

That is what they *said*. What both *did* was to seek, and in Stalin's case to achieve, a rapid march to state-controlled heavy industry and state-controlled large firms. Stalin learned from Lenin that this was what was needed—

The problem about quoting Lenin is that there is something there for everyone

learned from Lenin the assumption that state power, once captured and monopolised, could conjure into existence a free market. Then, once it had served its turn, it could simply be liquidated, and the free marketeers with it. It is fruitless to speculate what would have happened to the revolution had Lenin lived longer, had Trotsky or Bukharin succeeded him. But it is not entirely sustainable that they would have been able to succeed in "establishing socialism" in a much more liberal manner.

Are not such considerations at the heart of the current revival of the cult of Lenin? For while it may be true, as Denis Healy has said, that no reforming Soviet leadership can hope to get things moving without appealing to Lenin, such a tactic has its risks if continued for too long. For while you can find in the outpourings of that political genius support for everything from individual terrorism to (we suppose) "cultured trading", the consistent bent of his political thought was ever towards the creation and the empowering of a monopolistic, omni-competent, omnipresent *party*.

But that, as far as can be judged from his public utterances and to an extent at least by his practice, is not what Mikhail Gorbachev is about at all. On the contrary, his most vivid, even poignant rhetorical passages are those in which his words seem to beat unavailingly against the great weight of resignation and entrophy which still enfolds the Soviet economy and society. Part, at least, of his message is that the people, not the party, know best and should be empowered to get on with it. To a people suspicious of what comes down from above, such a message wrapped in Leninism is a justifiable reason for retreating deeper into an immobile scepticism.

For the right in western countries, Gorbachev's Soviet Union has already shown the impossibility of bucking capitalism. But the western right are wrong. Not only do the leadership and the activists of every kind pledge verbal fealty to Leninism and socialism, they appear to believe it. They believe that commodity relations can co-exist with socialism, even if extensively present, and have a genuine desire to raise the whole society together, not to allow the sharply differentiated society which a market economy would produce, especially in its first fine flush of freedom. What they are after—it is no less than this—is to succeed in this project of "market socialism".

But Lenin won't help very much. If—as we and the woman in the sausage queue must hope—the Soviet leadership is wholly cynical about the matter, and is pumping the old boy full of fresh silicon for one last hurrah while they get on with being efficient behind the sarcophagus, then they may have a chance. They may even be able to develop something which may be socialist in a sense which does not do violence to thought and yet works, and works fairly. In which case they will deserve looking up to—the more so since to pull that off in a society with such explosive tensions within it and its "socialist commonwealth" will need not just skill, but vast good fortune. But the nagging doubt is that they really believe that Lenin, with his views on party and state, can stretch to "market socialism", without some nasty side effects.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POLITICAL COLUMN

Whose nation?

Carnival has become a symbolic battle-ground—as racists resort to myths of Britishness

Stephen Howe

Whenever late August has found me in Britain, for 12 years or so now, it has found me in Notting Hill for Carnival. It has almost always been fun, sometimes gloriously so. It has also, on occasion, brought me moments of sadness or of fright—though I've never seen, nor heard of, anything at Carnival half so horrible as Donnington Park revellers being crushed to death while their would-be rescuers are pelted with bottles of urine. I shall probably go again this year, but with as much trepidation as anticipation; for the signs of looming trouble, big trouble, keep multiplying.

The reasons to fear confrontation in Ladbroke Grove this weekend have been exhaustively rehearsed throughout the press. So much so, indeed, that this coverage might itself prove the biggest cause of trouble. The warnings may be self-fulfilling prophecies.

The annual paperstorm of Carnival coverage, this year at quite unprecedented intensity, has come to be about issues far wider than the festival. Carnival has become the ground on which rival attitudes to race in Britain, rival conceptions of "national culture" fight it out. This is extremely unfortunate for Carnival — for neither its ramshackle organisation nor its national significance will bear the weight of such interpretation and expectation. Notting Hill has quite enough problems without having this vast symbolism dumped on its back.

The most extreme expression I've seen of this interpretive overload was in last week's *Sunday Telegraph*. Articles by two Kensington residents — both white — presented views, supposedly, for and against Carnival. Tom Stacey wrote for the defence, on the grounds that Carnival purged "primitive" psychic drives for Dionysian mayhem, excess, wildness. And, "It is not by chance that our Notting Hill Carnival stems from the primitive element among us." (Yes, he means Afro-Caribbeans.) "We bourgeois British can honour our immigrants for that." One doubts the "primitives" will receive the honour gratefully. With friends like that . . .

Any incipient outrage at Stacey's stereotypes drowns in hilarious incredulity. Would that the same were so for the *ST*'s case against Carnival, mounted by veteran Thatcherite ideologist, Sir Alfred Sherman. Sherman claims to speak for the beleaguered resident majorities, both of Kensington and of Britain as a whole, against the barbarism in their midst which Carnival represents.

He recalls his years of campaigning, as Kensington councillor, for a ban on the event. From the start, he says, it was an intolerable menace to local people; but every year it has grown worse. The numbers of violent, lawless young West Indians have multiplied "thanks to their teenage reproductive cycle" (yes, these are human beings he's talking about). Crime has grown ever more vicious, with the race relations' lobbyists forcing police and courts to excuse it as legitimate social protest and blame its victims as racists. Extraordinarily, Sir Alfred attributes this latter view to Lord Scarman. All this emphasises the "political classes' infirmity of purpose in face of mass third-world immigration . . . The resentment felt by a majority of the British people of all classes at being subjected to colonisation against their will by people from alien and less advanced cultures shows no signs of abatement."

Sherman's language disgusts me. But why bother arguing publicly with it? After all, he has been trotting out the same assertions, in very much the same language, for almost as long as I've been attending Carnival. Ever since his claims in the late seventies that British acquiescence in mass black immigration amounted to a national death wish, he has not hidden his belief that Afro-Caribbeans and Asians are not only alien, unwelcome, destructive of British civilisation, but profoundly inferior. He has, notoriously, spoken in defence of French neo-fascist leader Le Pen.

Time and again, black friends have confessed to fear about their future here

Yet Sherman is not some fringe lunatic; he is not even a voice from the wilderness as Powell has so long been. He commands respect in the very highest circles of politics. And the views he articulates, supposedly long in retreat, appear increasingly respectable again. Explicit racism is, so almost every black social commentator believes, becoming once more a powerful part of the political mainstream. Time and again, in recent months, black friends have confessed to fear about their future here.

Sir Alfred also matters because he articulates, in unusually explicit ways, the racial assumptions underlying a particular — and dominant — vision of the nation, of Britishness. Simply, he believes in an organic unity of national sentiment, a sense of belonging formed by pride, by ancient tradition, by ethnic homogeneity. To those Sherman recognises as the true British, Britain's history, institutions and landmarks "are an essential part of their personal identity". For him, black migrants and their descendants cannot share this, and their very presence would inevitably undermine it. Carnival merely symbolises these destructive forces at their most intense.

To respond in Sherman's own terminology of traditions and identities is to play with fire. But I have to say that he seems to come from a tradition of thought and express a sense of national identity which I find almost incomprehensibly alien. As a historian, I see his vision of a once-homogenous nation, sure of and at peace with its own essential character, as a pseudo-romantic nonsense, a manufactured myth which long served the needs of power.

Presented as an image of *London's* past, it is even more obviously absurd. As a citizen, I simply cannot value the things Sherman believes one should value. Neither national pride nor the image of cultural homogeneity hold any real emotional appeal for me. The London I love is that of diversity: the palimpsest of cultures, traditions, legends which finds its poetic chroniclers in Michael Moorcock and Iain Sinclair. It is the city where, within a mile or so of my home, I can find the languages, the cuisines, the musics, the religious services of literally dozens of peoples.

My strongest reaction, then, to those like Sherman who use Carnival as an excuse to renew their general attack on black Britain, is a deeply personal sense of affront. Sherman is insulting my friends; he is adding to their fear and insecurity; he is, perhaps unwittingly, helping confer legitimacy on those who would attack them physically as well as verbally. And if Sir Alfred and his co-thinkers are going to do that in the name of nationhood, the response must be, like Shakespeare's Macmorris in *Henry V*, to damn their idea of the nation altogether: "Ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

NCCL defended

Bob Woffinden's article "Where was the NCCL?" (19 August) contains criticisms of the National Council for Civil Liberties which are both unjustified and unexpected, given our sustained effort of achievement and clear strategy for the future. NCCL's recent history is replete with the kind of concrete successes which Woffinden implies have eluded us. In parliament our lobbying has helped us to secure key amendments. In the public order bill, for instance, the government conceded that new police powers to control static demonstrations should not apply to groups of less than 20 people. NCCL protests about strip searches by Customs officers led to new safeguards in legislation in July. Lobbying by NCCL persuaded the government to make it unlawful for local authorities to sell the list of names on the poll tax register, reversing the position it had adopted in the earlier Scottish legislation.

In the courts, pursuing our test case strategy, we recently won the first test case on the new offence of "disorderly conduct", successfully defending political activists prosecuted for displaying a satirical poster. We have also, for example, secured compensation for victims of sexual harassment, successfully defended a CND group denied the right to have a stall by their local council, and defended *Gays the Word* until the charges against it of importing indecent literature were dropped. Two recent cases at the European Commission, in which NCCL acted for journalists, have obliged the government to provide a right of appeal against judges' orders restricting press reporting in crown court hearings. This is not the record of an organisation which is "becalmed".

It is undoubtedly true that it is more difficult, in the present political climate, to defend and extend civil liberties. It is also true that the public is not applying the kind of pressure on the government which would oblige it to show greater respect for individual rights and freedoms. Far from losing its way in this climate, NCCL undertook a comprehensive review of its work and in February 1988 began implementing a campaign strategy with four key elements. We are making greater use of the international human rights machinery; continuing our test case strategy in the British and European courts; adopting an increasingly strategic approach to parliamentary lobbying; and producing more popular literature and relaunching our public image in the Autumn in order to address public opinion more directly. The times are challenging and NCCL *is* moving with them. As a consequence, our membership is increasing.

Justice is an admirable organisation, but NCCL has in no sense left it to deal with the administration of justice which remains central to our work, viz our recent lobbying on the criminal justice bill and our focus on the operation of the emergency legislation in Northern Ireland. Finally, a factual error: Penguin is publishing a new book on civil liberties this year, written by NCCL.

Sarah Spencer
General Secretary, NCCL

The invisible hand

Bob Woffinden is not alone in his concern for our eroded civil liberties. But he is a little unfair in his attacks. He would do better to struggle with the NCCL rather than against it.

Sometimes the NCCL works invisibly. In March next year Penguin will rise to the challenge issued by Bob Woffinden and publish *Civil Liberty: the NCCL guide*. This will be a mass-market paperback. The NCCL are doing everything they can. Penguin are doing their bit. But will Bob Woffinden and *New Statesman* do their tuppence worth by reviewing it and bringing it to people's attention? I wonder.

Andrew Franklin, Executive Editor
Penguin Books Ltd

Boom town blues

Stephanie Williams' article on the current London building boom ("Satellite Boom Town", 12 August) rightly questioned the impact of new developments in both physical and social terms. But her dismissal of the ICA's Metropolis exhibition as "largely irrelevant" in the present commerical context, is demonstrative of this country's allergy to architectural discourse.

Without provocative initiatives such as this, there would be almost no debate about architecture and urbanism except as orchestrated by the conservationists.

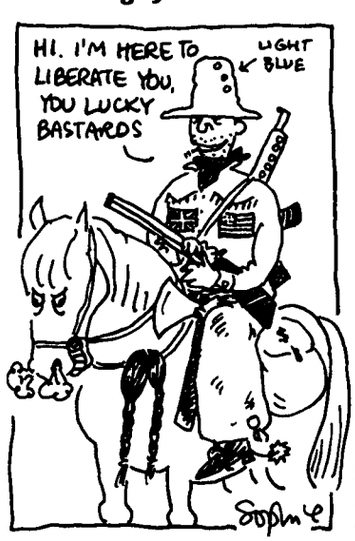
Williams may find no ideas of merit in Branson Coates' "mud-pie fairground of electronic junk", but in rubbishing their work she illuminates that paradoxical divide between two factions in contemporary architectural practice: the young, small firms, often active in teaching, engaged on small-scale commissions and theoretical design projects; and the big commercial practices which, working for major developers, are putting up the post-modernist schemes which will characterise the London of the 1980s and 1990s.

The latter depend on the experimental avant-garde for formal and theoretical innovation. One need only visit the Association of Consultant Architects' exhibition at the Royal Academy to discover—with alarm—what is in store for British cities.

The ICA's conference on "The City" on 1 and 2 October will consider those issues raised by Stephanie Williams's article as well as those addressed by the show. It will look at the power relations of urban development, at literary perceptions of the late 20th century city, and at the problems of creating an authentic environment against a background of the "heritage industry", global finance and mass media.

Janet Abrams
London

The bad guys



Sophie Grillet

The answer to the question posed in the editorial of the 12 August (Europe's Pol Pot), as to what circumstancs justify intervention in another country's affairs, is surely "None". The would-be "global policeman" always acts in the belief that they are on the side of the "good guys". Ask most Americans about the USA's Latin American policies.

N Stapleton
West Germany

Figuring out the DHSS

Tony Lynes' analysis of the House of Commons social fund figures for June is contentious (Welfare Watch, 22 July). He states that, "By Monday, DHSS officials were admitting that, as anyone used to dealing with DHSS figures would expect, many of them are wrong. The broad picture that emerges, however, is probably accurate".

A report produced by Nottingham University's Benefits Research Unit, *Ten Days in June*, published two days after the release of the June social fund figures shows major discrepancies between the monthly figures for claims and spending which are available to MPs in the House of Commons Library, and the figures actually recorded in local Department of Social Security (DSS) offices. The article reports on the House of Commons figures only. The Benefits Research Unit on both.

For example, the St Helens House of Commons figures show 299 applications for loans and 26 for grants. However, figures direct from the local office show that the number of applications for grants was 38 and for loans 597. The level of demand appears to be far *less* using the House of Commons figures. The local office reports 100 per cent more applications for loans than are recorded in the Commons library. The apparent "success" rates for applications also vary considerably. On loans the Commons figures suggest a 70 per cent success rate in June. But the local office figures show the proportion of successful claims was below 50 per cent.

There are many more examples of discrepancies. Which figures are to be believed? Until the DSS can reassure us that these discrepancies do *not* exist on a nationwide scale, then the Commons figures are useless for monitoring purposes. They raise serious questions about how the DSS can effectively monitor the Fund, or anticipate the size of next year's budgets for loans and grants based on this year's figures of expenditure and demand.

Saul Becker, Bob Baker,
Mark Svenson
Nottingham University

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Where there's froth

Anthony Barnett

The 100th issue of the *Face* has just appeared. "The Magazine of the Decade," it proclaims on its cover, where its bold, red and black epaulet of anarchy has been reduced to a symbol of itself, like the *Playboy* bunny. Inside, Julie Burchill proclaims her belief in Mrs Thatcher. Thatcher but not Thatcher*ism*—a fine distinction which proves her socialist education has not been completely wasted. Thatcher is like Kennedy, Roosevelt or Stalin, Burchill says: "No one seriously expects the policies to work but no one can shake the symbolism and what it means to their sense of the nation."

Must we all become old farts? As a description of *the* magazine of Thatcher's first decade—which the *Face* clearly is—this is brilliant: you don't seriously expect it to work, but you just can't shake off the symbolism. Could the nation be without it?

The Prime Minister is something else. Burchill's prose works on speed. Replay it frame by frame and you can see the jump-cuts better. Kennedy *was* a symbol if only because he was assassinated early. To compare him with Stalin (collectiviser and industrialiser of the world's largest country, victor over Hitler, arbiter of the many-millioned gulag) is absurd. The comparison with Roosevelt is also ridiculous. Roosevelt became President at the nadir of the depression. He steered his country to a late entry into a war that left its two major economic and military rivals in total ruin so that the USA emerged the wealthiest and most fully employed society known on earth. *His* policies seriously worked.

It's only because they are now all symbols of the past that Burchill seems to get away with the comparison. Now it's our turn. We've tried being Belgium and were unhappy. Not so with Thatcher: "It is to her, not her discredited policies, that there really is no alternative. Send her victorious, happy and glorious. Because it is either that, or going back to getting excited about making runner-up in the Eurovision Song Contest."

Again, the contrast is by sleight of hand. For 50 million people, it's not being Belgium that's the alternative, but Italy. The argument fascinates me because I'm one of those who said, in the early years of Thatcher, that it was "time to take the great out of Britain", for the old pretension disables economic development and has done so since 1945. Now Burchill reverses the terms. Sure, the Prime Minister's policies don't work, but her pretension does! At last we've got a real *leader* (her italics). Just like Stalin!

Part of Burchill's argument seems to be confirmed by Marek Kohn's exposure of the decade at the back of the same issue. Under Mrs Thatcher the rich are much richer, he writes, while the poor have grown far more numerous. Industrial output remains below that of the early seventies: "The Thatcher economic miracle: average annual growth between 1979 and 1987 of 0.7 per cent."

But, as the issue went on sale the statistics were saying something different. For the first time manufacturing output has exceeded the peak of 1974. After six years of growth, the left can't say that "really" under Mrs Thatcher things are worse economically. Politically, it's another matter. But if she has succeeded economically in putting the UK on a path for growth, then politically the challenge to her domination can't start from the premise that Thatcherism does not work.

Recently, as his contribution to Labour's policy review, Alan Tuffin of the Union of Communication Workers published *Beyond Social Ownership*. It has a preface by Neil Kinnock, who writes: "In international terms, Britain is slipping further behind. No one should be taken in by a burst of growth ignited by tax cuts and fuelled by oil revenues. This is the kind of short-termism that has bedevilled Britain for many years . . . Above all, Labour's task—beginning at the next election—will be to reverse Britain's economic slide. It will be an end to what has been called Britain's 'contempt for production.'"

Suppose there is no crash . . . Then the premise that things have not really changed is made of straw. Then Labour's on a hiding to nothing

Like Julie Burchill, Kinnock regards Thatcher's policies as discredited. Recently, I listened to an articulate, left-wing Labour MP, not a Kinnockite, saying the same. That while it was true that his working-class constituents loved Mrs Thatcher, what she was doing was "all froth". The Conservatives who were there just chuckled. They were quite confident that things have changed, are changing, and that their brand of capitalism works.

Maybe they are wrong. Maybe, when the next American President steps into the Oval Office he'll look at the figures for America's budget deficit and balance of payments and say, "We've got a problem". It's a fantasy I've had for some time. That Reaganomics is like a cartoon film where the character who has run off the cliff top only falls after he's looked down. In the magic world of high finance what banker would dare bring America down to earth? But once the President says "Er, gee, how are we going to pay for this?" then the banker's duty is to call in the credit. Thus will the boom crash, and Britain is tremendously exposed if there's an international recession. So, maybe it is all froth.

But suppose there is no crash and great depression. Then the premise that things have not really changed is made of straw. Then Labour's on a hiding to nothing. The issue could hardly be more fundamental.

In his pamphlet, Tuffin advocates a Swedish style "bargained economic and social consensus" to rebuild manufacturing industry. Why is it necessary? Because "the historic picture in Britain is one of continual stalemate, with neither capital nor labour able to assert a clear advantage". Only a bargained consensus can break Tuffin's supposed deadlock to the benefit of both sides.

When the SDP was formed, Ralf Dahrendorf said they wanted "a better yesterday". Now, it seems like the day *before* yesterday that Tuffin seeks to improve on: a better consensus politics, a new, improved 1970s. In a Fabian essay, Steven Lukes observed that socialists shouldn't want their politics cooked up in a consensus soup; on the contrary, it is the left that should lead with its convictions. Now there is another altogether more ominous response to Tuffin's argument. Consensus is off because the stalemate is over. Capital today has a clear advantage and is using it to dictate its terms and even increase output.

They may not read the *Face*, but I suspect that there are quite a few well-dressed women and men in England who regard Thatcher's symbolism as a farce but seriously expect her policies to carry on working.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ESSAY

The cunning of history

Frank Spooner Pictures

Twenty years ago this week Soviet tanks rolled into Czechoslovakia. Christopher Hitchens reflects on the legacy of the Prague Spring and its brutal suppression.

Although it has given rise to one of the century's great literary meditations on the political uses of amnesia, the striking thing about the August 1968 repression of Czechoslovakia is the continuing freshness and relevance of its imagery. Walk through Wenceslas Square today, where a banal regime has learned how to exploit the most tawdry aspects of the credit card and tourist culture, and the docile parties of Swedes and Germans with their guides are less vivid in the mind than those grainy old sequences of tanks parked under every balcony.

The equestrian statue at the head of the square, with the National Museum of Bohemia looming behind, at once recalls its

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rex Features

1968 in Czechoslovakia: the prelude to the planned stultification of a society

heroic period as the centrepiece of vast popular demonstrations, and as the site of Jan Palach's dramatic suicide by fire. Turn away towards the Old Town Square, and you come to the dingy splendour of the Klement Gottwald Museum, which houses the usual collection of leader-worshipping Stalinist memorabilia. There was a time when Gottwald exerted absolute power over every Czech and Slovak. There was a time when the largest statue of Stalin in the world looked down over the Vltava river. The statue is gone. Who outside the borders of Czechoslovakia remembers the name of Gottwald? Who, outside or inside those borders, has forgotten the name of Alexander Dubcek?

For 20 years, Czechoslovakia has been the site of a planned stultification of society known as "normalisation". This has been an almost fascinating exercise in the depoliticising of life and thought, and the reduction of ideology to one dimension. It does not even possess the ironies and ambiguities of the original Communist seizure of power in 1948 when, as even a committed foe like Milan Kundera recalls, in *The Book of Laughter and Forgetting*: "I took other Communist students by the hand, I put my arms around their shoulders, and we took two steps in place, one step forward, lifted first one leg and then the other, and we did it just about every month, there being always something to celebrate, an anniversary here, a special event there, old wrongs were righted, new wrongs perpetrated, factories were nationalised, thousands of people went to jail, medical care became free of charge, small shopkeepers lost their jobs, aged workers took their first vacations ever in confiscated country houses, and we smiled the smile of happiness."

> *The style of western commentary has been oddly resigned to the permanence of the Stalinist system, and indulgent to western "statesmanship" of the Reagan type*

Indeed, Kundera rather generously grants that in 1948 the Communist Party "took power not in bloodshed and violence, but to the cheers of about half the population. And please note: the half that cheered was the more dynamic, the more intelligent, the better half."

Nothing of this sort could be said about "normalisation". It has been an application of dull, crass, reactionary utilitarianism in the service of unsanctioned power. Its chief features have been the rewarding of obedience, no matter how conservative, and the punishment of opposition, no matter how idealistic. Imagine a "Scoundrel Time" that went on for 20 years, inaugurated by a post-invasion questionnaire from "Education Minister" Jaromir Hrbek, that asked all party members about their friends and colleagues: "Which are honest and capable? (Name at least ten). Which have been discredited by anti-socialist and anti-Soviet deeds and attitudes?" By the time this inquisition was over, half a million Czechs and Slovaks had been purged from the Communist Party, and an enormous percentage of the nation's intelligentsia had been forced to live abroad.

Here, a word to certain anti-anti-Communists. The authorities in Prague claim the support of the "ordinary people" against the pampered dissidents and elite scribblers who are so celebrated in the western press. They take a special, sniggering pleasure in punishing troublesome academics, for example, by demoting them to jobs as truck-drivers, stokers and janitors. Certainly this shows a fierce contempt for the pointy-heads and for intellectual labour. But does it not demonstrate a revealing contempt for manual labour as well? It is notorious that in Czechoslovakia the bureaucratic class has reserved an almost Oriental privilege for itself (that is what actually happened to most of those "confiscated country houses") while mouthing demagogically about "enemies of the people". As Milan Simecka, a leading opposition essayist, puts it in his book *The Restoration of Order* (Verso 1984): "However adaptable socialist ideology may be, it would be hard for it to justify with any credibility the fact that the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

socialist state behaves like a red-in-tooth-and-claw capitalist of the last century, that it establishes blacklists, and fires employees suspected of involvement in 'strikes', not to mention those who might be a source of trouble, or those who fail to show the right degree of respect to the management, and so on. You do not need ideological reasons to be disgusted by such practices; the good old socialist gut-reaction we inherited from earlier generations tells us they are wrong."

Trudging past the Gottwald Museum and coming to the Old Town Square, there is no avoiding a confrontation with the statue of Jan Hus. In all of Czech discussion, this Puritan martyr who died rather than recant is contrasted with the figure of the Good Soldier Schweik, who made dumb obedience into a form of passive dissent. Critical citizens incessantly debate this contrast in the national character. They tend to reason defensively, and to say that long-term organised resistance is made impossible by the country's geographic position. It is true that Czechoslovakia has been condemned by geography. In this part of the century, this is as much as to say that it is condemned by the cold war. In his enthralling memoir *Night Frost*, Zdenek Mlynar, who was Communist Party Secretary in 1968, touched deftly on this point. The Czech leadership had been taken hostage by the Red Army and was being hectored by Brezhnev. He gloatingly told his prisoners: "I asked President Johnson if the American government still fully recognised the results of the Yalta and Potsdam conferences. And on 18 August I received the reply: as far as Czechoslovakia and Romania are concerned, it recognises them without reservation . . . So what do you think will be done on your behalf? There will be no war."

The old "spheres of influence" argument, put at the time of the heaviest American bombardment of Vietnam, has never been underscored to greater effect. Nevertheless there were those who preferred Hus to Schweik, even against these crushing odds. The Czechs have never forgotten Dr Frantisek Kriegel, chairman of the "National Front" of Dubcek's government, who alone refused to sign the Moscow Protocol legitimising the invasion *ex post facto*, and who maintained this refusal despite solitary confinement and threats to his life. As a veteran of the Spanish Civil War, a doctor in the Chinese revolution and a militant in the anti-Nazi resistance, he had not acquired the requisite habits of obedience. When he died a few years later, his body was seized by the secret police in order to prevent demonstrations at his funeral, and the basest anti-Jewish libels were circulated against his memory by functionaries whose record could not stand the least comparison with his. Now it is Brezhnev who is lampooned and reviled in his own country, while Kriegel is remembered with honour and respect. Those who made excuses for Brezhnev while he was alive should remember that, too.

Indeed, it was clear even at the time that the invasion of Czechoslovakia was a hinge event for Communism. *Panzerkommunismus*, said Ernst Fischer, leader of the Austrian Communists though the bleakest years of the cold war and a man who had broadcast in German on Moscow Radio throughout the battle for Stalingrad. If the Italian, French, British and Spanish and other Communist Parties had not denounced the invasion, they would have split or suffered defections even more damaging than had occurred over Hungary in 1956. Those parties which endorsed the invasion—notably the Greek—saw some of their bravest militants disown the decision. In the long view "Eurocommunism" may only have been an episode in the historic eclipse of the western communist culture, but it can be said with certainty that this eclipse was hastened by the Prague events, which simply snapped the main-spring of belief in the Soviet Union as the bastion of socialism; more sinned against than sinning.

Frank Spooner Pictures

Developments in the east were less easy to monitor but in the long run no less impressive. A Polish shipyard worker named Edmund Baluka once told me that he had been despatched with his army unit to Czechoslovakia and told that a West German *revanchist* attack was under way. He and his mates were more than disgusted to discover the crude lie and two years later he was a prominent figure in a strike in the Gdansk shipyard which is, in essence, still going on. Somewhere in East Germany in August 1968, a party official named Rudolf Bahro took the decision to leave the party while remaining an ostensible member, and to begin work on a book. It took ten years for him to complete *The Alternative in Eastern Europe*, and throughout that time he continued to act as a dutiful servant of the regime.

It has become more and more pertinent to ask how many unknown Bahros there are. Zdenek Mlynar, the above-mentioned Czech Party Secretary, wrote his memoirs without bothering to mention a critical and intelligent Russian he had known as a fellow-student in Moscow in the 1950s. This Russian had been a courageous exception to the conformist standard demanded by the late Stalin period, and had seemed impatient with the general stupidity and chauvinism that infected the atmosphere. Only two years ago did Mlynar, now in exile, read the papers and notice prominent photographs of his old school friend Mikhail Sergeyevitch Gorbachev.

It is at least thinkable that we may have here an example of what Hegel liked to call "the cunning of history". Over the last two decades, western commentary on Soviet Europe has been inclined to favour a certain ruthless pessimism, generally voiced by experienced ex-Communist emigrés. This tendency has spoken of a "totalitarian" model of society, reinforced by Asiatic despotism, that is axiomatically *beyond reform*. Its style, whether in the elegiac later novels of Milan Kundera or the bitter essays of Professor Leszek Kolakowski, has been oddly resigned to the permanence of the Stalinist system, distinctly pitying towards those who entertained hopes of change, and therefore rather confirming and indulgent towards western "statesmanship" of the Reagan type. Eastern historians and essayists like Roy Medvedev, Milan Simecka, Boris Kagarlitzy and Rudolf Bahro have been left out of this account, with the consequence that the whole Gorbachev phenomenon has come to western audiences as a more or less complete surprise; later claimed rather too hastily and opportunistically as a reward for "Peace Through Strength". (Doubters of "Peace Through Strength", surely history's most exploded nostrum, have been accused, in a bizarre evocation of the western capitalist betrayal of Czechoslovakia, of being the dupes of "another Munich".)

There is an intelligible case for saying that much of this was fatalistic mirror-Stalinism, which paradoxically believed that the Communist system was stronger and more self-confident than it actually was. Take, first, Milan Simecka's reply to Milan Kundera on the question of "Central Europe". This essay, written in 1984, was as far as I know published only in the *East European Reporter* of Summer 1985. It refers

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

directly to Kundera's celebrated essay "The Tragedy of Eastern Europe" in the *New York Review of Books* of 26 April 1984, which had discussed the possibility that the very identity of the Warsaw Pact nations might actually be obliterated by Russification. As Simecka says: "The actual Central European tragedy is quite poignantly depicted by Kundera. He presents his American readers with a grandiose historical tableau of the Central European spiritual tradition, supported by all the names now familiar to us from his writing: Freud and Mahler, Bartok and Janacek, Musil and Broch, Kafka and Hasek, Gombrowicz, Milosz, Palacky, Dery etc."

Blaming "Russia" for threatening to extirpate this tradition is, as Simecka says, unhelpful and a-historical. For one thing, the nations of eastern Europe have not had their identity destroyed despite the cultural desolation imposed upon them. For another, use of the term "Russia" as an expression has clear ideological overtones. We're all of us aware how much of a distortion it is. Most seriously, it involuntarily ignores the existence of all the other nations of the Soviet Union and tempts one to perceive Estonians and Armenians in terms of Pushkin and Dostoyevsky."

Especially at a time when Baltic and Armenian peoples are asserting themselves with exemplary force, the consequences of this *Mittel-Europa* self-pity are more than just literary. As Simecka goes on to say: "We should not disguise the fact that it was not Russia which ushered in the beginning of the end of the Central European tradition. It was Hitler who tore up by the roots that certain decency of political and cultural standards which the Central European nations managed to preserve more or less intact up to 1937. It was chiefly due to the insane acts of the Nazis that the nations of Central Europe became the victims and outsiders of history. It was Nazism, after all, which so effectively silenced the 'Jewish genius' which had been part and parcel of Central Europe's spiritual evolution. At the moment the tragedy of Central Europe began to unfold, Eastern influences were negligible or, at any rate, the Russian factor played scarcely any role. The cancer which finally put paid to what had gone before was nurtured on Western European history and fed on the decaying legacy of Western European intellectual innovations. That was the real succession of events: it was only the remnants of the old Central Europe that breathed their last in Russian arms."

Yet Kundera, and his admirers and emulators, seem to need the anti-Russian theme just as they need the "totalitarian" one. Totalitarianism, as our home-grown theorists never weary of pointing out, is to be distinguished from authoritarianism by the state's need to conscript not just passivity but assent and even enthusiasm; by its determination to abolish the private life. Yet the private life, as Simecka explains in *The Restoration of Order*, is precisely what the Czechoslovak authorities encourage people to cultivate: "In the renewed order, the unsupervised private sphere is quite extensive. The State allows adapted citzens to do what they like with the money they more or less honestly acquire. They may build houses, chalets and cabins, and fit them out as they wish. They may buy cars and travel in them where they will. . . They may travel abroad, so long as they can afford the shocking tax on the purchase of hard currency . . . They may not actually be able to read what they would like, but the State erects communal aerials to receive TV programmes from Vienna."

In other words, the life of the "adapted citizen" may be hellish in its hypocrisy and in the mediocrity of its official standards, but it is not fascism or the Gulag. In "normal" conditions, this exploitation of materialism and selfishness works reasonably well, allowing the regime to pick off troublemakers one by one or in small groups, without ever succeeding in crushing them absolutely. But how can the rulers be sure of "normality"? Nobody predicted that the two "hot" issues in Czech society would suddenly become military conscription—into an army that has never defended the country—and environmental destruction. But quite recently, the burdensome and stupid national service requirements, and the catastrophic acid rain situation in Bohemia and Moravia, have recruited new sections of the population into semi-opposition. Neither matter is exactly trivial, because the first raises the issue of the country's enforced militarisation and the second the chronic inefficiency and waste of its economy. In both cases, intelligent citizens are asked to ignore, or even to disbelieve, the evidence of their own eyes.

> *"The life of the "adapted citizen" may be hellish in its hypocrisy, but it is not fascism or the Gulag"*

This final contradiction is at the core of Rudolf Bahro's masterly book *The Alternative*. He began his detailed and practical critique by saying that "snooping about Dostoyevsky-style in the moral atmosphere of the dictatorship" was all very well, but did not help in understanding what made it work, or what might make it break down. He proposed the daring and innovative idea of "surplus consciousness": the realisation that state socialist bureaucracy created a class of technically skilled people while requiring them to act without initiative, as serfs or robots. These people, in a historic sense, knew too much. And this could be as true of the theatre-director as of the supervisor in a power plant. Here is how Bahro, in response to the Czech events of 1968, described the contradictions of "surplus consciousness" in the Soviet Union. "In the Soviet Union the contradiction between the apparatus and the surplus consciousness is particularly deep, since the polit-bureaucracy there is less cultivated and adaptable, as a result of the backward semi-Asiatic mentality it inherited, and less susceptible to assimilating the new social forces in compromises to various kinds and degrees. Soviet statistics claim that three-fifths of those working in industry now have either college or full secondary education. But the skilled elements are politically kept under tutelage in the same paternalist manner as the meanest *kolkhoz* peasant, who might still be living under the Tsars. Even those most qualified are treated in this respect as subordinate specialists, as cogs in the gigantic clockwork of the state economy, kept wound up by the anonymous activity of the bureaucracy."

In Marxist terms, Bahro has identified a conflict between the forces and the relations of production—a conflict that extends deep into the superstructure. As he goes on to say: "Many millions of people have acquired, if only in a specialised field, the power of abstraction and differentiation that enable them to take part in decisions over the destiny of their country, and its perspectives of social development. But they are not allowed to use their heads for this purpose."

In the course of a seminar on the work of Bahro in 1979, I heard the late Raymond Williams describe this as "a long look ahead". Perhaps he was too sanguine. The remainder of that chapter, which I have no space to quote, now reads like a script for the post-Chernenko events in Moscow. It is becoming clear that Gorbachev is risking everything on a mobilisation of "surplus consciousness" and the release of intellectual and productive energy that is contained in it. In other words, he has decided to break with a tradition that is part Russian and part Stalinist, and to cease to insult the intelligence.

It is, as Confucians would have it, too early to say whether we can really thrive on reformism from above. The Czechs in 1948 and 1968 found that what can be given can also be taken away. But there has to come a point when "surplus consciousness" takes on a life of its own. If it was to do so, it would drastically revise the assumptions upon which all theories of "Communism" are currently based. The system is sterile; therefore it cannot reproduce itself. It wanted to emulate and overtake capitalism, but could not put its trust in innovation. In its self-inflicted difficulties with the cult of growth, with the burden of militarism and with the horrors of nuclearism, to say nothing of making an honest account of history, it may provide even smug westerners with the opportunity for self-criticism, and may show "Russia" to be more European than we think.

That is all in the future. At any moment, though, the Moscow press may print a searching, revisionist article about the "fraternal intervention" in Prague 20 years ago. Certainly, the process of reform will not be clearly and demonstrably underway until it does. The example of the Czechs has turned out to be an extraordinary one, both morally and practically. As Brecht put it in his poem on Czechoslovak history: "On the bed of the Moldau, stones are rolling. . ."

In the long run, Hus and Schweik made a historic compromise, with results that are neither laughable nor forgotten.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

False El Dorados

What strategies are open to the poverty lobby in a culture that idolises wealth? Malcolm Brynin analyses the options

The poverty lobby has a dilemma. The more poverty it finds the more it is accused of failure. (Why is it not doing something for the poor?) And the less it finds, the more it is accused of failure. (Whom does it claim to be speaking for?)

But the last few years have not been all doom and gloom. The poverty lobby has been enormously resilient. The number of groups, alliances between them, the range of interests they represent, and memberships have all grown substantially in recent years. The membership of the Child Poverty Action Group has nearly doubled in the last six years. If nothing else this suggests that the government does not carry all before it. Secondly, there has been *some* influence on policy. Successes here are rare but should not be discounted. One could point to the alliance with commercial interests to prevent payment of family credit through the male wage-packet, and the use of British and European courts to reinforce women's rights.

Perhaps most importantly, the poverty lobby is the main source of statistics on poverty—a vital bulwark against government conjuring tricks. The issue is a major battle-front. It is a further apparent paradox that as living standards rise so can poverty—if the fruits of the improvement are not fairly shared. Governments do not like this because it means poverty will always be with us. In view of claims about a "boom" and how the bonanza is supposed to eventually benefit us all, the fact that the only sensible definition of poverty is a relative one is crucial. The only argument the government seems to have found is that if poverty depends on how you define it, then it must be a figment of the poverty lobby's imagination. Current official rhetoric is all about "relative wealth", not relative poverty. Whatever the outcome of the debate, the government must not simply be allowed to define poverty out of existence.

But while the poverty lobby's achievements shouldn't be minimised, they don't amount to a strategy for the future. Poverty groups have sought for some time to go beyond traditional lobbying of the elite and seek to influence public opinion— "popularising poverty". This will be enormously difficult. For a start, it needs support from the media and, as Peter Hildrew pointed out in the first issue of *NSS*, this it does not get. But there are much deeper cultural and political difficulties obstructing the project. Far from popularising poverty, our society idolises wealth and the wealthy. Much "wealth creation" occurs in the columns of the tabloid press. It is building Britain as Utopia—a heaven on earth—in which the poor have no place. When *Money* magazine produced a "survey" of Britain's 200 wealthiest people the *Daily Mail* could not wait to give us the Good News, with the splash headline:

MILLIONAIRES GALORE
More and more are the self-made rich
Britain is bursting with millionaires

The *Mail* devoted another two and a half pages to this major news find. The millions in poverty might not be fully aware of the fact, but they are living in El Dorado. Even though we live in a puritan state, money grows on trees and we all benefit. Critics of this rosy picture are accused of spoiling the fun.

The aim of "popularising poverty" is presumably to persuade the well-off (often the not-quite-poor) to care about the less fortunate. Some have drawn a parallel with the Labour Party's own PR problem. According to this view, all that has to be done is persuade the affluent working-class to support redistribution and, hey presto, not only will they vote Labour but they will demand that the party incorporates anti-poverty measures. In reality the reverse is the case, and Labour party leaders know that. We may not hear much about poverty in the next election campaign.

Although there is clearly a pool of altruism waiting to be tapped, for example, for street collections, it's not clear that the same goes for significant redistribution. People support parts of the welfare state from which they can benefit—particularly the NHS—but reject the redistributional element. This they see as helping the "undeserving poor".

If popularising poverty looks like proving impossible, are there other directions in which the debate can be channelled? One thing that seems certain is that the battle must not be restricted to statistics. In the 1960s poverty was "rediscovered" but it cannot keep on being rediscovered. Some new approaches invoke such ideas as a "life-cycle" concept—we *all* need benefits at different times of our life: it is not just a matter of the majority all the time subsidising a specific set of people called "the poor". Another concerns the idea of citizenship. Sarah Benton suggested in the spring issue of *Poverty* that poverty groups should concern

Katalin Arkell/Network

"Poverty groups should concern themselves less with specific discrimination than general citizenship rights to a decent standard of living"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

themselves less with specific discrimination than general citizenship rights to a decent standard of living.

Citizenship is a vague concept. It must still require a redistribution of resources. And are we talking about it as a right or an obligation? The emphasis seems to be on *rights*. But the rich have been isolated from obligation—even from reality. They buy most of their education and their health care. They pay relatively little in the way of taxes. They flit above us like angels from stolport to heliport. If there is a heaven on earth it is a tax haven in your own country, and En-

terprise Zones are just that. Despite some talk of zero taxation there must be some end to tax cuts, because at some point it will offend too many people's sense of citizenship as obligation. As Sarah Benton put it: "poverty today has become like the mad woman in the attic". Even the rich fear one day she might break loose. This needs to be stressed as much as citizenship as a right.

The life-cycle and citizenship approaches are really concerned with ideology. How do you make redistribution acceptable in a capitalist society? A number of ideological issues coming from the right seem to have been taken more or less for granted in recent years. Welfare spending is supposed to "crowd out" private investment. But how can investment be crowded out when there is still massive underutilisation of capacity? If welfare spending damages "wealth-creation" why does Sweden, which spends more on welfare, have a higher standard of living? Why should incentives for the rich mean they are given money (tax cuts) while incentives for the poor mean it is taken away (benefit cuts)? Where is the proof that inequality generates wealth? Where is the proof that this "trickles down" to those at the sharp end of inequality? The best analysis of the "trickle down" theory I have come across was recently given by Gordon Brown, Shadow Treasury Secretary, paraphrasing Galbraith. "If you feed horses enough oats, some eventually get right through the horse and then the sparrows have their turn. It's a theory that is said to have more believers among horses than sparrows."

It is around the tax-benefit nexus that the poverty lobby could most usefully campaign. People's resistance to acceptance of redistribution comes chiefly from a pragmatic fear that *they* will end up paying for it. Taxation has an ideological value greater than its monetary value. Why is the government so keen that everyone should pay the poll tax—even to the extent of ensuring that those on benefits pay 20 per cent (which is then partially rebated)? Why does it tax benefits — gaining derisory amounts for significant administrative cost? The stated reason is accountability. That is, in order to ensure that people should feel concern at the taxes they are forced to pay (for example for social security or services) they have to be brought into the tax network first. They cannot understand the evils of taxation when they do not pay taxes. When Neil Kinnock recently proposed increased spending on the Third World Nigel Lawson automatically priced this at 2p in the pound.

But if "hand-outs" are seen as requiring general tax increases, so should tax allowances. If broadly working-class benefits like income support can be "tax-priced" so can broadly middle-class benefits like higher education. Perhaps the only way the artificial distinction between taxation and benefits can be broken down is through full integration between the tax and benefit systems.

The think tanks on the right do not merely dream up "practical" ideas. They devise ways of putting ideology into practice—or, as it has been arrogantly put to me: "We put forward successful ideas *which will make the government popular.*" It is not poverty which needs to be popularised but the political means through which it will be eliminated.

Malcolm Brynin is a research fellow at Leeds University's Centre for Television Research

The myth of regeneration

Bob Colenutt and John Barnes argue that Urban Development Corporations have now been thoroughly discredited

At last the message about the failure of the government's market-led inner city "regeneration" is getting through. The House of Commons all-party employment select committee last week published a report that holed the flagship of the government's fleet of Urban Development Corporations—the London Docklands Development Corporation. The entire raison d'etre of the LDDC was demolished: *it doesn't create jobs.*

The LDDC claims otherwise, pointing to an apparent bonanza of 20,000 jobs in its area since it was set up. But as the select committee showed, many of the jobs are not new at all, and most of the rest have gone to people from outside East London.

By drawing attention to the emperor's new clothes, the committee has homed in on a major weakness of the government's inner city policy: its emphasis on market and property-led "regeneration" instead of real planning for jobs. The LDDC doesn't distinguish between property development and regeneration, yet there's no evidence that jobs have "trickled down" to the local community.

And it confirms what community groups and local authorities have been saying for years: that local residents are not benefitting from the £700,000 million in government subsidy to the LDDC area and the £2.5 billion of private development there. As the report says: "UDCs cannot be regarded as a success if buildings and land are regenerated but the local community are bypassed and do not benefit from regeneration."

But that is exactly what has happened. Despite the rhetoric of enterprise and renaissance, unemployment actually increased from 3,533 in July 1981 to over 5,000 in 1986, before falling to 4,065 in April 1988. The decline since 1986 has been slower than the London-wide average.

Two thirds of the 20,000 new jobs have really been old jobs transferred from other areas. And while new jobs have failed to materialise, existing jobs have been vanishing. Parliamentary answers since the committee sat show that 13,000 jobs have been lost in the LDDC area since 1981—*thus a net loss of 6,000 jobs.*

The committee heard evidence from the local authorities about firms being forced out or closing down with little attempt by the LDDC to offer help. A consultants' report commissioned by the Isle of Dogs neighbourhood centre found only a small increase in the number of jobs on the Island between 1981 and 1987 despite the Enterprise Zone and LDDC initiatives. Newham Council reported that "between 1981 and 1988 some 750 new jobs were introduced into the Urban Development area within Newham. In the same period 6,000 jobs were lost."

The picture looks even worse if the type of new jobs created is examined. According to evidence given to the committee, local residents got a smaller percentage of the new jobs than the old jobs, and the committee criticised the LDDC for having no clear policies on employment or training. It referred to a study by consultants Peat Marwick McLintock commissioned by the LDDC itself in 1987 which, the committee said, "clearly shows that the LDDC's approach to education, training and employment has been limited, poorly monitored and not at all successful."

Even one of the major developers was critical of the LDDC. Rosehaugh Stanhope, who are developing a large part of the Royal Docks, told the committee: "It was obvious that the Corporation has very limited success in persuading employers to recruit local labour." They pointed out that employers know nine months in advance what their employment needs are and that it should be possible to train people in time to secure at least some jobs for local residents.

The company behind the giant Isle of Dogs Canary Wharf office development, Olympia and York, have little to offer local people. They have signed a planning agreement with Tower Hamlets council and the LDDC for a package of jobs and community benefits. But although O&G told the committee that few jobs in Canary Wharf would be new, and concurred with the projection that just 2,000 out of 50,000 would go to local people, they refused to accept that they should have done more for local people.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Much of the committee's criticism was informed by its experience of visiting "regeneration" projects in US cities. It came back impressed with how much more local authorities and local people seemed to obtain from negotiations with major developers. It liked, for example, the Boston jobs "compact" agreed between education authorities and developers of the Boston harbour area. This effectively guarantees jobs to local schoolchildren if they have a good attendance record at school, and sets a target of 50 per cent of jobs in major developments going to Bostonians. The ILEA has recently set up its own compact with east London private employers, and the committee said that the same should be done in every UDC area.

How effective these compacts really are in securing jobs remains to be seen—and we need to look closely at the American experience. It may well be that by stressing the idea of compacts, the committee was grasping at straws to justify inner city property "regeneration" rather than looking at non-market led alternatives for inner city renewal.

The positive aspect of the report is that it draws attention to how dangerously vague a term "regeneration" is; and its call for the remit of UDCs to be widened to give it a more precise definition is welcome. But any proposal to extend the *powers* of such inherently undemocratic bodies would be equally dangerous.

Bob Colenutt and John Barnes work for the Docklands Consultative Committee Support Unit

WELFARE WATCH

The DSS may be giving local authorities unlawful instructions on housing benefit payments

Many people would rather claim housing benefit than one of the DSS means-tested benefits. But the DSS wants to boost family credit, the new benefit for low-paid workers, and reduce the numbers on housing benefit. So it has issued guidance to local authorities which, in effect, denies people the choice. The guidance, in the official *Housing Benefit Guidance Manual*, is not only confused but probably wrong in law. Benefit is being underpaid in consequence.

The housing benefit regulations are modelled closely on the income support scheme, eliminating discretion wherever possible. Under the old supplementary benefit rules, if money was "available upon application", there was a discretionary power to treat it as already in the claimant's possession. Under the new regulations, it *must* be so treated as from the date when the claimant could expect to receive it if they applied.

The manual tells local authorities to treat unclaimed family credit in this way. If someone claims housing benefit instead of family credit, the claim will be assessed as if they were getting family credit, and the housing benefit will be reduced or eliminated.

But an unclaimed benefit is not "available on application". Benefit regulations make a distinction between claiming a benefit to which you may or may not be entitled, and applying for payment when it has been decided that you *are* entitled. This is more than a verbal quibble. There is a fundamental difference between money that is there for the asking and money which can be obtained, if at all, only by making a claim and showing that all the conditions of entitlement are satisfied, which may take weeks.

There is strong evidence that the DSS is itself doubtful of the legality of its advice. The manual suggests that any unclaimed benefit should be taken into account, but concedes that the local authority will not be in a position to say whether the claimant is entitled to benefits other than family credit. The implication is that other benefits should be ignored until received. That cannot be right: either all unclaimed benefits are "available on application", or none.

The guidance to local authorities is wrong in another respect too. They are told to take the income into account "from the date it would have been acquired if the claimant had taken the necessary action to obtain it". This must mean that if family credit could have been claimed at an earlier date, it will be treated as being in payment from the start of the housing benefit claim. But the regulation says that notional income is to be taken into account only "from the date on which it could be expected to be acquired were an application made". In other words, time must be allowed for family credit to be claimed, awarded, and paid.

If the regulations do not mean what the DSS wants them to mean—not an unprecedented occurrence—they can easily be amended. Meanwhile, local authorities should take legal advice before complying with the dubious guidance they have received. *Tony Lynes*

The poor who suffer in silence

Why do so many people not claim the benefits to which they're clearly entitled? It's often thought that ignorance of the system is responsible for low take-up rates—and given the tiny amounts the government spends on advertising benefits compared to its other campaigns, it seems a plausible explanation. But recent research on non-claimants, funded by the DHSS, suggests that the ignorance is of a very specific kind, and that advertising is unlikely to remedy it.

It's not that people don't know about the *existence* of particular benefits—this turns out to be the least significant factor inhibiting take-up. What's far important is whether they think they would be eligible for benefit. In some cases their scepticism about entitlement is so ingrained that even when they've been told they may be eligible they don't believe it. One woman who had been officially encouraged to apply to Housing Benefit explained why she didn't: "I don't think we are due for it as we are working... my husband says no way are we due for it."

Lack of a perceived need was also important. Even when some non-claimants were clearly suffering, they took a pride in "managing" by cutting back on consumption (most commonly of electricity, clothes and meat). Negative beliefs and feelings about the claim procedure was the third strong factor inhibiting take-up. Often it wasn't so much the treatment they thought they would receive from officials as the opinions they held of other claimants: "I see those poor blokes and women lining up. I don't want to get involved in all that. No way do I want to lower myself going down there," said one.

People were also inhibited—though much less strongly—by having unstable circumstances and by not perceiving the benefit as being useful.

How can people be persuaded to claim? The crucial factor, it seems, is "personalised" encouragement at the right time. But this begs the question of how the people to be encouraged can be identified. Sadly—if predictably—the study concludes that there are no easy solutions.
Jolyon Jenkins

Tipping the Balance; DHSS research report 16. HMSO 1988

Rural Tories sniff their disapproval

There are 11.3 million people living in rural England and Wales, and a substantial number of them have never had it so good. Swelled by rich newcomers who have sold their houses in and around London for an idyllic two or three car commuter lifestyle or merely for a second weekend home, house prices—particularly in the south—have started rocketing as gratifyingly fast as London's. In Sunningdale and Virginia Water they talk of little else.

But hidden away in all this affluence lives another section of the rural community: the quarter on the poverty line. It depends on public transport, local schools, village post offices, cheap local housing and local jobs—all fast disappearing. Taking up their case, the Tory-dominated Association of District Councils, has let out if not exactly a roar, then at least a rather loud sniff of disapproval.

This week they called for the government to recognise that the rural poor suffer from similar deprivation to the urban poor: increasing unemployment and nowhere affordable to live as council housing declines.

They would like to see rural district councils allowed to spend at least 50 per cent of capital receipts on new building (currently all local authorities can only spend 20 per cent). They also propose the reintroduction of "shared equity schemes" which were abolished under the 1986 Housing and Planning Act. These allowed local authorities and housing associations to provide part-owned part-rented accommodation in which the rented part was protected from right-to-buy legislation. And they want more money ("£20 million would be helpful") for the Rural Development Commission to spend, particularly on the rural areas identified by the government as being in the greatest economic and social need. They also point out that public money spent on infrastructure will both create jobs and attract private companies to set up business in the countryside.

As the gap between the haves and have-nots in the country grows ever wider, the ADC is calling for the government to "make something happen". *Vicky Hutchings*

Correction

Carol Grant's name was omitted from last week's article on Housing Action Trusts. Apologies to her. She and co-author Jane Dibblin work for Shelter's magazine *Roof*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Help for the alcoholic aged

Problems with drink may be more common among old people than is usually realised. Stephen R. Johnson reports

Raissa Page/Format

Can you be an alcoholic on two glasses of sherry a day? Perhaps not in the normal course of events. But quite small amounts of alcohol may have dramatic effects on old people, whose livers are less efficient at breaking it down. And for someone over 75, being even slightly inebriated can have disastrous consequences. A lapse in concentration brought about by drink could lead to a loss of balance and physical injury. But because accidents are a routine hazard of old age, it's easy to overlook the part that alcohol has played.

According to Alcohol Concern, who, with Help the Aged, launched a campaign on the subject last week, alcohol problems among the elderly may be more widespread than previously thought. The campaign draws on research carried out over two years by a working party of people from several alcohol agencies.

Doctors are not always as alert to possible alcohol abuse as they should be, particularly if the old person is embarassed about the problem and anxious to conceal it. Recently a widow in her seventies living in a Cambridgeshire village was suffering from "shakes"—a form of withdrawal symptom experienced by alcoholics. Her doctor misdiagnosed Parkinson's Disease and prescribed powerful drugs to combat the disease. Luckily the mistake was discovered in time before serious side-effects developed.

"A mini-cab driver recently refused to drive an alcoholic elderly customer to a nearby pub twice a day because he 'felt bad about it'"

According to Mike Ward, a member of the working party, there are two groups of elderly people who have problems with drink. "There are those who started drinking when they were quite young and are now prone to illnesses like kidney failure, heart disease, cirrhosis of the liver and stomach pains. Then there are those who have recently started drinking heavily in old age because of a whole range of physical, psychological and 'social' problems." It's the second group, he says who are most misunderstood by society."

Bereavement is probably the most common cause of alcohol abuse by old people. But old age can bring other problems: for example, unemployment, retirement, money troubles, loss of friends or neighbours, and pain and illness. Worse, they can occur at the same time and exacerbate each other. Alcohol can seem like a solution.

Many elderly people living on state pensions have been known by age concern groups to try to save on heating costs by drinking brandy, even though alcohol actually speeds up body heat loss and can contribute to hypothermia.

The people who have to cope with the problem day to day are often home helps. They tend to feel quite helpless, and when the Surrey Drugs and Alcohol Resource scheme ran a series of extra training programmes for home helps and social workers, the programme on alcohol abuse was the most popular.

According to Mandy Longman, a London homecare manager: "A few years ago I carried out a survey on home helps and 50 of their eldery clients. Fourteen actually asked the home helps to include alcohol on their shopping lists, and seven of them were drinking up to three bottles of spirits a week." What should the home help do? Some refuse to buy alcohol, while others feel they have no right to interfere with another person's shopping list. A mini-cab driver in South London recently refused to drive an alcoholic elderly customer to a nearby pub twice a day because he "felt bad about it".

It's hard to know how far you can interfere. But alcohol concern groups stress that old people must never be deprived of alcohol because someone else—a relative, perhaps—has made the decision for them. They must be allowed to decide for themselves.

TAILGUNNER PARKINSON

"Even if it hadn't happened the day it happened when it happened, one thing was clear all along: sooner or later it was bound to happen. The Holloway nick dispute was utterly inevitable.

Jenny was trained for the prison service at Wakefield. "The course was designed to show that offenders had to be treated with concern and care" she told me, "but when I arrived at Holloway in 1984 I was in for a big shock." The staff had clearly worked out ways of dealing with enthusiastic newcomers to their ranks. Contempt was poured on the whole Wakefield approach and just to make sure nobody tried to get "uppitty", raw recruits were often left wondering whether they existed at all. Established staff members even humiliated them in the presence of the prisoners.

Jenny was tempted to resign but she soon gained a great respect for the prison governor, Colin Allen who she felt was struggling to humanise the place. "The difficulty was that somehow he seemed to be deliberately isolated by key staff members and crucial information did not always get through to him."

For Jenny the prison staff fell into two main categories. Older officers generally took a cool and easy attitude towards their work; they didn't over-react to crisis. The worrying group were between the ages of 21 and 30. The majority came from the provinces, lived in quarters near the prison, had no "outside" social life and formed themselves in a clique that dominated the officers club.

Often it seemed that the professional values of this younger group focused on "getting one up" on inmates. Jenny saw the officers' club as a major centre of disturbance in Holloway; there was a starkly unpleasant atmosphere; drinking could go to excess and fights would follow. Certainly a significant number of the staff seem to have drink difficulties.

"One area that really did have dedicated staff was the psychiatric wing," Jenny said. "The real problem with C1 was that the inmates were confined in too small an area; inevitably many of them cracked up."

In the end Jenny realised she could do little to realise the hopes and ideals of Wakefield. She resigned from the prison service and left Holloway for good."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DATABASE

Air misses

If the Civil Aviation Authority is to be believed it is becoming safer to travel by air. Figures published by the CAA show 55 near misses involving commercial flights in the UK last year. This is down from 61 the year before. Taken together the last four years indicate an air traffic control system coping with increasing traffic.

London Air Traffic Control Centre alone handled more than one million flights last year. European air traffic—increasingly the most important component with the liberalisation of air travel by 1992—has shown a sustained increase over the last 15 years, with the exception of a blip in 1980. A 2.4 per cent annual increase in traffic until the end of the century is predicted in an Association of European Airlines report published last November.

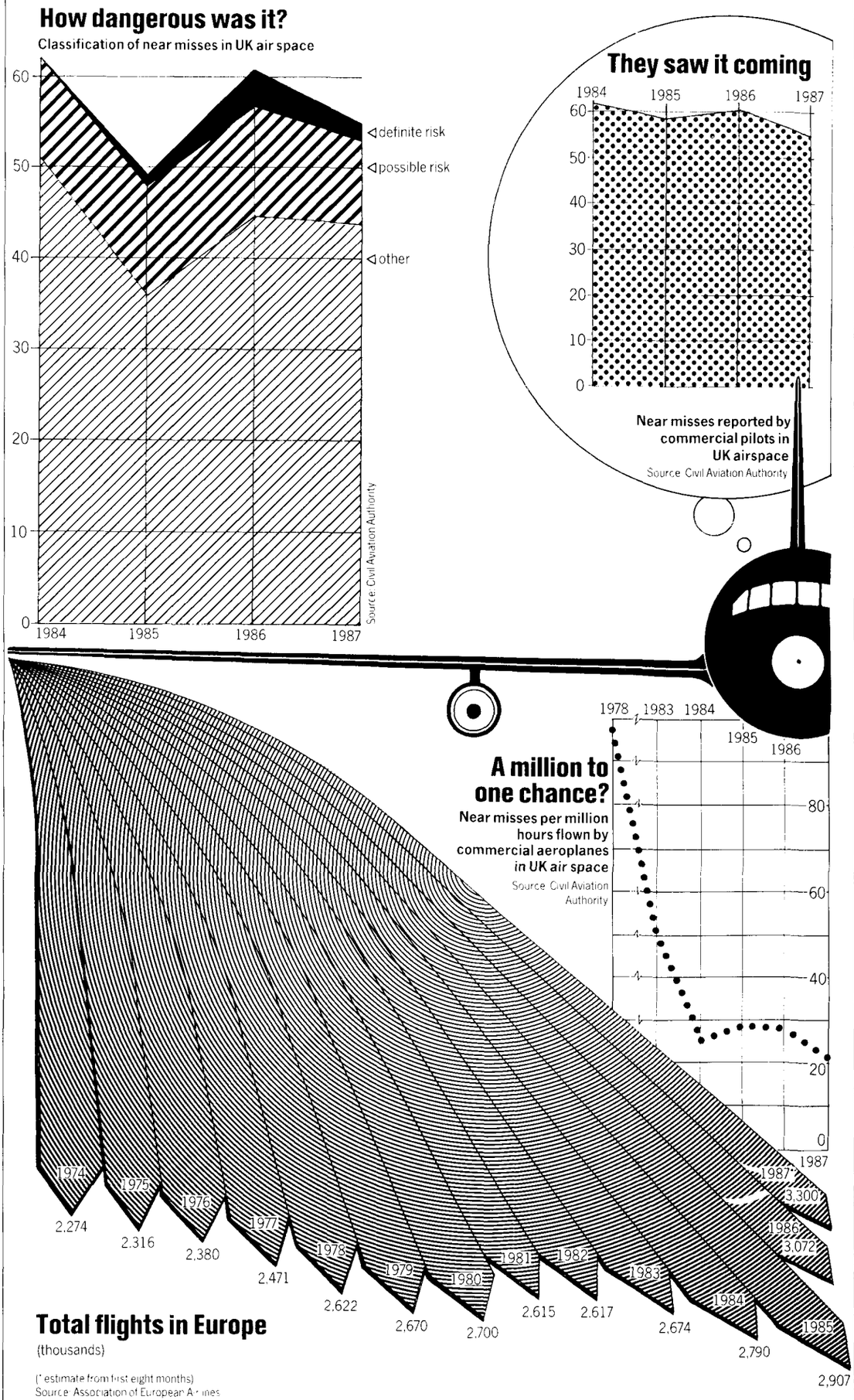
The AEA is among those issuing dire warnings about the adequacy of the system. Its report said that "capacity has been proven to be inadequate for 1987 traffic levels and is close to saturation."

Another organisation wishing to puncture complacency over the stable number of near misses in the face of increasing traffic is the trade union representing 85 per cent of air traffic control officers. The Institution of Professional Civil Servants says in its submission to the commons transport select committee earlier this year that the CAA's figures are "more a convenient than an accurate assessment of the statistics available."

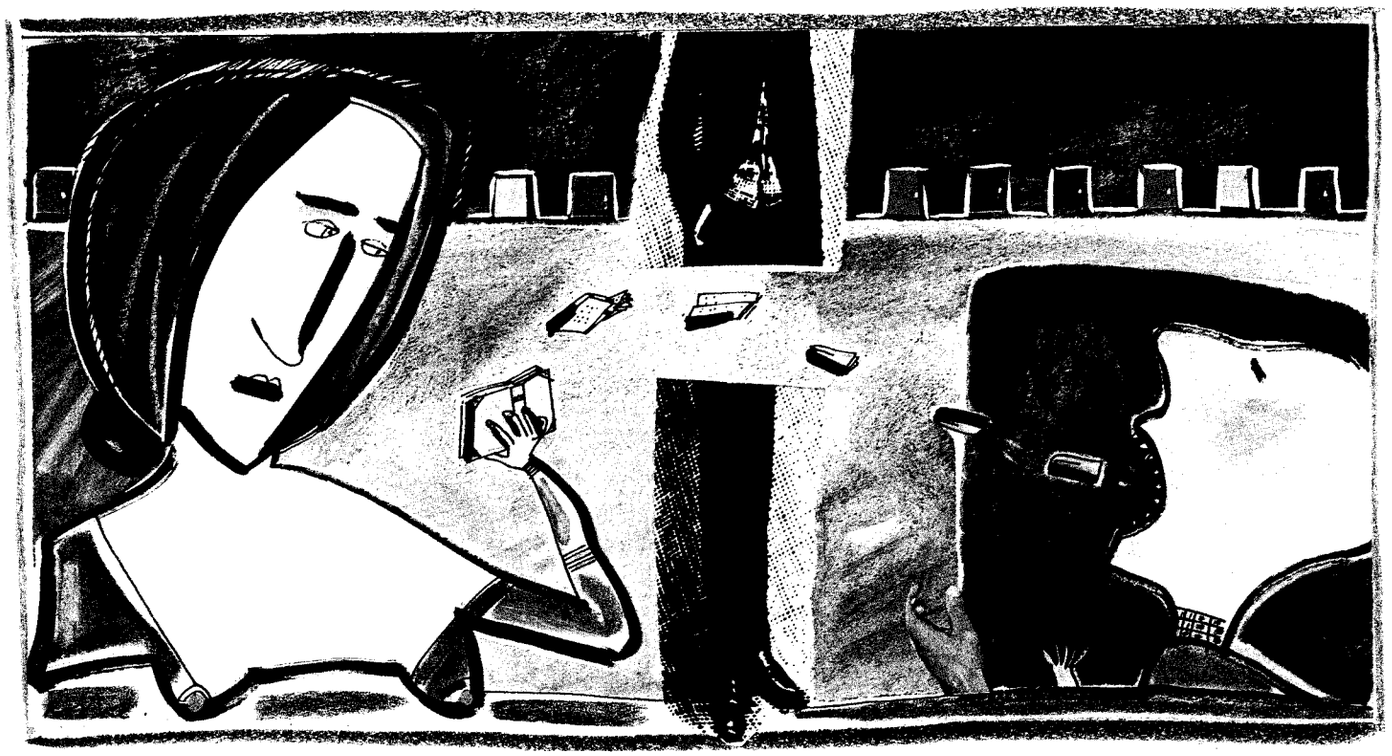
At fault is the system for recording near misses. Only air crews can report incidents to the Joint Airmiss Working Group. These incidents make up the published figures. Even if aircrews reported all the incidents of which they aware, this could only be a proportion of the total. Poor visibility, for instance, could result in aeroplanes passing extremely close to one another without knowing it.

Air traffic controllers are supposed to report near misses through the CAA's Mandatory Occurrencee Reporting system which protects the individual's anonymity. But these figures likely to be higher than those reported by pilots are not published.

Investigation of near misses is another source of disquiet. Responsibility for investigation rests with the air traffic control authority National Traffic Services (NATS). These internal investigations are optional. The union is unhappy that NATS are simultaneously poachers and gamekeepers. *James Stephenson*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Christine Roche

The language of love

THE TONGUE SET FREE
Elias Canetti
Andre Deutsch £12.95

Carole Angier

Is Elias Canetti a humane genius or a malevolent madman? We cannot know (as the philosophers say) directly. He shuns publicity; he forbids his friends to talk about him. He makes us work as he does: without access to reality, relying wholly on books. And the answer depends on which books you read.

There are two fictional portraits of him: Peter Kien in his own novel, *Auto da Fe*, and Peter Saward in Iris Murdoch's *The Flight from the Enchanter*. The third is non-fiction: in his autobiography, this first volume of which he has at last allowed to be published in England. Peter Kien is (to me) a malevolent madman. Peter Saward is the same man, a lone, obsessive scholar, but gentle and in love. Elias Canetti in *The Tongue Set Free*, and the Elias Canetti who wrote *The Tongue Set Free*, is a humane genius. He sees human beings without illusion; *Auto da Fe*'s contemptuous chronicler of cruelty, snobbery, murder and money-lust could do no less. But he is proud of them, he writes: as his mother was fiercely proud of her family, however clearly she saw its separate members. *Auto da Fe* seems to me filled with hatred of the human race. But in *The Tongue Set Free* Canetti writes that the only thing he hates is our enemy, death. And I believe him.

Perhaps the main reason for this is that *The Tongue Set Free* is so beautifully written. It begins with an extraordinary image, Canetti's earliest memory. He comes out of a room. A man makes him stick out his tongue; if he talks, he will cut it off. Years later Canetti realises that this was his nursemaid's lover, frightening him into silence about their rendezvous. It worked, says Canetti—and it does. The idea of speaking as the entry into forbidden grown-up life dominates this book.

Thus: his first tongue is Ladino, the Spanish of Sephardic Jews; his parents' private, intimate language is German. Then when he is seven his father, whom he loved best, dies. He is propelled from childhood into adulthood, from his father to his mother, through language. In an extraordinary, cruel episode his mother forces him to learn perfect adult German in three months, to replace her husband as quickly as possible. Now *he* shares the love-language with her; and her evening readings, and her every thought. His tongue is set free; he has won his mother, against brothers, against all lovers.

It is the most intense Oedipal relationship I have ever seen described; and Canetti describes it brilliantly. He has what (they say) all men want; and it is as baleful as it always is when you get what you want. Here we see only the first stages of the terrible battles to come. This volume ends with the mother's sudden rejection of everything he has become for her sake, her insistence that the scholar she has made must do something "real". We're as shocked as he is.

The Oedipal relationship is at the heart of this volume, and the best thing in it. But it's all extraordinary, and all masterfully written. There are wonderful descriptions of Canetti's first oriental, medieval home, in pre-world war one Bulgaria; of his later homes in Manchester (where the nanny tried to convert them), in Vienna, in Switzerland. There are unforgettable portraits—of his grandparents, overbearing Grandfather Canetti and weak Grandfather Arditti, who always asked which of them Elias liked best, though he knew the answer; of schoolfriends, schoolmasters, landladies. He hated a few — his mother's suitors, his richest uncle; but he loved a few too—his father, who gave him books, the poor relation Chelebon, the sad Armenian who chopped wood.

So the values of *Auto da Fe* are given a human history and a human face: hatred of money, power, position; love of study and silence. The gruesome violence of *Auto da Fe*, too, we can perhaps trace here, to its harsh Spanish roots. Pride, oppression, anger shot through Canetti's childhood as through a play by Lorca, or a painting by Goya. When he was five he tried to murder his cousin because she wouldn't show him the letters she was learning at school; in revenge she pushed him into a tub of scalding water, and he nearly died. When he was six his grandfather cursed his father for going away to England; a year later his father was dead. Then came his mother, with her huge pride, her suspiciousness, her admiration for "character". It all comes out in *Auto da Fe*: it was the novel

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

she would have written herself if she could, she said.

But how different this book is from the novel! I loved *The Tongue Set Free*; I hated the novel. (Though I must say that many consider it great.) It is so abstract, so grotesque, so distorted. It does capture one thing—the exaggerated obsequiousness of much of Germanic (especially Austrian) life, with its titles, its handkissing, its "Gnädige Frau". But there are no real people, there is no real life, there; it is all caricature, nightmare, a reductive schema, filled with hatred and disgust, especially towards women. I think Canetti's mother was right after all. As long as he was like Peter Kien, spinning a scholar's fantasy of the world from his book-fed imagination, there was only something untrue and arrogant. He needed the real world.

It is, of course, part of the point of *Auto da Fe* that reality is inaccessible, that we are shut up in our private worlds and private languages. But—however little we may be able to explain it—this is just not true. Everything rich comes from reality. Elias Canetti's masterpiece is his autobiography, and it is cruel of him to have withheld it from us for so long. I await the next two volumes over the next two years—those are his orders—impatiently.

Anti-Stalinist soap opera

CHILDREN OF THE ARBAT
Anatoli Rybakov (translated by Harold Shukman)
Hutchinson £12.95

Allon Reich

Over the years, the west has used Stalin's reputation as a makeshift barometer, an indication of which way the winds are blowing inside the Kremlin. Anatoli Rybakov wrote his anti-Stalinist novel at the wrong time. A few years earlier, he would have benefited from Khrushchev's temporary de-Stalinisation, as Solzhenitsyn did, and seen the book published. As it was, Brezhnev's regime took a different line on literary censorship, and so *Children of the Arbat* has taken over twenty years to arrive, another product of *glasnost* and a useful tool for Gorbachev's own exposure of Stalinism.

Ostensibly, *Children of the Arbat* concerns the eponymous children, a group of friends who have the misfortune to find themselves growing up in 1930s Moscow. Their narrative is historical soap opera: underdeveloped characters pursuing happiness, and each other, amidst the Arbat's disintegrating Bohemia. At the moral poles of this group stand Sasha, our hero, and Yuri, our villain. Sasha can be loosely identified as the young Rybakov—both engineering students living in the Arbat, and Komsomol (league of communist youth) members who are exiled despite, or perhaps because of, good Party connections.

Sasha is the loyal son of Lenin's revolution, wallowing in the very word "proletariat", who, whatever the cost, refuses to compromise his integrity. Imprisoned, and then dispatched to Siberia, he begins to speak with the voice of a latter-day Antigone, solemnly invoking the unwritten rules of Olympus. "The laws made by men should not conflict with the laws of the conscience," he explains at one point. By way of contrast, Yuri is an amoral opportunist. No wonder he joins Stalin's legions: he has already half-killed his pregnant girl-friend in a sadistic, medieval abortion sequence that ends in him raping "her sprawling, lifeless, unresponsive, and therefore all the more irresistible body". As characters, Sasha and Yuri are presented a little too obviously as alternate symbols for our approval and contempt. Consequently it is always difficult to engage fully in their actions, or opposing destinies.

It may appear unduly pedantic to dwell on aesthetic criticisms of a book which has had such a profound, newsworthy impact in the Soviet Union. The Wilbur-Smith-cum-Jeffrey-Archer cover of the English edition suggests that the potential bestseller appeal has not been lost on western publishers—you can almost hear American mini-series producers licking their lips. But in literary terms, what lifts *Children of the Arbat* above other run-of-the-mill historical novels, are the chapters concerning Stalin and, as Rybakov puts it, "the philosophy of power".

Using actual events and contemporary politicians, Lenin's testament and acute psychological analysis, Rybakov reveals the workings of Stalin's mind. Each of Stalin's encounters, whether with his dentist or the Politburo, is significant and meticulously poised. His unnerving objective is absolute power, his chief weapon the absolute fear with which he saturates Russian society, brutalising, controlling and effectively paralysing independent thought.

With the peasantry subdued by collectivised famine, we see Stalin about to unleash his great Terror against the intelligentsia and the Party itself. Dictatorship, like anything else, requires thought and planning if it's to be done well. A serious student of past tyranny, Stalin compares Ivan the Terrible unfavourably with the greater excesses of ancient kings: "*they* killed their enemies down to the third and fourth generations, wiped out the whole lot once and for all." If this seems overly inventive on Rybakov's part, the recent release of the transcript of an interview between Stalin and the film director Sergei Eisenstein has him making the same point.

Stalin lived his life according to Auden's lines: "History to the defeated/May say Alas, but cannot help nor pardon." During one of his fictional musings he comments, "the history of mankind is the history of its leaders and rulers." This novel attempts to shift the focus on to the lives of the ordinary people but, in the end, the fascination remains with the tyrant. "Stalin", like other 20th century enormities, Hitler, the Holocaust, the nuclear threat, tends to drift out of focus: *Children of the Arbat* anchors this disembodied icon to the physical Stalin who "lost" whole swathes of Russian society with less compunction than he parted with a single tooth.

Playing the villain

CITIZEN COHN
Nicholas von Hoffman
Harrap £12.95

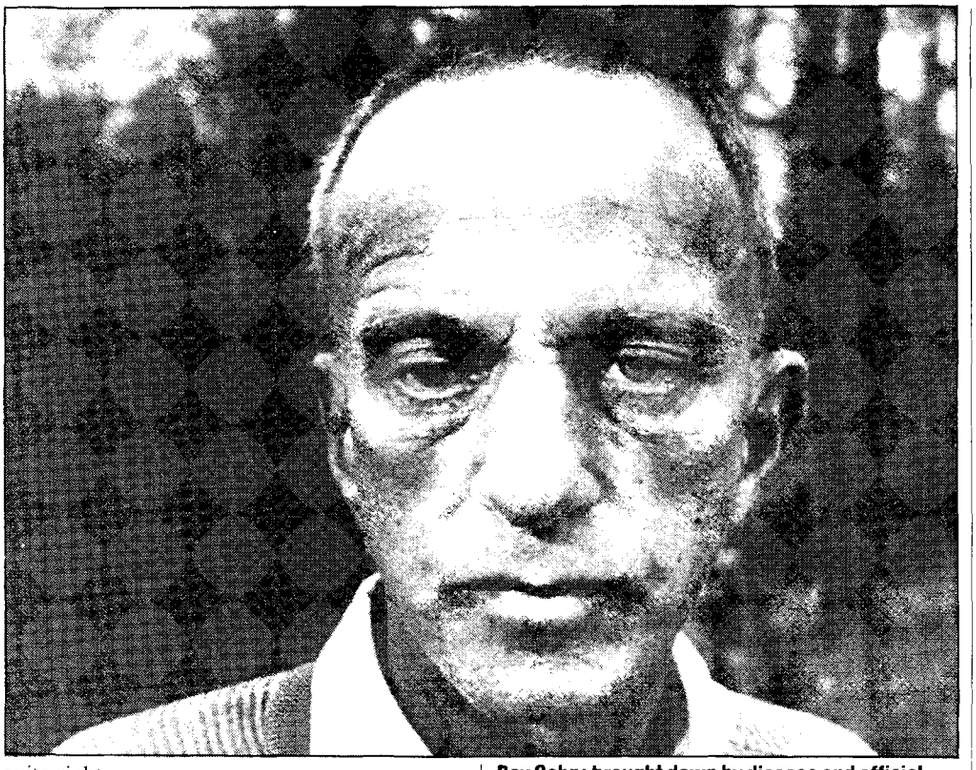
Hugh Brogan

Pursuing a foolish fashion to its ultimate absurdity, Nicholas von Hoffman begins this biography of Roy Cohn, a notorious American crook, not with his birth but with his death. Admittedly it makes a compelling opening. Cohn died of AIDS in the summer of 1986, and the details of the disease are gruesomely fascinating. Still more so are the details of his treatment. The doctors could not save his life, but they could try to prolong it a little, with drugs and tubes and, at the last, electric shocks. Roy Cohn died under torture, without peace or dignity, or with friendship at his side (the medics had thrust his one unbought lover into the corridor). The only comfort is that the hospital's bills were probably never paid, such was the chaos of Cohn's finances.

No one should be made to suffer such a death, even to save doctors from malpractice suits; but Roy Cohn invited retaliation of some kind. As counsel for Joe McCarthy's committee in the fifties he was, if possible, an even more reckless and unscrupulous witch-finder than McCarthy himself. He was squalidly promiscuous in his daily pursuit of rent-boys to hump, but gave strong public support to anti-gay politics. He violated every rule of his profession (at the end of his life he was disbarred) and not a few laws—he was lucky to escape jail for bribery and corruption and embezzlement. A stench of cynical self-indulgence, unredeemed by any trace of citizenship, religion or common decency characterised every stage of his career. The names of some of his associates and friends are revealing: Richard Nixon, Ronald Reagan, William Buckley, Rupert Murdoch, William Safire, Patrick Buchanan, Jesse Helms. To have tolerated, praised and worked with Cohn these men must be quite as contemptible as I have always supposed. Up, Duke, and at 'em!

Cohn was brought down by disease and official disgrace; but by an agreeable paradox his most fitting punishment came at the hands of a resourceful homosexual called Richard Dupont and two associates of Lyndon LaRouche, the quasi-fascist. All three had been clients of Cohn, and he had swindled them. So a fake section ("Profiles") of the Sunday *New York Times* was contrived and distributed, by the thousand, with the rest of the paper: it laid bare all the sexual, financial and political outrages which Cohn had tried to keep hidden, and cost the *Times*, which had always been shockingly soft on Cohn, untold efforts to suppress. This sort of scurrilous, derisive exposure was much the best way of dealing with Cohn. It did not drive him to suicide, as he had driven not a few, but it enraged, distressed and humiliated him, and served him

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Roy Cohn: brought down by disease and official disgrace

quite right.

Nicholas von Hoffman can write very well when the mood takes him, but he has not exerted himself on this occasion. His book is little more than a heap of tape transcripts and newspaper cuttings. No thought seems to have gone into its organisation, apart from the decision to begin at the end, and it should have been half the length. No doubt von Hoffman let his word-processor run away with him, as is now all too common. It is a pity, because he makes all the necessary points about Cohn, though it will be difficult for readers to find them. Bobby Kennedy, an early enemy, put his finger on the central issue when he remarked that "being anti-communist does not automatically excuse a lack of integrity in every other facet of life."

Cohn and his set never understood this simple truth: hence, in a measure, the Watergate scandal and the sleaze of the Reagan years. The callousness and vulgarity of wealthy New Yorkers, the screwing, boozing, guzzling, grabbing, drugging, gambling, swindling, self-advertisement and self-congratulation with which, it seems, they exclusively occupy their time, are sanctioned in their eyes by the conviction that law and morality do not apply to the rich. Roy Cohn illustrates very well this debasement of American society and, for those not American, may serve as a horrid warning of what happens when the worship of Mammon gets out of hand. For that reason alone his story is never likely to be forgotten, even when it is told as lumpishly as it is here.

The identity of others

INCLINE OUR HEARTS
A. N. Wilson
Hamish Hamilton £11.95

Kirsty Milne

A laboured naturalism clogs the flow of A. N. Wilson's latest novel. No narrative which opens in contemplation of a tin-opener can hope to raise expectations of distilled excitement.

Julian Ramsay's Uncle Roy, a frustrated vicar in wartime Norfolk, devotes his waking hours to Lampitt-watching. The Lampitts are a neighbouring family of minor Establishment celebrities: one Lampitt sits in the cabinet; another edited *The Nation* ("before it was amalgamated with *The New Statesman*"), while the late essayist Petworth Lampitt wrote flowery memoirs of Prince Albert. Petworth's surviving brother lives in splendid eccentricity, battening on his friendship with Julian's uncle. Lampitt-lore is a creed in which Uncle Roy instructs his nephew.

Unfortunately, the author suddenly abandons his original theme to jogtrot through Julian's childhood and adolescence. The brutalities of the prep school system—A. N. Wilson calls it "the English Gulag"—are lovingly chronicled, but we are given little indication of where the story might be going until Julian, aged 12, develops an ardent crush on his art mistress. Standing sentinel outside her window, he watches her being seduced by Raphael Hunter, an aspirant literary biographer.

Several years later, Hunter arrives in Norfolk to look for Petworth Lampitt's letters, rooting after promising material like a dachshund after truffles. He is less interested in Petworth's literary productions than in bestsellable sexual scandal. Julian returns from a spell in the army to find Hunter's insinuatingly salacious biography on sale in Hatchards, his uncle's friendship with the Lampitts ruptured and his cousin Felicity's heart incidentally broken.

Here the book sharpens up wonderfully, though it never achieves the drama and poignancy of Wilson's earlier novel, *The Healing Art*. Part of the problem lies in the first person narration. Julian seems perpetually astonished by the convergence of threads in his life, and waxes pompous over a set of very ordinary coincidences. It is never clear why Raphael Hunter merits the portentous treatment he receives. "At the very least, if not a controller, Raphael was some kind of recording angel... Hunter's destiny and mine appeared to be mysteriously linked." Fireworks are promised, but none occur. Should we expect a sequel?

This dalliance is the more frustrating because A.N. Wilson has striking things to say about the art of biography and the distortions it imposes, giving equal weight to events in a life which weren't experienced as equally important. He writes about memory and self-perception: "Our sense of our own identity is fluid and tolerant, whereas our sense of the identity of others is always more fixed and quite often edges towards caricature." The whole of *Incline Our Hearts* might very well be traded for A. N. Wilson's observations on character and biography. In this novel at least, he is a better psychologist than storyteller.

The forces of unreason

PLOUGH, SWORD AND BOOK: THE STRUCTURE OF HUMAN HISTORY
Ernest Gellner
Collins Harvill £15

Adam Kuper

Here is a work of philosophical anthropology on the grandest scale, aiming, Ernest Gellner tells us, "to spell out, in the sharpest and perhaps exaggerated outline, a vision of human history."

The framework of the vision is familiar, though nowadays extremely contentious and unfashionable. "Mankind has passed through three principal stages: (1) hunting/gathering; (2) agrarian society; (3) industrial society." Professor Gellner is, of course, aware that modern archaeologists have pretty well disposed of the "neolithic revolution". It is now accepted that the transition to farming was gradual and patchy. Nor is there a consensus any longer in favour of the old view, to which Gellner remains loyal, that most peasants worshipped in a church and were subject to a state.

But Gellner is concerned with large —huge—historical movements, and so the res-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ervations of the archaeologists are of little moment to him. In cosmic terms it is enough that for perhaps 250,000 years all human beings lived by scavenging, hunting, fishing, or gathering. They were organised into small and unstable bands. Between the years 2000 BC and 1900 AD most people lived in farming communities which were larger and more stable than the old bands, and which were better able to support a class of warriors and a class of ritual specialists, even if many did not. And nobody would deny that fundamental changes followed the development and diffusion of industrial technology in the past 150 years.

All right, but so what? Even the most fundamentalist Marxist no longer claims that technology determines the forms of society or its beliefs. Nor does Gellner, but he does argue that though agrarian societies were very various, they were all socially and intellectually conservative. Loyalty to the group was absolute. Independent intellectual speculation was not permitted, and indeed was hardly possible since even beliefs about nature were subordinated to social rules and religious faith.

Gellner credits industrial civilisation with bringing about an intellectual revolution. From now on, nature became an object of contemplation, distinct from human society and divine will. Science was born. Gellner spurns the relativism of modern science studies. He believes firmly that science is an autonomous, objective activity which delivers a progressively more accurate understanding of a discrete natural world.

But despite the triumph of science, Gellner does not believe that ours is a rational society. Science and reason flourish only in carefully bounded enclaves. Outside, the forces of unreason still hold sway, even as narrow economic calculation has our rulers in its grip. Science stimulates the development of better machines, but it cannot provide rational legitimation for the state or legislate a code of morals. To put it crudely, scientists cannot tell us the meaning of life. And though the machines of Industria free its inhabitants from want, they do not free us from coercion. We have enough to live in comfort, but we must be re-programmed to want artificially, in order to keep the machines turning. Gellner reviews the squalid political arrangements of advanced industrial societies without enthusiasm, and even speculates that our rulers may soon have to stimulate new religions if they are to remain in business.

Gellner has produced a sharp challenge to his colleagues and a thrilling book for the non-specialist. Deductive history on this scale cannot be proved right or wrong, but this is Gellner writing, incisive, iconoclastic, witty and expert. His scenario compels our attention.

A collision with history

WORLD'S END
T. Coraghessan Boyle
Macmillan £12.95

Geoff Dyer

In his last two books—the novel *Budding Prospects* and *Greasy Lake*, a collection of stories—Coraghessan Boyle took off in the opening paragraphs like a sprinter exploding from the blocks. For the first 150 pages of his new one, by contrast, you are left flicking back to the list of characters trying to grapple with dozens of almost identical names: remember all those Aurelianos and Arcadios in *One Hundred Years of Solitude*? By then, by the time the narrative stagger unwinds and a tangled genealogy is emerging, the general shape of the novel is becoming clear.

Essentially the book chronicles the interlocked destinies of three families in the Hudson valley of New York. In the 17th century, when the area was still under Dutch rule, the Van Warts were wealthy landowners, the Van Brunts were tenant farmers and the Mohonks indigenous Indians whose claim to the land had been brutally shoved aside. In successive episodes we switch from the conflict between these families to that of their 20th century descendants.

By 1949 Depeyster Van Wart is a powerful manufacturer; Truman Van Brunt is part of a group of left-wing activists whose attempts to organise a peaceful festival end up in a night of wild anti-communist rioting by redneck patriots loosely controlled by Depeyster. Amid rumours that he betrayed his comrades to Van Wart, Truman abandons his child, Walter, and disappears in the aftermath of the riot.

Twenty years later, stoned and drunk, Walter crashes his motorbike and suffers "a collision with history" that leaves him haunted by ghosts from the past. His increasingly delirious search for the truth about his father—what really happened on the night of the riot?—eventually leads him to realise that he is re-enacting a pattern of events set in motion over two centuries earlier.

Word for word Boyle has never been a cost-effective writer. Like a fast car he gets through a lot of fuel, *guzzling* up words in an amphetamine rush of similes. *World's End* is uneconomic in a very different way. Here he has embarked on such a long haul with such a freight of material that there is no point in hurrying. He dawdles *en route* through the centuries, taking in unexpected diversions here, admiring the perspective there, as attentive to the view unfolding in the rear-view mirror as he is to the uncertain road ahead. The impression is of weight rather than speed and by the halfway stage the novel's momentum is actually generated by the bulk which initially impeded it.

Yet those early frustrations re-surface as unsatisfied rumblings soon after finishing the book. *World's End* stays with us for such a short time after turning the last page that we remember it less as a complex saga of temporal engineering than as a narrative elaborately compounded for its own sake.

Shades of white

UNDER THE HARROW: LIVES OF WHITE SOUTH AFRICANS TODAY
Suzanne Gordon
Heinemann £12.95

Suzanne Cronje

When I started reading this book I was apprehensive that the presentation of 12 white South African lives might cover up the awful realities of existence for the black majority. After all, these 12 knew that they were speaking on the record; they would presumably try to appear in the best possible light. Would they not succeed in blurring the truth about apartheid?

But no. Suzanne Gordon somehow induces her subjects to tell the truth about themselves, and the truth is that for South Africans, black or white, there is no escaping apartheid. "Now we call it 'partition' because America made the word 'apartheid' sound so cruel, which it wasn't," says Maria van Niekerk, the Johannesburg housewife who is hooked on Mills & Boon romances and obsessive about racial purity. "I wouldn't like to see my beautiful daughter with a black baby. I could never feel the same... Good God! I'm never a racist!" Cobus Farrell, the factory owner, displays more insight. "I'm a racist. Everybody else is," he remarks in an attempt to explain why he opposes the admission of blacks to his church.

Suzanne Gordon's technique of setting the scene with a few brushstrokes is admirable. This is the backdrop against which Bill Wilson moves: "In a large open area under the soaring thatch, wide sofas which can be converted into beds are backed with mounds of huge cushions, covered in mohair woven in a variety of jewel colours by Swazi women in a workshop on the opposite mountain." But, it turns out, this is not any old Bill Wilson. This is the former managing director and deputy chairman of Anglo-American, the mining conglomerate which controls much of the gold and diamonds on which apartheid was built.

Wilson goes on *ad nauseam* in his chapter about the "Chairman's Fund" and the "enormous impact" this is making on his charitable pursuits. Suzanne Gordon's research for the book was financed by this fund, and the Wilson chapter shows clear traces of it. (The chapter on the less pukka but more colourful Kidger Hartley, the retired general manager of De Beer's Kimberley division, is more amusing.)

Most of the 12 are aware that change will come—"We're probably going to have the harrow go over us," one of them says, providing Suzanne Gordon with her title. But only Sue Drummond (the only one to appear in this book under an assumed name) recognises the nature and full extent of the upheaval to come: "I feel the white community needs to be prepared for change in the future." A doctor, she works with Johannesburg's underprivileged whites and hopes that this will enable them "to live with a more egalitarian health service in the future".

continued on page 38

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Third World books

The other two thirds

Jeremy Seabrook looks at some of the recent literature on "developing" countries

All countries are developing countries. The use of terms such as "developed" or "advanced" serves ideological ends: they demonstrate to the poor of the world the promised lineaments of their destiny, provided they do nothing to disturb the world order of the rich. Such words also place a taboo on too critical a scrutiny of the nature of development in the west, where, within existing institutional arrangements, success means accelerating global damage to the environment, and failure means intensified misery for the poor. It is far easier to show how it has all gone wrong in the south, to advocate ways forward for *them*, as a substitute for the desertified imagination and degraded visions of any alternative to the way we live in the monoculture of money in the west.

The present flood of books about the distortions to which the poor of the Two-Thirds world are condemned is characterised by growing anger and exasperation at the seemingly endless mutations of dispossession which the poor experience in the name of development. Ben Wisner's *Power and Need in Africa* (Earthscan £9.95) is an authoritative and passionate account of the plight of Africa, especially the fate of Kenya (that model of capitalist compliance that can no longer even feed its own people). It displays a remarkable skill in peeling off the layers of hypocrisy and evasion in the rhetoric of the World Bank, the IMF and the agencies of the UN.

The story of postwar development strategies is familiar: the west, as the originator of technology and provider of scientific knowledge and industrial processes, would transfer these to "backward" areas of the world in a programme of benign and frictionless modernisation. By the sixties, these transfers were seen to be impoverishing and deskilling the rural poor, leading to increasing inequalities between town and country, and growing dependence of the nominally free countries of the south.

Even the celebrated Green Revolution, the industrialising of agriculture, with its hybrid high-yield seeds, its need for irrigation, mechanisation, the use of expensive fertiliser and pesticides, created little increase in food consumption by the poor, but led instead to erosion, loss of soil fertility and greater concentrations of land ownership, with those most in need forfeiting their land to the rich in the interests of "efficiency".

The failure of orthodox modernisation and "trickle-down" assumptions gave way in the seventies to the "basic-needs approach"; but even more than "a shopping list of reforms which exhaust the social imagination of both elite African and foreign bankers' version of the future", Wisner says that a "strong" basic-need approach was never tried, because this would mean people defining their own needs and perceiving, as they do so, the obstacles to their realisation, the vested interests of the rich and powerful. The resulting inertia has meant that the financial flow into Africa in 1986 was $18 billion, while total outflows reached $34 billion, partly in debt service, but even more through declining export prices on world markets.

Wisner is sceptical of all initiatives which turn out to be mere palliatives (and which do not?), fashionable substitutes for social transformation. Even appropriate technologies must be *socially* appropriate, too, which means they must ease the position of those most severely affected by the crisis in Africa, and that means the landless, the urban poor, the nomads and, above all, women.

What emerges most clearly in books like this is that poor women bear the brunt, not only of environmental degradation, but of economic decline and, in many cases, of what also passes for economic success. The walk to find fuelwood becomes longer in the denuded landscape, the search for water in a world of lowered watertables and polluted watercourses becomes more arduous. But above all, the pressure has been on women who grow food for subsistence, as they must surrender more land to the men who control the cultivation of cash-crops. If women have sought to resist versions of "modernisation", where economic necessity takes precedence over their family's need, they have done so by increasing exhaustion of their own energies, the using up of their own bodies.

The most severely affected by the crisis in Africa are the landless, the urban poor, nomads and, above all, women

The analysis invariably strikes against the existing realities of wealth, power and military expenditure: the colonial inheritance, the neocolonial economic order, the global market, the malign influence of the transnationals, the enhanced penetration of traditional ways of life by the market economy, as more and more people are drawn into the production of commodities at the expense of their own subsistence.

While the description of the effects of all this on Asia, Africa and South America is vivid and clear, there remains a curious reluctance to show how the processes at work are precisely the same as those which reduce the populations of the rich north to impotent and scared acquiescence in what are even more intensive forms of the same patterns of development. Just as women in the south are persuaded that western babyfoods are superior to their own breastmilk, and can be manipulated to buy food rather than produce it themselves, so in the rich countries the ubiquitous presence of vendors, marketers and experts deskills people and weakens faith in their own powers, perceptions and knowledge.

Vandana Shiva, of the Indian Research Foundation for Science, Technology and Natural Resource Policy, interviewed in *Women and Environment in the Third World*, by Irene Dankelman and Joan Davidson (Earthscan £5.95), says "Once you have global destruction, the only countervailing force can be a global movement."

Perhaps it is as yet premature to hope that the rich, too, might respond to the prospect of emancipation—from fear, violence, the breakdown of relationships and the multiple dissatisfactions in their paralysing dependency on money. Even so, Frances Moore Lappé and Joseph Collins, in *World Hunger: 12 myths* (Earthscan £5.95), do tentatively begin to make the connections: "According to the World Bank, the distribution of household income in the United States is as unequal as in Bangladesh, Sri Lanka or India...An infant born in our nation's capital has less chance of survival than one born in Jamaica."

Lappé and Collins are more concerned, however, to demolish the popular prejudices with which many people in the west insulate themselves against understanding the nature of hunger in a world of superabundance; and this they do with the greatest clarity and humanity. It is not absence of food in the world that causes hunger, but the inability of people to register their demand in the marketplace because they do not have the necessary money. "In the global supermarket, even Fido and Felix can outbid the Third World's hungry. Vast quantities of fish caught in Third World waters end up feeding pets in Europe and North America."

While most of these books focus on rural poverty, Jane Pryer and Nigel Crook's *Cities of Hunger* (Oxfam £4.95) and *In the Shadow of the City*, edited by Trudy Harpham, Tim Lusty and Patrick Vaughan (Oxford University Press £5 paperback/£15 hardback) look at the fate of urban areas. Under pressure of industrialised agriculture, by the turn of the century, a majority of the world's people are expected to be living in towns and cities. The prospect is not comforting. If people rarely starve in the cities, there is evidence that the poorest in slums and squatter settlements are even more unhealthy and malnourished than their counterparts in the countryside. Overcrowding, pollution, lack of sanitation, unemployment and the monetising of the necessities of the poor all conspire to create strange new forms of dispossession.

And all this is occurring at the same time as people who have lived in balance with the land for millennia must now themselves become agents of destruction of that same loved and familiar landscape, forced by the spread of cash-crops onto ground that cannot support them. What poor women know, as Gita Sen and Caren Grown say in *Development, Crises and Alternative Visions* (Earthscan £3.95), is that there is not, and cannot be, simple congruence between economic growth and basic needs. If monetisation and market penetration disadvantage the poorest in the world, how can these same processes be looked to as a vehicle of hope for the rich? Liberation is not just for the poor. Human sustenance and economic sustainability are indivisible.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

continued from page 36

By contrast, Dalene Moore, a nurse from Durban who has come to recognise the justice of black revolt, still remains on the sidelines: "The people who are involved and committed, so many of them, are in hiding, so what do you achieve by opposing?... The government is so efficient and successful in clamping down." Besides, "I don't want the rest of my life to be tied up with continual struggle. I don't feel that I had any hand in creating it."

Suzanne Gordon's book is an important contribution to the understanding of South Africa.

"Andrew With a Comic" is from the biography of Joan Eardley by Cordelia Oliver, published by Mainstream (£9.95 paperback/£14.95 hardback) to mark the 25th anniversary of the artist's death, and to coincide with a comprehensive touring exhibition of her work, currently at the Edinburgh Festival. Eardley is best known for her paintings of Glasgow street urchins, but her landscape work is now beginning to be appreciated. In 1963 Eric Neton compared her to Turner, Goya and Renoir. Cordelia Oliver gives a moving account of a totally committed artist who lived "a deliberately simple existence of physical hardships and denials", and who is coming to be regarded as one of the great British artists of our time. (Anne Smith)

A rose for the betrayed world

METRO
George Szirtes
Oxford University Press £4.95
ON BALLYCASTLE BEACH
Medbh McGuckian
Oxford University Press £4.95
THE AIR MINES OF MISTILA
Philip Gross and Sylvia Kantaris
Bloodaxe Books £4.95

John Lucas

At the end of "Five Men", a poem which records with level, factual honesty the assassination of political dissidents (or so one assumes them to be), Zbigniew Herbert remarks that a poet can also "once again/in dead earnest/offer to the betrayed world/a rose." He does not intend to mock such earnestness. But then what *is* the subject for poetry? Or rather, is it possible to find a procedure—a tone, a style, a formal manner—that makes possible the negotiation of subject-matter might seem to lie beyond the possibilities that poetry can encompass.

In his new book, George Szirtes is engaged with these issues, not because he debates them but because they are prompted by what he chooses, or feels himself compelled, to write about. Thus, in "A Card Skull in Atlantis", Szirtes moves from the paper models of a shop dealing in artists' materials, through a mention of a crystal skull in the British Museum, to

> skulls like paper, piled high in ditches,
> two sets of grandparents, an uncle or two,
> ...cousins boarding trains, securely labelled,
> and people watching one another from windows.
> Under the eyes their bones flare for a minute,
> collapse to powder on a distant planet...

and finally, as ash, settle "dumbly among rocks and bells". Dumbly is probably wrong: it's a word that *requires* us to recognise what for the most part this calm, utterly shocking poem manages only too well to convey: that unspeakable horrors have to be spoken, and the victims of such horrors have to be spoken for.

In the long, central section, from which the volume takes its title, Szirtes goes back, in memory and in fact, to the underground of Budapest, which becomes a political underground of 1944-45 and also the deep tunnellings of his own imagination into the lives and circumstances of those trying to keep ahead of horror. I wish it were possible to explain at length just how and why this is so good.

The epigraph comes from Derek Mahon's great poem, "A Disused Shed in Co. Wexford": "What should they do there but desire." And Mahon's poem takes as epigraph a line from the concluding section of George Seferis's even greater poem, "Mythistorema": "Let them not forget us, the weak souls among the asphodels." All three poems are about the need to bear witness and through answerable styles to speak for those whose voices are otherwise lost. "Pebbles cannot be tamed," Herbert says in a poem which finds the perfect metaphor for his hard, despairing poetry, "to the end they will look at us/with a calm and very clear eye." The calm clarity of *Metro* is classical in the only worthwhile sense: that it gives lasting utterance to experiences which poetry must be able to engage with if it is to speak in dead earnest to the betrayed world.

Medbh McGuckian's new volume, like her previous ones, is opaquely playful. She uses language as a kind of angled mirror, a means of making unfamiliar reflections out of familiar material. You can read her poems and feel that you're catching the comet's tail as it disappears past the mirror's edge, but the glitter is somehow unsubstantial, offered as ingratiating but often irritatingly whimsical.

The best poems are, then, the ones that work hardest to deliver meaning: "A Dream in Three Colours", say, or "The Time Before You", a love poem which is sumptuously aware of how to use words in order to bring the world alive, and able to be witty and slyly ardent all at once. As is usually the case with her best poems it can't be quoted from because perceptions elide so smoothly—and yet startlingly—into one another. And indeed to quote is inevitably to do her an injustice, because any one moment is likely to look maddeningly fey, or merely arch. Because of her successes it wouldn't be fair to conclude that this is all she has to offer, but it's frequently a close thing.

The Air Mines of Mistila is an engaging fancy and one which is inventively carried through by the two poets involved. They've created a society which exists somewhere in an imaginary South America and this allows for a range of satiric commentary on societies a good deal nearer home. ("Sexy Frolics in Mistila" is the headline of one of the poems.) There is a neat account of how one of the Mistilans makes it big in the art world: "Such insubstantiality!/The art form we've been waiting for. To call it minimal/would be too gross"; and an even neater one of how this exemplar of kitsch post-modernism is himself superseded: "Poppinlock discards the mere meaningless of meaning in favour of miltiple metaphors of no meaning which actually *appear*, in the fullness of their dissolution." An obvious target, perhaps, but well worth hitting. And though there are some signs of flagging towards the end, *The Air Mines of Mistila* is well worth buying. After you've got your copy of *Metro*, that is.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crisis of faith

As the censors here debate the future of "The Last Temptation of Christ", John Hopkins reports from the US on the film's extraordinary response

The most remarkable quality of the furore surrounding the American release of Martin Scorsese's unremarkable film, **The Last Temptation of Christ**, is this: although thousands demonstrated against it and a torrent of debate surged through the media, few of the partisans had even seen the movie.

Nikos Kazantzakis's 1955 novel (from which the film was faithfully adapted) has long since assumed a respectable, if modest, place in modern literature, presumably without incident. Why, then, is *Temptation*'s premise—that Jesus was racked by the same moral dilemmas as all men—suddenly so horrifying? There's no doubt that media grandstanding and right-wing political factions bear some responsibility for the uproar (and perhaps, also, Universal Studios, which will eventually reap the rewards of free publicity). But it's plainly evident that the issue itself touched those who responded.

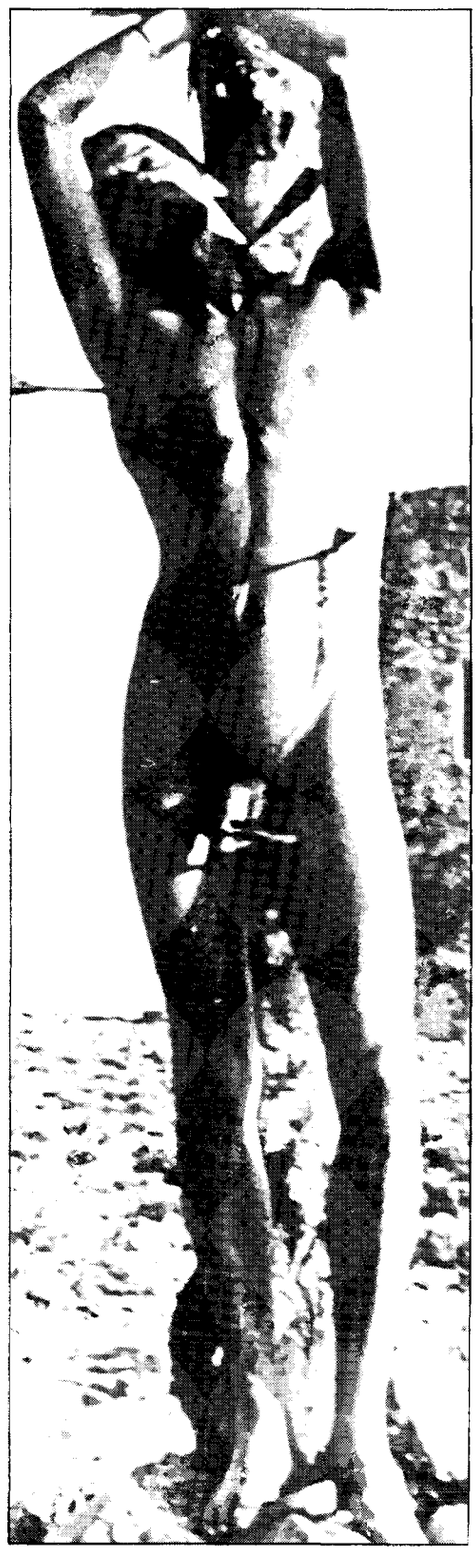
On the surface it's sex—the peculiar need to believe that Jesus would have none of it—that has rallied the right. This widespread distaste for physical pleasure is certainly a cause for wonder (one demonstrator told a San Francisco television reporter: "The idea that Jesus was interested in sex is against everything I stand for!"), but it's the fear lurking beneath the outcry that is really disturbing.

The protests were marked by predictable anti-semitism, anti-Darwinism and anti-communism, but the glue holding the crowds together was a sense that although the sun may rise and set, eveything beneath it is up for grabs. The Bible provides answers and order, and the demonstrators want it unchallenged and uncomplicated. Only in this reactionary sense did the debate around *Temptation* have anything resembling a spiritual character.

The events underline the ominous direction of American society, as sections of the populace turn against each other. One senses that the righteous were spoiling for this battle, and while the film was not yanked from the market, it provided a useful tool for right-wing organising efforts.

The grand irony of the situation is that Scorsese and the outraged have so much in common. The filmmaker's crisis of faith is ultimately part of the protestors' as well. Scorsese examines his beliefs carefully, while the fundamentalists prefer a blind approach. What matters, however, is that their faith is reaffirmed.

The appeal of both the film and protests against it is the perversely attractive simplicity of the debate: spirit versus flesh; good against bad; force against intellect. Scorsese's desperate need to believe is what should be discussed. Unfortunately, the important social and political implications he raises in *Temptation* have been overshadowed by the commotion.



Kobal Collection

His search for shelter from modern storms may be thoroughly human, but it's nonetheless reactionary. Not only does *Temptation* imply that social salvation can be found in individual, spiritual struggle, Scorsese's vision of the process is grim. *Temptation* is single-pointed and blunt—"blood simple" as the saying goes—a fact that is evident throughout: suffering measured in blood, justice delivered in blood, purity purchased in blood. If eternal joy awaits us in some heaven, Scorsese lets precious little leak into this film. Martyrdom is the business of Christians, he tells us—a view that America's fundamentalists have turned into a political platform.

Scorsese punishes his audience—drawing out each brute moment lest it escape notice. Jews, beaten and bound, are dragged through stone-filled streets; hammers pause in the air before driving nails through flesh and bone; rivulets of blood drip from beneath the crown of thorns; men wait dispassionately to have a go at Mary Magdalene. We share the suffering... very slowly.

The audience reacts to the film's visceral power rather than its religious abstractions. Jesus had his problems, but the torrent of violence and misery surrounding him raise the ugliness of today's world: rich against poor, men against women, white against black. *Temptation* offers a masochistic subtext to modern society, and those who attribute this dark strain to detritus from the past miss the point—in this film Christ is a collaborator.

Was Willem Dafoe's Jesus—he of the skewed smile, hallucinations, inner voices and carnal desires—too much for the faithful? Did Scorsese push the film beyond the boundaries of good taste, thus provoking the uproar? The answer is "no", if only because the questions are irrelevant. The crusaders took to the streets before the content of *Temptation* was more than a rumour. Most will never see the film, even as they continue to preach against it.

The most telling fact lies not in the content of the debate, but its very terms. Fundamentalists wave Bibles in the air, while liberals bend over backwards to assure the world that *Temptation* is "not offensive". The religious right might not be numerically strong, but their agenda too often forces the discussion. Faith in God, it appears, is *the* issue of our times—and the crowd at the altar is growing. We no longer argue whether or not God is dead, but rather what colour robe he wears while leading Sunday services. Meanwhile, as the issue of censorship takes a back seat, the film is not being shown in a number of major cities in the US. The furore around *Temptation* will pass, but it continues to be a troubling episode.

Jesus: is it possible that he was racked by the moral dilemmas of today—sex?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Man to Pan

David Dabydeen on how West Indians have revived the carnival

Once upon a time in this country the natives held carnivals. Every year, at Southwark, Bartholomew and elsewhere great fairs took place, and judging from the popular prints that survive (such as Hogarth's) the atmosphere was one of drunken merriment, vulgarity and violence. It was mostly the labouring classes who were involved. The fairs were occasions for release from grinding toil. They offered fantasies of art, wealth and privilege. Hence women of low repute donned the costumes of gentle ladies and performed working-class versions of plays with classical themes.

There was every conceivable form of popular entertainment—acrobats, rope-dancers, dwarfs, jugglers and clowns performed "comick arts, dances and songs, with scences and machines never seen before". Whores, pickpockets, peddlers of dubious wares and quacks selling all manner of drugs, mingled with the crowd. And frequently the constables were pelted with stones or assaulted with sticks when they intervened to make arrests. The authorities sought to restrict, and eventually ban, the great fairs, arguing that they were a threat to Christian decencies and to the law and order of the kingdom. They succeeded.

Two centuries later West Indians have revived an ancient English tradition. In a relatively short space of time we have created possibly the largest street festival in Europe. We brought carnival with us from "back home". In the West Indies it is an essential aspect of our ancestral cultural history. Carnival used to be the annual entertainment of the white planters, with slaves excluded from the celebrations and free coloureds participating only under stringent regulations.

All these restrictions ended upon emancipation, exactly 150 years ago. Freed slaves literally crashed into carnival entertainment taking their cue from plantation conditions and plantation life on the islands. Planters had permitted themselves to fantasise about their slaves, making their costumes and dancing their dances. Now freed slaves also took liberties and mocked the authority of the militia, staging mock battles, parodying the very authority which had wielded so much power over them. Such parodies became the frequent forms of diversion at carnival time. The "moko jumbie" on stilts and the "John Canoe" in semi-military costume became regular sights at carnival processions, generating a new atmosphere of pre-carnival meetings, rehearsals and get-togethers. Freed slaves, it appeared, were taking over the carnival. The street masquerades now had more and more scenes depicting aspects of slavery; street revellers were becoming noisier and noisier, and carnival itself, as the white press saw it, was degenerating into a "jamet carnival", an underworld affair and a relic of barbarism.

In spite of several attempts the ruling class was never able to suppress this new thrust in carnival entertainment. Every attempt met with more heightened resistance, and even occasional rioting from the mass of revellers. The annual celebration had become more like a symbol of freedom for them and was now, as Errol Hill observes, "no longer a European inspired nature festival but a deeply meaningful anniversary of deliverance with a ritualistic significance rooted in the very experience of slavery". The new thrust naturally created its own rituals, and the procession of torches with which the planters had celebrated the beginning of carnival became a vigorous procession of drumming and singing, while the "*camboulay*" originally associated with emancipation celebrations became a part of the carnival "road march" ritual, giving a distinctive significance to the freed slaves' appropriation of the festival.

Bridgeman Art Library

Piers Cavendish-Reflex

Release from life's grinding toils: fairs from Hogarth's "Southwark Fair" (above) to the Notting Hill Carnival (left)

The emergence of steel band music, itself a response to the official banning of drums and shacks, provided carnival with its special music just as the eventual rise of the calypsonian and the elaborate costumes and properties of the masquerade gave dimensions of theatre, and spectacle to the entire entertainment. Thus from its beginning as a white planter-class diversion, carnival progressed into a white and free-coloured upper-class entertainment; it was then appropriated by ex-slaves who made it into a ritual symbolic of their freedom.

For those of us resident in Britain, the Notting Hill carnival is our living link with this ancestral history, our chief means of keeping in touch with the ghosts of "back home". In a society which constantly threatens or diminishes black efforts, carnival has become an occasion for self-assertion, for striking back—not with bricks and bottles but by beating pan, by conjuring music from steel, itself a symbol of the way we can convert steely oppression into celebration. We take over the drab streets and infuse them with our colours. The memory of the hardship of the cold winter gone, and that to come, is eclipsed in the heat of music. We regroup our scattered black communities from Birmingham, Manchester, Glasgow and all over the kingdom to one spot in London: a coming together of proud celebration.

We also pull in crowds of native whites, Europeans, Japanese, Arabs, to witness and participate in our entertainment, bringing alien

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

peoples together in a swamp or community of festivity. Carnival breaks down barriers of colour, race, nationality, age, gender. And the police who would normally arrest us for doing those things (making noise, exhibitionism, drinking, or simply being black) are made to smile and be ever so courteous, giving directions, telling you the time, crossing old people over to the other side, undertaking all manner of unusual tasks. They fear that bricks and bottles would fly if they behaved as normal. Thus the sight of smiling policemen is absorbed into the general masquerade.

Of course the sense of keeping in touch with "back home" is not a mere symbolic one. For me one of the pleasures of carnival is simply walking from stall to stall to try out West Indian foods that are normally hard to come by. I take a plastic bag and fill it with souse, black pudding, plantain chips and *dhallpourri*. The unscrupulousness of certain street-vendors in charging exorbitant prices reminds me of the greatest threat to carnival: commercialisation. There is talk now of festooning the streets with advertisements, raising sponsorship from the City, even in "privatising" the party. Much money is already being made by hoteliers, travel agents and others who cater for the thousands of foreign tourists. But carnival is so rooted in the experience of emancipation from slavery that it should remain as free from commerce as possible. At a time of Thatcherite worship of money carnival is a spectacle *we* give *freely* to *you* and to the world.

As to the other threat to carnival, which is crime, talk of that is mostly racist propaganda. We are not English football supporters. It is inevitable that in crowds numbering several hundred thousands, petty crime will occur. We have to stamp down upon the "yardies" or "posses", young blacks who use the occasion for brazen mugging. As guilty as the yardies are the police and journalists who represent carnival as the location of uninhibited thefts, reinforcing myths of black criminality. In so doing they resist the force of carnival which is the stamping/chanting/ringing/banging down of biases and misconceptions.

Music

On the rampage

Reggae has been criminalised by the press. Stuart Cosgrove, on how reggae is being re-invented by young British musicians

The *Daily Mail* has never allowed facts to get in the way of a good news story, but on the morning of Monday 15 August, even the *Mail*'s furtive imagination was working overtime. "Reggae mob on rampage" screamed the front-page headline as the paper's intrepid news team dusted down one of Fleet Street's favourite chestnuts.

Since the ructions at the 1976 Notting Hill Carnival, black youth equals riot has been one of the most automatic equations in the popular press. Pity the poor reporters at the *Guardian*, they could only find a gang of 200 youths and a few isolated incidents, but the *Mail* were convinced they saw thousands on the rampage throwing bottles and missiles as "reinforcements in full riot gear were rushed in".

The way the *Daily Mail* inflected its reporting of the incidents that followed a concert in Wormwood Scrubs park has huge repercussions for music and particularly the way reggae is perceived.

Since Bob Marley died of brain cancer in 1981, reggae has reputedly fallen into a period of decline. It is not that the music has lacked directional energy. On the contrary, the last five years has witnessed a huge explosion in "dancehall" style with new-wave stars like Lieutenant Stitchie, Admiral Bailey and DJ Tiger perfecting a sound that binds comedy, social satire and downright nonsense into tough dub encounters.

But in the official discourses of the music business and in the minds of concert promoters, record labels and the pop press, reggae is simply

The Reggae Philharmonic Orchestra: changing the headlines

not happening. We can't really blame the *Daily Mail*: but we can have a damn good try. The "Reggae mob on rampage" headline is indicative of a 10-year trend in which a genre of music has been successfully criminalised.

With the exception of Island Records and the revitalised Trojan label, the original pioneers of the Jamaican ska sound, no British record label has demonstrated any serious commitment to the music. By and large, record companies believe that in most cases it is a troublesome genre made by unreliable artists who appeal to an economically insignificant group predominantly composed of young black males.

The myths of "criminal reggae" have been compounded by concert promoters. None of Britain's major city venues are willing to book reggae acts and so the potentially dynamic "dance-hall" sound has been marginalised into smaller venues which are almost exclusively on the West Indian club circuit.

The criminalisation of reggae is obviously caught up in bigger and more complex patterns of mediation including the regular reports on the activities of the yardies, the infamous gangs of Jamaican drug-dealers who form part of New York's internecine underworld, and domestic reports on "steaming", the term used to describe mobile mugging.

The music of the Reggae Philharmonic Orchestra could play a significant role in reversing the stream of misconceptions that have gathered round reggae. A 16-piece orchestra who use reggae and dub rhythms as the basis of their sound, the Reggae Philharmonic has hired the services of the leading violinist of the English National Orchestra to bring a breath of classicism to reggae. The release of the Reggae Philharmonic's debut single, a reworking of Cab Calloway's *Minnie the Moocher* (Mango/Island) is only a taster of things to come. An album featuring the anti-apartheid *Sharpville* and the evergreen *As Time Goes By* is available next month.

The Reggae Philharmonic Orchestra is a pertinent reminder that beyond the glare of news headlines, reggae is an exceptionally diverse musical genre. Although old warhorses like The Mighty Diamonds, who begin a British tour this week, continue to release albums like *Never Get Weary* (Live and Learn) which tend to recycle hackneyed rastafarian tributes like *Marcus We Miss You*, reggae is better served by its invisible hits, the soft-centred romanticism of lovers-rock, the creative collision of raggamuffin rap and the surreal extremes of the eighties' ska scene.

The recent release of *Music Is My Occupation: Ska Instrumentals 1962-65* (Trojan) is a flagship album in the Trojan label's spirited celebration of its own past. Featuring the music of early Jamaican jazz-instrumental stars like Tommy McCook, Don Drummond and Baba Brooks, the album captures in essence the heritage of original ska which has provided the basis for the new multiracial British groups.

The way young British musicians are reinventing reggae is evidenced in Rebel MC's *Cockney Rhythm* (B Ware) and particularly Longsy D and Cutmaster MC's *To The Rhythm* (Big One) which resurrects an old Jamaican standard *Return Of Django* by adding shifting patois styles in order to create a musical tale of three cities. London, Kingston and New York are thrown together in a creative war on purity, and reggae becomes the new esperanto.

The wealth of lovers-rock records and soft reggae is best represented by the compilation album *This Is Lover's Rock* (Eargasm) and Miss Sheila's lightweight version of *Holding Back the Years* (Living Room). They are pertinent reminders that reggae has an insatiable appetite for chocolate-box romanticism, and is more likely to blow kisses than throw bottles.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Theatre

Primal screams

Georgina Born plunges the depths of fantasy, love and hate through a new play about Melanie Klein

In the public debate about child abuse, the difficult questions of children's sexual fantasies and of their role in the escalation of abuse have been ignored. Issues of masochism and collusion are also dynamite within the feminist community when dealing with family violence, rape, or even milder experiences of women's subordination that transform into depression.

The pioneering psychoanalyst Melanie Klein, who studied the nature of child fantasy and countered an idealised view of the infant, and whose work bears on these questions, is currently being "discovered" for a wider audience. **Mrs Klein**, the new play by Nicholas Wright at the Cottesloe (until the end of September), is only the latest in a series of literary events bringing Klein's work and life into the light. Publication of three books preceded it: Julia Segal's *Phantasy in Everyday Life*, Juliet Mitchell's *The Selected Melanie Klein*, Phyllis Grosskurth's *Melanie Klein*. Both Mitchell's and Segal's books are also signs of the strong feminist interest in Kleinian psychoanalysis that has led the way for a broader reception.

Why have feminists turned to Melanie Klein? Klein's work was part of the wave of "proto-feminist" research by women analysts, from the 1920s on, that focused on female experience and sexuality: the area that Freud, by his own admission, did not adequately understand.

Where Freud saw the crucial stage of psychic development as the oedipal conflict, at three or four years of age, Klein took it back to the infant's first year and her primitive relations with the mother. The infant, in reality helpless at this stage, deals with disappointment and pain by fantasy. She splits a "good, providing" from a "bad, persecuting" mother, and projects her own anger outwards, believing that all pain is the "bad" mother wilfully persecuting her. But the "good" mother also generates ambivalence and envy in the infant, manifested in envious attacks on the mother's creative power. Kleinians do not deny the contribution of external reality to the child's experience: they simply hold that fantasy—projection, splitting and other mechanisms—also, and always, constitutes experience, and that the analytic job is to work on the self's contribution, the fantasy element.

Klein thus sees mother-infant interaction as the focus of internal conflict, and gives particular importance to the question of the infant—inherently capable of hate as well as love—overcoming her destructive envy for the creative mother, symbolised by the breast, upon which she is dependent. In Klein, then, envy of the symbolic breast is the prototype of later penis envy, and the power of the mother and value of female sexuality are affirmed. In addition, the Kleinian emphases on clinical experience and on dialogue within the analytic relationship echo the feminist commitment to theorising from personal experience, just as both systems of thought embrace a dialectic between theory and practice. Clearly, Kleinian psychoanalysis has deep parallels with the politics of feminism. But it also raises difficult issues for feminism, which are brought out in Wright's play.

Mrs Klein: not an easy mother as her daughter Melitta discovered

Drawing on Grosskurth's biography—which has been controversial among Kleinian analysts—Wright poignantly dramatises how Klein's relations with her own daughter, the analyst Melitta Schmideberg, exemplify her most painful findings. The two became completely estranged in the last period of Klein's life after Melitta led a bitter critical onslaught within the Analytic Society on Klein's work.

The play is a three-hander between Klein, Melitta and their young colleague, Paula Heimann. Marred by moments of melodrama, of Wildean farce, and by soupy quasi-Beethoven music, it stoops occasionally to the level of high quality television soap. Yet the audience remain hooked, by the pace of humour and dialogue, but also by the way the play reveals a curious empathy between the psychoanalytic task of solving psychic puzzles and the way that dramatic narrative works by tracing mystery to its resolution. The apparent "mystery" of the piece is the sudden death of Klein's son Hans, which Melitta interprets as suicide and accuses her mother of causing. The incident occurs in the period when relations between Klein and Melitta were rapidly deteriorating, and Wright uses the terrible emotional impasse to explore Klein's insights into the causes of destructive relations between women. The deeper "mystery", then, is how to explain Melitta's hatred of her mother.

For a while, the play teases us: Melitta produces "evidence" of Hans' suicide and of Klein's maternal neglect. Here Wright brings in the recent revelation that Klein's earliest studies involved analysing her own children. The fictional Melitta reproaches Klein for this "solution" to her depression as a young mother: for "being interested in us but not loving us". And Wright conveys both sides: Klein recalls the reality of her own failings, and she comes across as domineering and controlling—not an easy mother. However, the play's resolution contests Melitta's interpretations. Hans, it seems, had been in love and was unlikely to commit suicide; while Klein's "maternal neglect" was moderate. So the degree of Melitta's grievances and sadism towards her mother are not "justified" by experience and whatever her real criticisms, they also embody Klein's notion of destructive envy—here for a woman older, wiser, and more gifted.

The play thus depicts the Kleinian challenge: to explore how much bad experience is real, the (m)other's responsibility, and how much collusive or masochistic fantasy: based in the child's projection, imbued with envy for the creative (m)other. It raises also the reality of destructive relations between women, an issue glossed over by idealist feminism. Feminism, it seems, has turned to Klein in thinking about difference: not just that of gender or sex, but also differences of power between women, some of them innate, and the destructive internal forces this can unleash.

Klein's views on human interaction, then, illuminate issues that the left, as well as feminism, have put on hold: destructive aspects of fantasy, love and hate as inherent to the human disposition, and the reality of difference—including that of creativity and power—and of the envy and spoiling it engenders. Her work, and her ideas on coming to terms with the destructive forces, may contain the seeds for a new moral realism of relevance not just to feminism, but to the overdue reconstruction of left politics and social theory.

Cinema

Pretty pictures of poverty

Suzanne Moore on representing "the people"

If heaven is as David Byrne says "A place where nothing ever happens", hell it would seem is a place where you have to live with someone else's choice of interior design. At least that's the premise of Tim Burton's second feature film—**Beetlejuice**. (His first was the delightfully perverse *Pee Wee's Big Adventure*.)

When an unbearably smug young couple, the Maitlands, bite the dust in a car accident, their New England home is sold to a family of upwardly-mobile, pretentious New Yorkers—the Deetzes. Out goes the cosy, homely, Laura Ashleyish decor and in comes the arty SoHo

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chic, with the result that the recently deceased Maitlands are unable to live with the living Deetzes. No longer able to tolerate this culture clash they try to frighten their unwanted guests away but they are basically far too nice, besides which the Deetzes immediately see the potential for exploiting their New Age spiritual contacts.

So they resort to Betelgeuse (Michael Keaton), a lewd and lascivious bio-exorcist to do the job. With wonderful special effects, *Beetlejuice* is amusing rather than hilarious or suspensful and we have to wait an awfully long time to see Betelgeuse, who with his farting and belching and trips to the whorehouse, steals the show.

His anarchic behaviour and appearance are both repellent and fascinating. And if he represents, in some weird way, all that's repressed both by preppy homeliness and designer chic, here is another monster who is not so much a member of the underworld as the *underclass*. It's a comment, too, on how much we have submitted to the discipline of design when the truly monstrous is simply someone who is truly tasteless.

But then class is a perennial problem even for impeccably liberal filmmakers like Robert Redford and Godfrey Reggio. Both have new films out—Redford's *The Miagro Beanfield War* tells the story of a struggling Chicano community in New Mexico while Reggio's sequel to *Koyaanisqatsi* again combines a Philip Glass score with dazzling images, this time of the third world. In their different ways both movies illustrate the difficulty that contemporary filmmakers (like politicians) have in representing what used to be called "the people".

It is almost quaint to use phrases like "the people", "the masses", "the workers" in these days of fragmented class identity and individualism. Redford's strategy is to paint an overly sentimental portrait of a tiny rural community. Shot with the kind of stunning precision that makes poverty look appealing, it tells the story of a battle between the local villagers and the land developers that arises when impoverished handyman Joe Mondragon illegally irrigates his dried-up beanfield with water earmarked for the new "leisure development".

As the villagers rally round, headstrong Ruby, the local garage owner (Sonia Braga), who is deeply committed to her people and their survival, enlists the help of a clapped-out radical lawyer. But support comes from more surprising quarters—Amarante the oldest inhabitant who talks to ghosts and angels does his bit too.

This intermingling of fantasy and reality (we see the ghost that Amarante frequently converses with) must be what has prompted Redford to compare the film with the work of Gabriel Garcia Marquez. This is little more than wishful thinking. The whole point of Marquez's brilliant use of "magic realism" is that it is powerfully real, not some cute interlude as Redford uses it.

Powaqqatsi, like *Koyaanisqatsi*, has no narration or dialogue and works entirely on the strength of its hypnotic score and spell-binding images. *Koyaanisqatsi* which bills itself as "an experience", "a trip" rather than a movie dealing with "life out of balance" is deeply critical of the destructive nature of industrial society, despite its use of state-of-the-art technology.

Betelgeuse: not so much a member of the under world but a monster of the underclass

The latest film in what will be a trilogy of unpronouncable titles looks at human endeavour particularly in the third world. Image after image of workers—in South America, India, Africa—are shown, all of them shimmeringly beautiful. But once you have lapsed into the slow rhythm of the film, you are still left wondering what it all means. For the sophisticated techniques mask what boils down to hippy platitudes: that "the people" are exploited; that technology is evil; that indigenous cultures are threatened by the capitalist west and so on.

This is all well and good but the beauty (and the poverty) of the cultures that we are shown is bound to specific conditions and the differences are as important as the similarities. In going for the global take, Reggio reduces them to a silent and silenced mass.

The fact that the invocation of a unified global consciousness is as unsatisfactory as Redford's romanticised version of a rural community points to a real crisis for anyone vaguely leftish. Representing the people is in both senses— to speak on behalf of, or to portray—incredibly problematic. How can you express a unity while acknowledging diversity? Or is the project itself outmoded? I don't know the answer but the uncomfortable thought remains that while we flounder around in displays of lumpen solidarity or settle for pretty pictures of peasants, the right cashes in on the far more mobile identifications of family and nation.

Dance

The end of classicism

Chris Savage King on Frederick Ashton's legacy

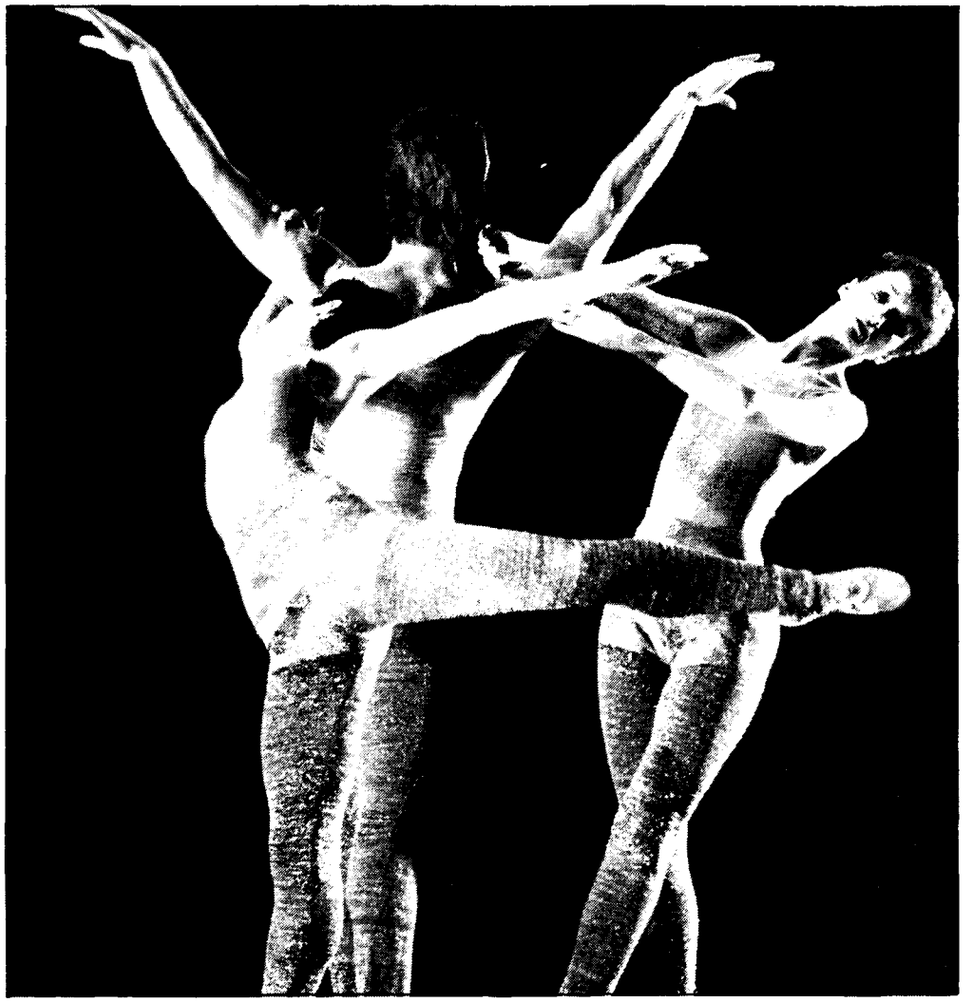
Frederick Ashton, Britain's most distinguished choreographer, died last week. He was the last of the great classicists, and quintessentially English, and the repertory he leaves might, superficially, seem part of a dying tradition. Yet the cream of young British choreographers—Ballet Rambert's Richard Alston and Michael Clark among them—owe much to his influence. Meanwhile the demise of ballet choreography seems due to a denial or ignorance of what Ashton's work still has to offer.

Ashton's range—from full fledged narrative ballets to those of a purely abstract nature—is unlikely to be equalled for some time. He took the classical vocabulary, inherited from the nineteenth century, and both romanticised and humanised it. In his hands, technique was deepened and enlarged, yet made more intimate, often colloquial. His classicism owes something to its other great exemplars—Mozart and Jane Austen—who excelled in the detail, whilst never trivialising it.

Many of Ashton's great ballets are abstract, yet he also created characters which acted as keys and inspirations to the development of his technique. He could deal with the grand tragedy of *Marguerite and Armand*, or the smaller but no less resonant dilemmas of Elgar in *Enigma Variations* or Natalia Petrovna in *A Month in the Country*. His comedy was sheer delight, whether it be rendered in *The Dream's* complications, the gauche pretensions of the ugly sisters in *Cinderella*, or farmyard animals and bucolic courtship in *La Fille Mal Gardée*. No emotion was too subtle, no human folly too slight, to escape his compassionate attention and vision. In a sense he was a dramatist, but a dramatist of dance, a dramatist of the body. In his works the body is pliant and sensuous, but governed by a vocabulary that stretches the instrument to its ultimate in order to release its full potential.

In his ballets, character and emotion are

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Richard Alston's "Dangerous Liaisons" for Ballet Rambert

worked *through* the body, they are not conceived externally then matched with movements that are necessarily foreign. The elusiveness of dance, in terms of apprehension and evaluation, lends itself particularly well to such clumsy impositions, which try to make dance accessible. While Ashton produced some of the most popular works of his age, the ballets are comprehensible and admirable in pure *dance* terms. He realised that an audience needed to be entertained, but he never compromised his art.

Ashton's legacy, in his ability to create a flow of movement, seamless sequences, understated emotion and flawless musicality, is continued in the soft, glowing lyricism of Richard Alston's work. A gift for comedy is discernible in the choreography of Michael Clark, whose best humour lurks in the timing of a phrase, his ability, when called for, to use dissonance for expressive ends. Both are exponents of pure dance—neither use narrative or characters as such. Their classical vocabulary, incorporating elements of contemporary dance, is a more mixed form than that used by Ashton. Yet they share with him a trust in the body as an infinitely expressive medium, and a love of technique as a means to higher ends. Their concerns seem on the surface more serious than many of Ashton's but they are never solemn, never remote.

Yet Ashton's legacy, overall, remains tenuous. Both Alston and Clark work outside of the major companies that devote themselves to classical ballet, and here the picture is not rosy. Ashton's interest in humanity is cast aside as being sentimental in its empathy and sympathy, or else irrelevant.

New choreography tends to fall into two distinct categories. There's the hyper-dramatic, in which technique is wrenched into exemplifying the most rigid and hard-wrought emotions—frequently existential angst—on the grounds, one assumes, that agony is the only laudable emotion. The range of expression is shrill and limited, the body's rounded contours and unique tenderness is lost. It's that or the hyper-abstract, which takes the formula of pure dance and strips it to its bones, to mathematics, to geometry. The dogma that has arisen from a perusal of Ashton's and Balanchine's greatest works—the "pure steps", "it's all in the steps" rationals—may well be an accurate, if hurried, definition of classicism, but removes its art, its heart, soul and pulse, with which Ashton and Balanchine so carefully and beautifully invested it.

Classical ballet may have died, but classicism lives on in the work of Alston and Clark. To trace their geneology, one could do no worse than check out two of Ashton's major works—*Ondine* and *A Month in the Country*—which will be running at the Royal Opera House throughout the autumn season.

MEDIATIONS

In last week's magazine Bob Woffinden asked the pertinent question: "where was the NCCL?". On Sunday BBC1's *Everyman* poses the even more far-reaching question: "where was the Red Cross?"

The film, *Silent Witness*, grew out of reporter Iain Guest's interest in "the Swiss soul". Based in the country, Guest was given exclusive access to an unprecedented study of the Red Cross by Swiss historian, Professor Jean-Claude Favez. In the film he and his producer, Angela Kaye, explore the contradiction that lies at the very heart of the Red Cross's work. The result is a superbly structured, subtle and revelatory programme.

For 125 years, the International Committee of the Red Cross (ICRC) has maintained steadfast neutrality and punctilious discretion. Only by winking at torture can aid be got to the tortured. The question arises inevitably: "at what point does the Red Cross draw back from what could be construed as collaboration and make public what it knows?"

Professor Favez's work in the Red Cross archive in Geneva has established that the Nazis' application of the Final Solution to mitteleurop's Jews was no such point. The ICRC delegation in Berlin had remarkable foreknowledge of German plans and diligently reported them back to Geneva where the World Jewish Congress, suspecting some catastrophe, pressed the ICRC to go public. But the Swiss government was anxious to avoid providing any pretext for Hitler to annex Switzerland. It leaned on the ICRC to stay silent.

The then Vice President of the Red Cross, Carl J Burckhardt, went to SS chief Himmler with a specimen case and duly reported back to his policy-making committee. Though the group deplored the tactic and voted to break with tradition and publish what was known, Burkhardt overruled them. So it was that, three years before the world would know of it, the Red Cross was apprised of the holocaust.

This compliance did not cease with the end of the war. Through its various "gentlemen's agreements", the Red Cross has penetrated prisons in 80 countries. In El Salvador, delegate Dres Balmer came to believe that political prisoners to whom access had been promised were being systematically killed off. But the ICRC attempted to suppress his public revelation.

Acutely balancing their material, the filmmakers give full opportunity to Jacques Moreillon, ICRC Director-General, to expound the Red Cross code with great confidence and cunning. It is left to a former wartime relief aide to voice the $64,000 question: "shouldn't you first of all be a human being?"

W Stephen Gilbert

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VOLUNTEER NOTICE BOARD is a free service provided by New Statesman & Society with financial assistance from Thames Television's Help programme. Interested organisations are invited to send their copy (approximately 45 words) to Brian Cushion at New Statesman & Society, Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London, E2 8DQ. Please note that this service is for recruiting volunteers only. If you have salaried vacancies contact the Classified Department on 01-739-1645.

DO YOU DRIVE? We need you to help us keep going evening clubs for people with learning difficulties. Collect people in one of our buses and then join in with the club. Support and expenses provided. Phone Andrew/Fiona on (01) 485 8177.

LIVING IN CAMDEN (L.I.N.C.) need volunteers in London who will share a leisure interest with a person with learning difficulty. Only a few hours a week are necessary - drivers welcomed. Support and expenses provided. Tel: Denise, Andrew or Fiona on (01) 485 8177.

FULL-TIME VOLUNTEERS are needed to work with single homeless men in 50-bed hostel sited in Bristol for a minimum period of 6 months. We will provide separate accommodation plus £37 p.w. Please contact: Mary Garvey at Redwood House, 1 Wade Street, Bristol, BS2 9DS. (0272 556358)

THE DEPTFORD METHODIST Mission: Disabled People's Contact runs clubs for people with disabilities. We require volunteers for Monday eves and Tuesday & Thursday afternoons to pick up members by ambulance & to take them home afterwards. No previous experience of driving an ambulance is necessary as training will be provided, but you must be aged 25 or over and have a clean current driving licence. Contact Kate Saul, Deptford Methodist Mission, 1 Creek Rd, SE8 3BT. Tel: 692 5599.

VOLUNTEERS ARE NEEDED for residential work with homeless people. Volunteers live in small group homes with the homeless. They offer friendship and encouragement as part of a small caring community. Good experience for people wanting to join one of the caring professions. Full board, personal and holiday allowance given. Minimum commitment 6 months. Please write to Medway Cyrenians, 104 Maidstone Road, Chatham, Kent, ME4 6DQ or ring 0634 830875 after 6.

EXCITING FULL-TIME Placements. The North London Independent Living Project now has vacancies for volunteers. If you can drive, like the idea of a semi-communal unstructured environment and are looking for the experience of being part of a progressive community project concerned with promoting independence and freedom for people with disabilities who need day-to-day physical support ring 01 959 0253 or write to NLILP 5 Ash Close, Edgware, Middlesex. Join us in promoting social equality. Accommodation & expenses will be provided.

RESEARCH/SECRETARIAL assistance, encouraging, patient, thorough, urgently needed by a partially-sighted disabled poor woman applying to the European Commission for Human Rights. Experience fighting system, and passion for principle valuable. High Court case already won on one aspect. Near Royal Free. Ring, preferably evenings on 01-485 2785.

VOLUNTEERS ARE NEEDED. If you are fit, can possibly drive, have 3-6 months to spare, have a good sense of humour, and would like the experience of caring for a disabled person in his own flat, then I have a vacancy for you. Volunteers receive £35 per week + free accommodation. For more details contact Alan Soffert, tel 01-736 8555, West London Area. This is a full-time post.

help

The HELP programme is a 5 minute local programme appearing at 6.25 on Thames TV, three times a week. Currently no transmision. Back in September!

It's summer and there's lots on in London

But where can you afford to go if you are unemployed? 'Shoestring Summer' is a free new booklet which lists free events and concessions available for unemployed people in the Thames area this summer. It's free, it's provided by the HELP programme and you can get it from:

HELP (Shoestring Summer),
P.O. Box 11, London, NW1 3HZ

HELP • THAMES TV • EMBER HOUSE • 164/166 DRUMMOND STREET LONDON • NW1 3HR • TELEPHONE: 01 387 9494

CABLE STREET PROJECT We require volunteers to help run a drop-in project in London's East End. The Drop-in is open weekday afternoons, Friday for women only. We provide for short term needs, i.e. food, shelter, support, information, & access to local facilities, also longer term resettlement and referral to the limited housing that's available. Travel expenses are payable within London, accommodation may be offered. Ring: Alison or Paul for an information pack on 01 790 4121.

FELTHAM CITIZENS ADVICE Bureau in the London Borough of Hounslow needs volunteer advice workers. Full training will be given, after selection. This is challenging & rewarding work. Minimum commitment 2 days p.w. & flexible hours can be arranged. Please phone Chris Morris or Jane Jewell on 01-890 2363.

BUILD A RELATIONSHIP AND Watch it Grow! Some children have no-one who really listens to them. Some have little contact with a positive male figure. Join our volunteer group, men and women, and get to know one of these children. If you are interested, live within reach of Islington and have 2/3 hours a week to spare contact SPAN on 250 1223.

ACTION/RESEARCH needs volunteers during the day to help carry out research into unemployment etc on White City Estate. You will be involved in carrying out a survey of two blocks of flats. This would be good exprience for students who are learning about research or unemployed people interested in community development. Training will be provided and reasonable expenses paid. Please contact Keith Bird on 740 0477 or visit the Fatima Community Centre, Commonwealth Ave, White City Estate, W12.

STREETWISE Youth Project offers help to young people for whom prostitution is a problem. We urgently require volunteers with: ability to provide regular daytime commitment; a supportive, non-judgmental approach; a respect for confidentiality and the ability to work in a team. Please call Peter on 373 1330.

DISABLED HOUSING TRUST Volunteers needed. If you are fit, with a sense of humour and a genuine interest in helping young disabled people enrich their life experience, then we have a place for you. Full or part-time. Please contact: Jacky, Ernest Kleinwort Court, Oakenfield, Burgess Hill, West Sussex. Tel: 04446 47892.

NEEDED URGENTLY: full-time Volunteers, 18-30 years old for 4/6 months service to enable people with physical disabilities to live in their own homes in London. Free allowance plus a weekly allowance of £37. Please contact Deborah Livingstone at SHAD (Haringey), Selby Site, Selby Road, London, N17 8JN. Telephone: 01-885 5569.

REDBRIDGE Volunteers are required to befriend individuals with psychiatric problems who are living in the community. Understanding and patience and a willingness to be committed to continue the work for at least 6 to 12 months. Particular need for male volunteers. Contact Celia Carson, South Woodford Health Centre, 114, High Road, South Woodford, E18 2QS or phone on 01-505 6482.

VOLUNTARY HOUSING Workers needed now! Groups running projects for single homeless people throughout the UK urgently need Volunteer workers to help in the running, and day-to-day life of their houses. No experience or qualifications are needed. Workers receive board and lodging + pocket money. 6 months min. The work is demanding but never dull. Please send SAE for more information & application form: TPW Recruitment, Homes for Homeless People, NS Smithfield House, Digbeth, Birmingham, B5 6BS. (Tel: 021 622 1502)

READING EMERGENCY Accommodation Project requires 2 Project Workers to join staff team responsible for the day to day management of our emergency hostel. The staff team at present are re-structuring our service in preparation for major developments. Allowances averaging £45 per week, in addition to food allowances and accommodation, + holiday and trave allowances and leaving gratuity. For an informal chat please ring (0734) 574020 or application and information from 571 Oxford Road, Reading, RG3 1HL.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Classified Advertising

Advertisements received by noon on Tuesday will normally be published the same week
Classified Display Rates:
Standard Rate: £16.85 per s.c.c.
Voluntary Organisations: £9.50 per s.c.c.
Linage Rates: 45p per word (minimum 20 words) Box No. £2.50
All advertisements subject to VAT at 15%
Correspondence should be addressed to
Classified Advertisement Department
New Statesman & Society,
Foundation House, Perseverance Works,
38 Kingsland Road, London, E2 8DQ
Advertising Staff
Hazel Stevens (Classified Manager)
Carol Anne McKenzie (Sales Executive)
Chris Gallagher (Sales Executive)
Michael Houlihan (Sales Executive)
Linda Ring (Advertising Secretary)
Brian Cushion (Production)
Telephone: 01-739-1645
Fax 01-739-9307
Telex 28449

Appointments

KIRKLEES METROPOLITAN COUNCIL *West Yorkshire*

WE ARE AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER

Officer of the Chief Executive — personnel and management services division

TRAINING OFFICER: (DISABLED PEOPLE)

Vacancy No: A/PERS 427. Post No: 301230
Salary: SO1 (£11,322 - £12,075) p.a.
(Pay Award Pending)

Kirklees is looking for a third equal opportunities Trainer to join its Central Training Unit. The focus of this post is upon disability issues and the successful applicant will work alongside the Women's and Ethnic Minorities Trainers. The three Trainers are charged as part of their brief, with ensuring that equal opportunities issues are raised in all aspects of the Authority's training. The post is partially Section 11 funded.

The Training Officer (Disabled People) will be expected to analyse the training needs of disabled and able-bodied employees, disabled community representatives and, to a lesser extent, disability organisations. The Trainer will also give advice and act as consultant on disability issues to others involved in training.

Experience of the enthusiasm for training as a means of introducing change is essential. Applicants should have experience of designing and presenting courses and should be able to adapt courses to meet the needs of people with varying disabilities and to evaluate their effectiveness.

The successful applicant will be based at Thorpe Grange, the Authority's recently opened Training Centre, which has had some modifications to provide work and training facilities for people with disabilities.

In accordance with the Council's policy on equal opportunities and the Disabled Persons (Employment) Act, only disabled candidates need apply. Applicants should, however, be able to demonstrate a commitment to equal opportunities for all disadvantaged groups.

For application form and job description please write or phone:-

Personnel and Management Services Division, Kirklees Metropolitan Council, Pearl Assurance House, John Williams Street, Huddersfield, HD1 1BA
Telephone (0484) 22133 ext. 3104/3105

Completed applications to be returned by:- 16th September 1988
The Council operates a Trade Union Membership Agreement.

KIRKLEES OPERATES AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES POLICY FULL DETAILS OF WHICH WILL BE SUPPLIED TO ALL APPLICANTS.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR PERMANENT AND TEMPORARY EMPLOYMENT IN RESIDENTIAL CHILD CARE

14 St. Peters Hill is a long-term Residential Care Unit for up to 9 young people aged between 14 & 16 years old. Our object is to involve our residents in a rehabilitative programme to prepare them for a return to their family or for independence.
We have the following vacancies in our staff team:

Team Leader

TEMPORARY
£9,875 - £10,887, £11,700 if qualified (pay award pending)

Candidates should preferably hold one of the following qualifications: CSS; CQSW; CRCCYP; Declaration of Experience in Child Care Work; SCRCCYP. In addition you will need considerable experience in residential work with adolescents, have knowledge of supervision and staff development and have the ability to provide the staff with effective and imaginative leadership.
In return for your skills we offer regular supervision and support in a position which could provide a real opportunity for a career minded person to gain experience in management as well as child care skills.

Senior Residential Child Care Officer

£7,833 - £9,873, £10,536 if qualified (pay award pending)

Candidates must have previous experience of Residential Care as well as a mature and resilient personality. You will also need to have an understanding of Key Work and the effective use of supervision.
The main function of this post is to provide for the care of residents and to assist in maintaining a high standard of practice and professionalism.
Your skills will be rewarded by the support of an enthusiastic staff team - a high priority is given to supervision, and the chance to develop existing child care skills.

Interested in either of the above? Then contact Mr Penny, Officer in Charge, on Reading 471631.

CARE IN THE COMMUNITY FOR THE MENTALLY HANDICAPPED.

Residential Care Officer

(PROJECT MANAGER)
£8,988 to £9,873 (£10,536 if qualified)

Number 21, Alexander Road, a house for six mentally handicapped adults in a pleasant residential area of Reading, is a venture designed to enable residents towards leading an independent life in Society.
We are seeking someone well experienced in residential work with some management skills to be responsible for the smooth running of this well established project. The successful applicant will have a mature and flexible personality and previous experience with the mentally handicapped and/or a relevant qualification would be an advantage but is not essential. Hours are worked on a rota basis and will include some "sleeping-in" duties for which enhanced rates are paid.
The Home is managed by Social Services, Reading Division and was set up in collaboration with Reading Society for the Mentally Handicapped.
Please contact Mr Dennis Clark on Reading 586111 to arrange an informal visit further details.
Application forms for the above three posts from Personnel Section, Social Services Department, Abbey Mill House, Abbey Square, Reading RG1 3BE. Telephone Reading (0734) 586111 ext 500.

Closing date 5 September applies to all the above posts.

Royal County of BERKSHIRE

AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES EMPLOYER

If you've got urgent ad copy then fax it to us on 01 739 9307

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UNIVERSITY OF DUNDEE

Department of Political Science & Social Policy

Applications are invited for a

FIXED-TERM LECTURESHIP

available from January 1989 for a period of three years. Salary within the range £9,260 - £10,460 per annum on the Lecturer A scale.

The person appointed will be required to contribute to teaching and research in central areas of Social Policy. Evidence of specialization in one or more of the areas of health policy, social security, the personal social services, urban policy and the politics of welfare would be an advantage, as would some background in Political Science.

Further particulars from, and application with C.V. (6 copies or, if posted overseas, one copy in a format suitable for photocopying) and the names and addresses of three referees to the **Personnel Office, The University, Dundee, DD1 4HN.** Please quote the reference: EST/31/88/NS.

Closing date for applications: 16 September 1988.

OV SELECTION

have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers.

Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

01-739 1645

WILTSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

Social Services Department

Opportunities in Residential and Day Care Settings

The Paddocks, Hilperton Road, Trowbridge

Post 1 **88/544**

ASSISTANT OFFICER-IN-CHARGE

Salary Grade 4 £9,561-£10,536 pa (Qualified)
£8,988-£9,873 pa (Unqualified)

Are you a caring Manager? If so, we need an experienced and preferably qualified residential worker to complete the senior staff group at this friendly residential home for 30 elderly people.

You will enjoy working with elderly people, many of whom require a high level of care and you will also possess the skills of leadership, tact and resourcefulness.

The Paddocks is situated in a pleasant residential area of Trowbridge but accessible to the town centre. The successful candidate will complete the senior management team comprised of Officer-in-Charge and an existing Assistant Officer-in-Charge and you will be encouraged to develop new ideas in care. There is a sleeping-in requirement for which an allowance of £12.06 is payable for each night worked.

You are interested? Then contact Janet Moores on Trowbridge 752018.

The Limes Assessment Centre, Upper Stratton, Swindon

Post 2 **88/545**

AFTER CARE WORKER

Salary Grade RCO 3 £8,442-£9,255 pa (Qualified)
£7,883-£8,754 pa (Unqualified)

This post has been established to work out from The Limes, with young persons leaving residential care.

The postholder works closely with two independent living projects run by local Housing Associations, supporting their staff and providing a contact point for young persons moving into or out of these units. You will be expected to undertake group and individual programmes for those leaving care and to initiate contacts with local accommodation sources.

The maintenance and further development of resource networks within the busy urban area are prime tasks.

Applicants will ideally possess a professional qualification in social work and have some direct experience of working with young people leaving care.

Car driving required and casual user allowance payable.

For further information contact Terry Scragg on Swindon 823153 or John Alcock on Trowbridge 753641 ext. 2909.

Moving home allowance of up to £4,000 plus actual costs of removal payable in approved cases.

Application forms and details for all posts from Director of Social Services, County Hall, Trowbridge BA14 8LE (telephone Trowbridge 753641 extension 2972). Returnable by 7th September, please quote post reference number.

AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES EMPLOYER

WELFARE OFFICER

(Senior Administrative Grade)

Based at our Waterloo Headquarters, the postholder will provide a comprehensive welfare service to the staff of the London Ambulance Service and their dependants.

Although qualifications are not essential, the successful candidate will have relevant experience and must demonstrate a commitment to the welfare role in a public service.

Salary: £10,707 p.a. rising to £12,773 p.a. (inclusive)

For further details and an application form, please write to:
The Personnel Department, 220, Waterloo Road, SE1 8SD
or telephone 01-928 0333, ext 2320
Closing date: 2 weeks from Publication
WE ARE AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES EMPLOYER

LONDON AMBULANCE SERVICE

PLAYWORKER (Full-Time)

WOMEN'S REFUGE

Energetic person needed to work with children of all ages

£6,500 (start mid-November)

Hilary Cadman, 6 Burlington Road, Ipswich, IP1 2EU

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FRIENDS OF THE EARTH

is seeking an

ENERGY CAMPAIGNER

We are looking for someone with previous campaigning experience to appoint as our senior Energy Campaigner on all our energy issues, particularly nuclear issues, privatisation and renewables.

The successful applicant will be responsible for managing a small team, developing the campaign strategy and overseeing a substantial budget. Political lobbying, media and organisational skills are essential. The salary is c. £11,000.

COUNTRYSIDE/ AGRICULTURE CAMPAIGNER

We are looking for a suitably qualified person to be responsible for developing an active campaign team and strategy, as well as overseeing a substantial budget. Political lobbying, media and organising skills are essential. Salary c. £11,000.

For a job description, further details and an application form please phone or send a large S.A.E. to:

JUDY SKEATS, FRIENDS OF THE EARTH, 26/28 UNDERWOOD STREET, LONDON, N1 7JQ. TEL: 01-490 1555.

Closing date for both posts: 19th September 1988.

FoE has no-smoking offices.

FoE is striving to be an Equal Opportunities Employer

AWARDED THE "FIT FOR WORK" AWARD 1987

LABOUR MEMBERS' SERVICES OFFICER

Salary £10,536 - £11,700 (review pending)

The Labour Group of Councillors form the Majority Administration of the Council.

Stirling District Council is in the business of providing a wide range of high quality services to the community. The Labour Groups priority is the retention and improvement of these services.

As a member of the Groups support staff the successful candidate will play a key role in assisting elected members to review and formulate policies, by providing a comprehensive research and support service. The duties involve undertaking research on behalf of members, preparing briefs, developing a computer database and being responsible for using data/statistics to produce appropriate reports. Other duties include responsibility for ensuring that an efficient and responsive support service is provided for members using available information retrieval and typing services.

We are seeking a committed, enthusiastic and innovative individual who is likely to be educated to degree level or hold an appropriate qualification. Previous research experience is an asset and the postholder must have the ability to present information in a concise fashion whether written or communicated verbally.

Generous assistance with relocation, car allowance, car loan/car leasing is available.

Further information, application forms and job descriptions are available from the Personnel Group, The Steeple, 65 King Street, Stirling telephone (0786) 79000 ext 327. Closing date for receipt of applications is 12 September 1988.

The Council is an Equal Opportunities Employer and applications are welcome from people regardless of sex, marital status, race or disability.

STIRLING DISTRICT COUNCIL

Metro Rochdale

A LOCAL COUNCIL-BUILDING A FUTURE

Your application will be judged solely on its merits

CHIEF EXECUTIVE & TOWN CLERK'S DEPARTMENT

INFORMATION SERVICES CO-ORDINATOR

— NEIGHBOURHOOD SERVICES UNIT

PO3 £13,449 - £14,625 (Pay award pending)

Metro Rochdale is embarking on a strategy to decentralise its services to local Neighbourhood Offices.

Meeting the information needs of the public is a top priority in this.

We are looking for an Information Services Co-ordinator who will lead this work from within the Neighbourhood Service Unit. The objective will be to develop a comprehensive information strategy for the Borough.

The first priority will be to develop and have overall managerial responsibility for a 'one stop shop' Information Centre at the Municipal Offices in Rochdale Town Centre. Shaping the information needs and resources for the first Neighbourhood Offices, including information technology requirements, will also be an urgent task.

Applicants must have experience at senior level in information reception consumer services or a related field and have a proven track record as a project developer. Also she he must be dedicated to advancing the equal opportunities and anti-racist policies of the Council by ensuring that information services meet the needs of all sections of the community.

Application forms etc can be collected (Quote Ref 932), from Central Personnel Section, Floor 9, Municipal Offices, Smith Street, Rochdale or candidates can write or telephone to the Chief Executive and Town Clerk, Personnel Services Division, PO Box 101, Town Hall, Rochdale OL16 1AB, telephone Rochdale 515634 (24 hour answerphone), to be returned to the Chief Executive and Town Clerk at the Town Hall address no later than 6 September 1988.

STRIVING FOR EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES

THE PHOTOGRAPHERS' GALLERY

Deputy Director

Britains's leading showcase for photography now needs a Deputy Director to meet the challenges of the future. The gallery mounts 21 exhibitions a year, has a turnover of £600,000 p.a. of which half is self-generated, and employs 22 staff. The Deputy Director must have good marketing and administrative skills, a love of photography and be at home in the world of the arts.

Salary from £17,000 according to experience. To commence as soon as possible.

For details and application form, write to me, Sue Davies, Director, The Photographers' Gallery, 5 Great Newport St., London, WC2H 7HY or telephone 01-831 1772 (10am to 6pm). Closing date: September 30th 1988.

The Photographers' Gallery is an equal opportunities employer

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Action for Victims of Medical Accidents

A charity immersed in the search for solutions to problems of medical accident victims requires:

CASEWORKER

The work involves advising victims personally, in writing and on the telephone and making referrals to solicitors, as well as giving back-up to the Director. We require an energetic person with legal experience and preferably a medical or paramedical background who has a strong sense of justice. An ability to write well will be an advantage. Job share will be considered.

Salary not less than £9,669.

LEGAL WORKER

To assist in running AVMA's Lawyer Service. This involves giving information and advice to lawyers in connection with medical negligence claims, researching the law and maintaining contact with members.

Training will be provided but personal injury litigation experience would be very useful. An ability to write well will also be an advantage.

Salary not less than £9,167.

AVMA aims to be an equal opportunity employer.

CV to the Director, Action for Victims of Medical Accidents, 24 Southwark Street, London, SE1 1TY. Telephone: 01-403 4744.

Probation Officer • Swaziland

Probation Officer - Swaziland Association for Crime Prevention and the Rehabilitation of Offenders

To be involved in the setting up and implementaion of a programme similar to the U.K. Community Service Order.

Applicants should have CQSW and at least 5 years' experience of probation work, 2 years' of which involved in Community Service Orders, preferably at policy and planning level.

IVS Overseas provides a 2 year contract, salary based on local rates, flights, accommodation, NI contributions, medical cover and language training where necessary.

Applicants must have the right of permanent residence in U.K. or Ireland. Regret no funding for dependents.

IVS

Application form from:
Recruitment Selection
IVS Overseas
3 Belvoir St.
LEICESTER LE1 6SL
Closing date for applications: 30 Sept
Please quote ref: NSS/PO/S/09/88

WARRAX
Stanstead Abbotts. Herts.
Are You A

QUALIFIED

SOCIAL WORKER, NURSE, TEACHER OR SIMILAR

with 5 years plus experience & driving license. Phone for detailed booklet and full particulars of interesting unusual & responsible post in

fully residential

CHILD CARE

Comfortable totally uninstitutional alternative to fostering for children in long-stay care. Initially £12,000 — £13,000 (+ free board & lodging, 6 weeks holiday), substantially more available for someone willing & able to carry additional responsibility.

Phone WARRAX, STANSTEAD ABBOTTS, HERTS, on Ware (0920) 870058

WOMEN'S COMMITTEE SUPPORT UNIT

Co-ordinator

£16713 - £17943 PO4
(Pay Award Pending)

In a new approach responding to the needs of women in Haringey the Council has decided to decentralise its Women's Equality Team into individual Services. We are looking for a person to co-ordinate this team and take a lead role in developing policies and strategies beneficial to women in Haringey.

We are looking for:

- awareness, understanding and commitment to policies aimed at eradicating oppression facing women, particularly those women facing other oppressions including race, sexuality, age, class and disability.
- ability and commitment to working in an inner-city, multi-cultural environment.
- the ability to work on own initiative in developing policies and ensuring these are implemented is important, as are management, organisation and communication skills.
- readiness to listen, liaise with and take-up the views of women, both as employees and as users of Council services.

For an application form and job description please telephone 881 6065 (24 hour answering service) quoting ref: WU1. Closing date 16 September 1988.

"Haringey is working towards becoming an equal opportunities employer. Applicants are considered on the basis of their suitability for the post with equal opportunities for all, including women, black people, people from ethnic communities, lesbians and gays and people with disabilities, and regardless of marital status, age, religion, class and unrelated criminal conviction."

HARINGEY COUNCIL Jobs

The Young Women's Christian Association of Great Britain

a registered Housing Association which provides accommodation for 5000 young people throughout England and Wales, requires a

DEPUTY DIRECTOR of HOUSING AND PROPERTY

The successful applicant will deputise for the Director of Housing and Property over the full range of her duties, and have responsibility for development work, control of progress schemes and liaison with local redevelopment committees. Previous Housing Association and Development experience is essential, as well as financial knowledge, experience of contract control and the ability to look at new methods of working and funding.

Diploma in Housing Management preferred.

The appointee will be in sympathy with the Christian ethos of the Association.

Salary scale £12,723 - £14,048.

To discuss the post further telephone Ruth Sillitoe, Director of Housing and Property (0865 726110).

For further details and application form write to Rita Milne, Personnel Director, YWCA Headquarters, 52 Cornmarket Street, Oxford, OX1 3EJ or telephone (0865) 726111 (24 hour answering service).

Ref: Q4. Closing date 9th September 1988.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wandsworth Asian Centre

Support Services Officer

£11,691 – £12,387 p.a. inc.

From April 1988 the Leisure and Amenity Services Department commenced the provision of services at the above centre which is based in Trinity Road, Tooting Bec, SW17. We aim to greatly improve the services offered by the Centre to all section of the local Asian community. To help us achieve this we need an experienced and committed person to provide key assistance to the Centre Manager in the areas of administration of the centre's finances including budgetary control and management of the premises including control of cleaning and maintenance. You should be fully aware of the needs of Wandsworth's Asian communities so that you can help to meet such needs as effectively as possible. Sound office, financial and administrative skills will be looked for. Additionally the ability to type would be an advantage as would experience of attending and minuting meetings.

Ideally you will also possess staff supervisory experience and it is crucial that you have good verbal and written skills in at least one of the following languages: Urdu, Hindi, Bengali, Gujerati and Punjabi.

The 35 hour working week will be 9.00am to 5.00pm, Monday to Friday, with occasional evening work.

Application forms from Leisure & Amenity Services Personnel Section, Town Hall, London, SW18 2PU. Telephone 01-871 6361. Please quote Ref. /1722. Closes 9 September.

Wandsworth

an equal opportunity employer

All applicants are considered on the basis of their suitability for the job irrespective of disablement, race, sex or marital status.

DIRECTOR

Salary £22,716-£24,990

(Five Year Renewable Contract)

Applications for the post of DIRECTOR are invited from people who respond to the challenge of change and development. The DIRECTOR heads a staff of thirty two serving the West Midlands Region from an office base in Birmingham.

West Midlands Arts is the regional cultural development agency working with a diversity of arts organisations, artists, national and regional funding bodies and other agencies and the local authorities of Hereford and Worcester, Shropshire, Warwickshire and the seven West Midlands Metropolitan Districts.

West Midlands Arts strives towards equal opportunities in all aspects of its work and is, therefore, committed to a process of monitoring and review of equal opportunities policy and implementation.

We are seeking someone with a proven record of management, an understanding of the public sector and a commitment to the arts.

Application form and further details are available from:

The Chair
West Midlands Arts
82 Granville Street
BIRMINGHAM B1 2LH
Tel: (021) 631-3121

Closing date for receipt of application:
Friday 9 September 1988

WEST MIDLANDS ARTS

LEICESTER RIGHTS CENTRE

PUBLICATIONS/ INFORMATION WORKER (Half-time)

Leicester Rights Centre (L.R.C.) is a second-tier Law Centre providing information, advice, consultation and training to voluntary and statutory agencies in Leicester. It undertakes some casework and reserach in various fields of welfare law. It also produces the bi-monthly Leicester Rights Bulletin and other leaflets and publications. The Publications/Information Worker is a new specialist post created to take on existing work of the centre and to develop our growing number of publications.

L.R.C. aims to be an equal opportunities employer and is currently developing its policy. Applicants must have proven experience in editing and a general knowledge of welfare law. Salary pro rata on scale SO.1 (£11,323 – £12,075). **For further details and application form contact Leicester Rights Centre, 6 Bishop Street, Leicester LE1 6AF (Tel: 0553 553781).**

Closing date: September 16th, 1988.

NURSING ASSISTANTS

£6,180 - 7,545 per annum

We have several vacancies for Nursing Assistants in our Community Mental Health Unit for the Elderly.

This position would offer varied clinical experience for those wishing to enter a career in nursing or one of the other caring professions.

If you are interested in working with people with mental health problems, and are keen to become a member of a ward team providing assessment, rehabilitation and continuing care, please contact Nigel Harrison, Senior Nurse Manager on 01-969 2488 Ext 2565, or bleep 417.

For further information and an application form please contact Ashley Atkins, Personnel Department, St. Charles Hospital, Exmoor Street, London W10 6DZ. Tel: 01-969 2488 Ext 2340.

Closing Date: Thursday, 1st September 1988.

PARKSIDE HEALTH AUTHORITY
"WORKING TOWARDS EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES"

Development Worker

To implement new therapeutic project working with refugees and asylum seekers.

Good communication and fund-raising skills required. Knowledge of refugee community resources, statutory/voluntary services, mental health issues required.

Salary: £11,070 - £11,805 p.a. pro rata.

Appointment for six months initially.

Job description available on application in writing:

C/o A.E.T., 38 KING STREET, LONDON, WC2E 8JS.

Deadline: Tuesday 13th September 1988.

Classified Advertising

Speak to Hazel, Chris or Carol Anne about it

01 • 739 • 1645

Grants

GRANT AWARDS - The Alan Tobe Trust has been set up to help individuals and small groups working and campaigning in the areas of peace, educcation and the environment. Our non-charitable status allows us to support political objectives. For further details and an application form write enclosing S.A.E. to The Alan Tobe Trust, 19 Northampton Grove, London, N1 2PL. The deadline for applications is 14 September 1988.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Courses/Training

INTERESTED IN **SOCIAL ADMINISTRATION** OR **SOCIAL SCIENCE,** AND IN THE **USES** AND **EFFECTS** OF **COMPUTERS** AND **COMPUTING?**

If so, consider the **RESEARCH, INFORMATION AND SOCIAL POLICY** option in our **new interdisciplinary** BSc honours degree in **New Technology** (PCAS Y200). Places are still available for this September.

Applications from mature and women students are particularly welcome. Qualifications in maths or science are not essential and for mature students relevant experience may replace formal qualifications. For further information contact: Jo Sherman, NELP, Livingstone Road, London, E15 2LL. Tel: 01-590 7722 ext. 5095.

NELP *A great place for students!*

NORTH EAST LONDON POLYTECHNIC

HARROW COLLEGE OF HIGHER EDUCATION

Watford Road, Northwick Park, Harrow, Middlesex, HA1 3TP
Tel: 01 864 5422 Ext 223

An opportunity to improve your personal skills: Two courses starting in SEPTEMBER 1988

1) The Helping Relationships

An introduction to the theories and techniques of Counselling. 18 weeks. Thursdays 9.30 - 4.30 p.m.

2) The Skilled Helper

A more advanced course which focuses on developing and extending knowledge and practice. 18 weeks. Tuesdays 9.30 - 4.30 p.m.

Fee: £155 for each Course.

Information and applications forms from Counselling Unit.

Personal

HARRY PERKINS FOR LEADER

Badges (red and white). All profits to Tribune Fighting Fund.

40p each; 3 for £1; 7 for £2; 20 for £5 (all prices include postage)

Send money with order (cheques and postal orders payable to S. Williams) to Box Number 787, Tribune, 308 Gray's Inn Road, London, WC1X 8DY

PERSONABLE MANCUNIAN, 33, walker/book-lover, seeks reasonably priced holiday accommodation (cottage/flat) in Mid September. Scenic coastal area accessible by rail. Please write to Box (34) 093 a. s. a. p.

Conferences

Clinical Approaches to Working with the Mentally Disordered Offender

Day Conference at the UNIVERSITY OF LEICESTER on 20th September 1988

Details:

Mrs. S. Wesson, Department of Psychology, University of Leicester Leicester, LE1 7RH Tel: 0533 522162

Exhibitions

EXHIBITION: 'UNHEARD MELODIES'

CAMDEN ARTS CENTRE
Arkwright Rd, NW3 (435 2643)
M-F 10.30-5.30; Sat & Sun 2-6

Abstract Paintings by Clifford Myerson Sept 1 to Sept 5

Billboard — Theatre

NATIONAL THEATRE 01-928 2252. Olivier (open stage) THE SMALL FAMILY BUSINESS, THE SHAUGHRAUN BY Dion Boucicault. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF. THE CHANGELING. Cottesloe (small stage) MRS KLEIN by Nicholas Wright, THE STRANGENESS OF OTHERS. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928 2256.

Accommodation Wanted

JOURNALIST, 31, n/s, seeks accommodation with access to South East London. 761 5216.

Agenda

31 Aug

8 years of Solidarnosc Anniversary Demo Wednesday 31st August 6.15pm London, Hyde Park Near Speakers Corner

Speakers from main Political Parties, Trade Unions, Solidarnosc Polish Community, opposition activists from the Soviet bloc. Followed by march to the Embassy of the Polish Peoples' Republic.

11 Sep

TO THE LIGHTHOUSE - a sponsored cycle ride. A gentle 25 miles from London (Clapham Common Bandstand 8.30 am) to Polesden Lacey, a National Trust house in Surrey. For the London Lighthouse and Lambeth Landmark - two new AIDS projects offering respite and terminal care. Refreshments en route - entertainment at finish. Non-cyclists welcome. Details from 4 Tremadoc Road, London, SW4. 01 622 0422.

Holidays/Travel

DISCOUNTED FLIGHTS, Italy, France, Scandinavia, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Austria, Yugo. Charter/Schedule. AIRFORCE. 01-5-6-2233.

JOURNEY LATIN America. Low cost flights, holiday journeys, 3-6 weeks. JLA, 16 Devonshire Road, London, W4 2HD. 01-747-3108.

PEAK DISTRICT IN AUTUMN Warm welcome to peaceful guesthouse overlooking riverside illuminations. Great walks, views, food. B&B £7.50; with evening meal £10. Ring Karen on 0629 56615.

TRIED THE REST, now try the best. For low air fares to world-wide destinations inc Africa. SHL, 313a Hoe St, London, E17. 01-520-7911.

Booksellers

SCARCE BOOK Service: Social-Economic History: World Politics. State wants. 01-876-7254. Hammersmith Books, Barnes High Street, SW13 9LR.

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion Street, London, WC1 Telephone: 01-242-5822.

Heartsearch

OLD FRIENDS

DOES LIFE BEGIN AT 40?

MARRIAGE, FRIENDSHIP or COMPANIONSHIP:
the introduction agency for the 40s, 50s, & 60s

Details from: Anne Brent, 18a Highbury New Park, N5 2DB Telephone: 01-226 5432

Enrich Your Social Life!

Are you looking for that special person or just more opportunities to meet kindred spirits? Savoir Vivre is different. Designed for the discerning and sophisticated, it provides more interesting introductions.

Telephone 084 82 611 anytime or write to:

SAVOIR VIVRE
A Social Contact Network
Ref: NS TYNRON, THORNHILL DG3 4LG

ATTRACTIVE INDEPENDENT man (33) graduate. North based, seeks similar bubbly female (25-35) for a completely 'reckless', funny yet possibly serious relationship. Interests include lots of black/white photographs, left politics, theatre, gliding and generally having a 'really' good time. Photo appreciated, will answer all replies. Box (33) 086.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details from: Dateline Computer Dating, Dept. (7NS), 23 Abingdon Rd, London, W8. Phone: 01-938-1011.

BACHELOR, KENSINGTON, seeks disabled girl, under 30, possible with callipers for mutual friendship. I am not disabled. Please give your phone number. Box (32) 075.

BIRMINGHAM WOMAN, 43, likes books, food, movies, France, sunshine, seeks intelligent, omnivorous, compatible, non-smoking male companion. Box (34) 091.

PROLETARIAN MAN, 31, with bourgois tendencies, looking for woman in vicinity of Leeds whose interests may include music, theatre, Yorkshire Dales, wine and cricket. Please write to Box (34) 092.

TRY SCOTTISH LETTER LINK for a new way to contact people outside your usual circle. S.A.E. to P.O. Box 61, Edinburgh, EH3 6JW.

ATTRACTIVE JEWISH WOMAN, 54, would like to meet a bloke to cheer her up; eating out, theatre, concerts, movies etc. Birmingham area. Write Box (34) 090.

SOCIALIST MALE GRADUATE, 30's would like to meet an attractive lady for sincere, long-term, uninhibited, unpossessive, sensual relationship. I enjoy theatre, cinema and good food. Please send photo and phone number. London. Write to Box (34) 089.

VERY ATTRACTIVE CAREER GIRL 27, seeks an educated, sophisticated professional male Londoner interested in good food, wine and intelligent conversation. My first ad. S.A.E. ensures reply. Write Box (34) 088.

SOCIOLOGIST, DIVORCED, 50's in despair, seeks genuine attractive caring woman, preferably Midlands or North. No materialism but warmth and affection. Box (34) 087.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE DIGGER

Michael Leapman, an unusually optimistic gardener, plans to extend the possible

A few weeks ago I wrote here of the dangers of midsummer sowing, pointing out that, despite what it says on the packet, it is often too hot and dry for the seeds to flourish. That pearl of cautionary wisdom immediately preceded the wettest July for ages, which would have been ideal for starting late crops: but by then I had taken my own advice and gone on holiday, leaving the seed bed empty.

In consequence we are now consuming the last of the summer lettuce (good title for a TV series?), sown in April. But August is the time to sow things for the winter, so last week I put in some seeds of a winter lettuce that we should be able to start harvesting in November.

In fact, though, they may not come up at all because I made a mistake when buying them and discovered on reading the packet that the variety, Marmer, is supposed to be grown in a cold frame or a cool greenhouse. But having bought them I thought I would try them outdoors anyway, testing my theory that Brixton is the most temperate part of the country. The bed is on the eastern side of a wooden fence that protects it from the prevailing wind, and by November it isn't *that* cold. It is only by experimenting that you learn what can be done, as Chairman Mao probably used to say.

Organic gardeners will be glad to learn that before planting I laced the bed liberally with material from what I laughingly call my compost heap. I have never been methodical enough to do compost properly, by which I mean compressing organic matter neatly into a container and extracting it through a slit at the bottom. I just stack up the weeds and cabbage leaves in a heap at one end of the plot, keeping it to a manageable size by having an occasional bonfire. Over the years the base of the heap has broken down into serviceable-looking compost, and the fires have ensured that it is rich in potash.

The only weed that refuses to blend with the rest is couch grass. This is a tough pest—I've even had it growing right through potatoes, in one end and out the other. Despite years of patient digging, I have never been able to eradicate it from one section of the allotment. The brilliant white roots persist long after all the other weeds in the compost heap have turned to dust. At least their colour makes them easy to identify and remove. If I let couch grass run rampant in the seed bed I wouldn't give much for the lettuce's chances.

Other crops I put into the bed at the same time were spring cabbage and winter radish. The cabbage is usually a good standby at a season when not much else is available, although last year it failed totally. Winter radishes, like their summer cousins, neer fail, as long as you give them enough water. They come in white or red varieties, and they will happily stand in the chilly soil for weeks, waiting until you are ready to pick them. I find the white get a bit stringy sometimes so I prefer the red. The variety I grow is China Rose, large and deeply coloured with a ferocious flavour.

While browsing through my half-empty seed packets I noticed that the turnips I sowed in the spring could be started as late as August, so I decided to test the claim. I enjoy fresh turnips as much as any root vegetable but this year the crop from the main April sowing was very disappointing; most of them ran to seed and scarcely any of the others reached more than an inch in diameter. Maybe they'll do better with a late start. Gardening is about taking chances, trying to extend the bounds of the possible.

FRINGE BENEFITS

Colin Ward takes cross-country journeys and regrets British Rail's failure to explain its operations

Like any reasonable person I'm a railway enthusiast. Not in that tedious ever-so-English nostalgic way, but because the train is the most rational, safest and most convivial form of mass transportation. But between us and British Rail, which we own, there's such a barrage of professional public relations people that if ever I actually meet any of the BR high-ups I harangue them like any outraged commuter.

It happened last month. I buttonholed this nice guy with my complaints about the way the convolutions of fares policy always penalised the journey I wanted to make. He took it all with good humour and then asked, "Do you seriously think there's someone in an office in London calculating how to lure you with concessions which turn out not to apply to your journeys?"

"Yes," I replied, "that's just what I do think." He patiently explained that the government had laid a duty on BR to fill every train and that manipulating prices was the only known way of achieving this.

Well, every train I travel on seems to be pretty full, if not overflowing. But this very fact raises huge issues. You can see the nature of any nation state by looking at its railway links. A wise Swiss, Herbert Luethy once advised us to examine his country's railway system, the densest network in the world, which faithfully reflected the local and federal democracy of that country. "At great cost and with great trouble, it has been made to serve the needs of the smallest localities and most remote valleys, not as a paying proposition, but because it was the will of the people."

A "democratic railway movement" in the 19th century ensured that industry was distributed all over Switzerland, and Luethy compared this with the French system, entirely centred on Paris "so that the prosperity or the decline, the life or death, of whole regions has depended on the quality of the link with the capital."

Britain is nowadays much like France. All lines lead to London. Time and again I have sought to make a cross-country journey only to find that it was simpler and faster to go to London, enduring the change between one terminus and another, rather than have endless waits on platforms in attempting a direct route. One problem of comparison is that today's seating and rolling-stock for the inter-city trade are incomparably better than the older coaches relegated to minor routes.

I took a couple of trips the other day which tested BR's provision for the non-metropolitan. I went from Newton Abbot to Manchester by way of Birmingham and on the following day from Manchester to Ipswich on a magical cross-section of our industrial history.

Naturally I had to stand through the most exciting slice of the journey, between Manchester and Sheffield, and needless to say, the catering, a trolley provided by Rightline, "a private company independent of BR", couldn't penetrate the overcrowded aisles. But what an incredible route it was, taking in Chesterfield, Derby, Nottingham and Peterborough, and absorbing the backside of modern Britain, just as the previous day's trip between Birmingham, Wolverhampton and Stoke-on-Trent had done.

Not for the first time, I reflected that the problem is that our various leaders travel Inter-City and miss the provincial routes, or that, more likely, they go by plane or along motorways landscaped through green fields. They never have even the vicarious passing visual contact that the train provides with the ruined and empty lineside environment.

What I yearned for was a guide, which was taken for granted a century ago, to the sights from the train window. Ten years ago David Wright, a teacher-trainer at the University of East Anglia, produced an *East Anglican Railpack* to enhance school journeys, for British Rail Norwich Division. But the Norwich Division was shut down in the interests of commercial viability and the packs just got lost.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ENDGAMES

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 3040 Set by May Day
Extracts from soap operas, please (*Neighbours, Dallas, EastEnders* etc) in which Mrs Thatcher puts in an appearance. Not more than 150 words. Scripts to be in by 7 September.

No 3037 Set by E O Parrott
Versions of *Hamlet, Jane Eyre, Pride & Prejudice, Tess of the d'Urbevilles* or any other play or novel in the style of Raymond Chandler.

Report by Ms de Meaner
And back I come to the darling old comp and all my old and dear friends (and some new faces, I see, as well). The holiday spirit is still with me, fresh from my little *gite* near Val d'Isere, and still full of wine and bread and *fromage*. What a wonderful way to start—famous works of fiction in the style of Chandler. The solution was approached in various ingenious ways: introducing Chandler's famous detective, Philip Marlowe, into the story, merely writing in the *style* of Chandler or, cleverest of all, pretending that, for example, Dickens was writing about Marlowe all along. Ten pounds to all the winners, but an extra five to Dennis McEldowney and A L Allsopp for their first and ninth sentences respectively. I'm a sucker for a funny line.

I got there as they were fishing the dame out, poor kid. I lit a cigarette and went inside. The joint was rotten. "Nice family seeks help" the ad said. I found the family, I was still looking for the nice. This guy in black came over.

"So, Jack, tell me about it."

"They killed my father, poured poision in his ear."

"Listen Jack, poison in the ear makes you deaf not dead." I smoked some more. A crackpot and a lady in the lake in one afternoon.

"Please understand..." The guy was babbling. "You have to see..."

"Or not to see." I was getting irritated. "Look Jack, the story stinks as much as fish eggs to the mob." Then I saw it, sticking out from under the curtain, the blood dried hard on the chest. He must have been dead for hours. The place was thick with stiffs.

"Talk Jack, and talk fast."

A L Allsopp

Rochester stood by the fire, rubbing his leg. He hadn't had such a kick since Old Man Mason had given him a snort. A movement from across the room caught his eye. It was the broad who'd given him the low down on the path outside.

For a moment she looked as nervous as a chicken at a Chinese takeaway. Then she stood up straight, tilted her head back, as if someone had her in a stranglehold, and pursed her lips. Dammit, she didn't expect him to kiss her, did she?

He couldn't look at her. There was something burning in those brown eyes that could start a fire, and not just in the hearth. He studied the carpet. The persian pattern had gone west, but it was something to look at. He supposed he ought to say something. "Miss Eyre," he rasped. The words stuck to his tongue like fur after an all-night session with the bottle.

Katie Mallett

It's one of those facts of life everybody knows —a guy with a fat wallet without a dame, needs a dame.

Mr Bennett sat in the living-room, on a red davenport with a yellow satin cushion. Mrs Bennett had a face that looked as if it had been ironed, and when she spoke it was like the greyhounds coming out as the starting-gates are opened. "You know, Burt, there's a young guy with a lotta dough moving into the district—should be great for our girls!"

"Yeah?" His eyes were like two black fish suspicious of each other. He sucked at his pony glass of bond bourbon. He though she was as crazy as a pair of waltzing cats. "You think he's gonna marry them all?"

"Ha-ha-ha-ha!" Her laugh was like a team of rats scuttling round the room. "You should go see him—case the joint, see how he shapes up..."

He stopped her with a slap that made her as off-colour as the decor. "You go see him. Perhaps he'll marry you."

Her eyes stuck out like peeled eggs. With the back of her hand she swiped him back onto the davenport. His pink scalp glistened. His sarcastic humour, reserve, and caprice dissolved in an odour of fear. "You're right, I'll get out the DeSoto and go see him."

Dennis McEldowney

It gave "being taken for a ride" a whole new meaning. The mafia wouldn't have bought it. I wasn't over-impressed, either. For my part, I'd have walked; the other way, preferably.

The passengers were packed firelighter-fashion, but I wouldn't be complaining to the management. They didn't sell class on tumbrils, anyways. The sweet chick pressing against me made the trip interesting. By comparison, the other dames around resembled delegates at a Marie Dressler lookalike convention.

"D'you think where we're goin'll be better than this burg?" she asked.

"You've got me there, sugar" I said. "I didn't get a gander at the destination board."

When we arrived, I wasn't sold on the furniture either. I'd seen finer in Habitat.

"Number Twenty-two!" hollered the hatchetman's sidekick. He wasn't calling in row-boats on the Serpentine.

"'S that you, honey?" enquired the chick.

"Ladies first" I insisted.

My turn came. Slobbering bibfulls of that "far better" spiel, I wanted attention. What I *got* was the works.

Chas F Garvey

The place was flat. Flat, like an apprentice-piece pool table. Met an old con there one night years ago. Hungry guy, so I fed him. He was the sort of man I'd like to forget. And I did. Then there was a girl. Estella. Cool type, but she got under my skin all right. Had what I can only describe as an unhealthy relationship with her governess, a Lady Something-or-Other. And this old Lady was Suspect Number One. Almost certainly the source of my unexpected income. I loved Estella even more after that. But I blew the money, just like I blew the case. I'd thought I'd got it all figured out. But no. Instead, suspect number too-high-to-have-a-number was *my* guy. The old con. He confessed easy enough. "Pip Marlowe, it was me."

Simon Herbertson

IF THE CAP FITS

No 82

In another and much less amusing part of the mag, there is, we are reliably informed, an actual article about Senator J Danforth Quayle III appearing. So perhaps you'd all better read it first before you write in and tell us what you think either he or a rather nervous-looking Bush is saying or thinking. Entries on a postcard please, in by 2 September. £10 prize.

Winner No 80

Australian policewoman to Thatcher: "I don't care who you are. Nobody pinches my bum and gets away with it." *(Ron Gilbert, Welwyn Garden City.)*

Wines of Westhorpe
– *for more wine value*

TASTING CASES

Eight selections (12 bottles in each) from the value for money wines of probably the two fastest growing UK wine sources: Bulgaria and Hungary.

Bulgarian Case – *the 5 new Country wine blends, and 7 varietals* 22.90

Top Bulgarian Case – *the outstanding new Ploydit, Reserve range, Premiums, Controlirans, and 2 sparklers* 32.90

Hungarian Case – *7 standard varietals, 4 vintages, and the Tokaji Aszu 5 Puttonyos* 27.90

Tokaji Case – *Hungary's famous liqueur wine: 2 Szamorodni's, and 3, 4, and 5 Puttonyos Aszus (50cl bottles)* 42.90

Dry Whites Case – *the dry Bulgarian Mehana, 5 Bulgarian varietals including the oaky Khan Krum, and 2 of the new cold fermented Hungarian varietals* 24.90

Medium and Sweet Whites Case – *2 Mehanas, Bulgarian Riesling and 2 Country blends, 3 standard Hungarian varietals, 2 special vintages, and 2 Tokajis* 27.40

Reds Case – *Hungary's Merlot, 9 Bulgarians from the standard Cabernet (bestselling red in the UK) upwards, and 2 vintage Hungarians* 30.90

Budget Case – *Bulgaria's Mehanas, Riesling, and Country blends, with 2 Hungarians* 21.20

Prices include VAT and delivery (UK mainland) for orders of 5 or more cases, under 5 cases freight £3 per order, 10+ cases less £1.50 per case. Full list from: **Wines of Westhorpe**, Unit L-22, Park Avenue Estate, Sundon Park, Luton LU3 3AE. Tel: 0582 598040.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHESS

England was certain to have one player through to the semi-final stage of the world championship elimination process. But who would it be? That was the question to be settled at the Barbican Centre in the quarter-final match, sponsored by Pilkington Glass, between Short and Speelman. There was a general assumption that Nigel Short was the pre-match favourite. But this expectation was largely based upon the burden of hype that Nigel still carries from his childhood, when he was portrayed as the prodigy who could one day win the world title.

In the department of positional judgement Short is second to no one but Karpov. His feel for the right continuation seems to stem from a natural virtue, like Capablanca's lucid intuition. But when it comes to tactical calculation, Jon Speelman sees more variations and sees them more quickly. The one thing that you could rely on in a clash between England's two leading grandmasters was that rivalry would not develop into animosity. Players like Fischer and Korchnoi have given chess GMs a reputation for being mean and moody. But a match between these two was just going to be, as Andrew Martin put it, "a £20,000 friendly".

In the first game Speelman appeared to be steadily building an advantage with the White pieces, but a vigorous, timely reaction by Short removed all danger. Probably Black even held a slight advantage when the draw was agreed. In the second game Speelman ventured an idea that may be refuted in future trials. But this time it worked well enough for a draw.

And so to game 3:

Speelman-Short, 20 August. QGD.
1. d4 Nf6 2. c4 e6 3. Nf3 d5 4. Nc3 Be7 5. Bf4 0-0 6. e3 c5 7. dxc5 Bxc5 8. Qc2 Nc6 9. a3 Qa5 This is a well known position in which White usually continues 10. Rd1, followed by the manoeuvre Nd2-b3. In practice Black has not been shown to stand worse. But look at it this way: Black has the White position in a standard Queen's Gambit accepted *with two whole tempi less*. That suggests that White should ehave something, and so Speelman tries a new and aggressive move. **10. 0-0-0!? Be7** Here and over the next few moves Short's response seems insufficiently active. Black's problem is that his Queen's Bishop is not participating, as illustrated by 10...Bd7 11. cxd5 exd5 12. Nxd5 Nxd5 13. Rxd5 with double attack on c5 and d7. Perhaps Black should play 10...dxc4 11. Bxc4 a6, giving top priority to opening the Q-side with ...b5-b4. **11. g4 Rd8** Another point to Speelman's new idea is that the g-pawn can be used to add to the pressure on Black's centre (11...Nxg4? 12. cxd5 exd5 13. Rxd5 Qb6 14. Na4 actually traps the Queen). **12. h3 a6 13. Nd2! e5?** The threat to harass the Black Q with Nb3 was very unpleasant, but the advance of the e-pawn, although thematic in this line, just loses here. I think Black had to play 13...dxc4. **14. g5 Ne8** Even worse is 14...exf4 15. gxf6 fxe3? 16. Nb3. **15. Nb3 Qb6 16. Nxd5! Rxd5 17. cxd5 exf4 18. dxc6 fxe3 19. fxe3 Bxg5 20. Kb1 bxc6 21. Bc4** A strong move, consolidating White's King's position and lining up for an attack on Black's. **Ra7 22. Rhf1 Bf6 23. Qe4 Kf8** Gruesome. 23...Nc7 24. Rxf6 and 25. Rd8+ is worse. But if 23...Re7, would Speelman have played the flashy 24. Qxe7!? Bxe7 25. Rxf7 ? **24. Qxh7 g6 25. e4 c5 26. e5 Bg7 27. e6 1-0.**

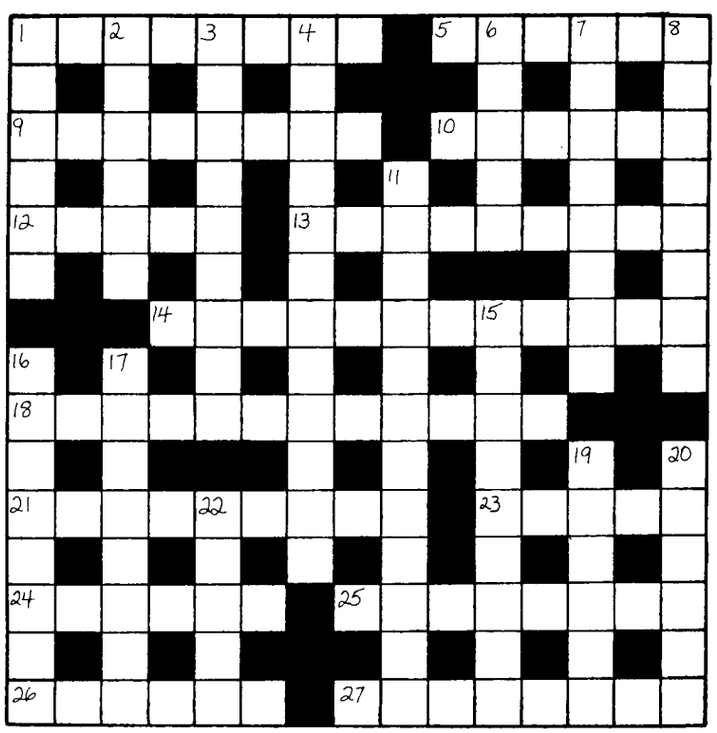
In a six-game match you do not have long to recover, so having lost one game it is all too likely you will lose again through overpressing. There was urgent need for Short to hit back in the next game, but his anxiety for a decisive result produced an attack without the necessary co-ordination of forces:

Short-Speelman, Game 4, 21 August. Pirc Defence.
1. e4 d6 2. d4 g6 3. Nc3 Bg7 4. f4 Nf6 5. Nf3 0-0 6. Be2 Nigel reverts to an old line that declined in popularity when Fischer lost with it against Korchnoi in the 1962 Candidates' Tournament. Theory reckons 6. Bd3 and 6. Be3 to be more dangerous to Black, but Nigel was right in supposing that Jon would be well prepared against those moves! **c5 7. dxc5 Qa5 8. 0-0 Qxc5+ 9. Kh1 Nc6 10. Bd3 Bg4** An alternative deployment is 9...Nbd7, to follow with...a6, ...b5 and...Bb7. But the Nf3 is a useful attacking piece, so it makes sense to exchange it off. **11. Qe1 Bxf3 12. Rxf3 Nb4 13. Be3 Nxd3 14. cxd3 Qb4 15. Rb1 a5 16. f5 Rac8 17. Bg1** Why? I don't understand this move. **a4 18. a3 Qb3 19. Bd4 e6 20. Qg1 b5 21. g4 Nxg4!?** There is an air of desperation about White's attack, but it could have been dangerous without this sacrifice. **22. f6 Nxf6 23. Bxf6** 23. Rxf6 e5!. **Bxf6 24. Rxf6 b4 25. axb4 a3 26. Qd1 Qxb4 27. Rf2?** Under normal circumstances I am sure Nigel would play 27. Qa4 Qxa4 28. Nxa4 axb2 29. Rxb2. The trouble is that's likely to be a draw. But with Queens on the exposure of White's King is the main factor. **axb2 28. Na2 Qd4 29. Rfxb2 d5 30. Rb4 Qa7 31. Nc1 dxe4 32. dxe4 Qe3 33. Qg1 Qf3+ 34. Qg2 Qd1+ 35. Qg1 Rfd8 36. Nb3 Qf3+ 37. Qg2 Rd1+ 38. Rxd1 Qxd1+ 39. Qg1 Qe2 40. h3 Rc2 0-1.** That gave Speelman a 3-1 lead and Short a mountain to climb.

George Botterill

WEEKEND CROSSWORD

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1606, New Statesman & Society, Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London E2 8DQ, by 12 September.



Name

Address

Crossword 1606

ACROSS

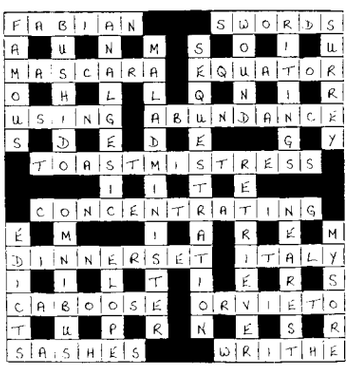
1. Victories for cars (8)
5. Homer fluid in a collection of literature (6)
9. Conveyance for fruit behind the stacks (8)
10. One who fixes a place near London (6)
12. Note about coloured girl (5)
13. Part of building which comes by Royal Mail? (9)
14. How to get entertainment although possibly Gatting gets a duck here (12)
18. Take a carton and open it freely for overnight stay (12)
21. Where to eat when there is celebration in an old country (9)
23. Lady who was endlessly like a conservative (5)
24. Gentleman who keeps calm about the gold (6)
25. Leave with me without the boys being happy (8)
26. Old man who is among the finest orators in the House (6)
27. Surprised when the beginning came first (8)

DOWN

1. Quarrel about an artist's rise in prices (6)
2. If the king comes with this flower, there is room (6)
3. Love it as much as a masculine feature (9)
4. The main offices are dives in which one has something to drink (12)
6. Hunter goes on about American city (5)
7. Creature which is long distorted and in agony (8)
8. Place to take artist to in romantic tale (8)
11. Democratic process which makes for closer battle (6,6)
15. The bird loves gardens being wild (9)
16. An example of animals being put back in a cage by a skinhead (8)
17. Ordinary people hold a film up to discover portraits (8)
19. Make slow progress in completing the street register (6)
20. The finder turns out to be an acquaintance (6)
22. The body has to make love on mountains (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1604



Prizewinners to 1604

Edwina Fitzpatrick (Cambridge)
Mr R S Viney (Shrewsbury)
Mr C S Morris (Edinburgh)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Christopher Hitchens affectionately recalls the late Mark Boxer's work for the "New Statesman"

It would be otiose to say that Mark Boxer did some of his best work for the *New Statesman*, because he was a perfectionist who did his best work for everybody. Nonetheless, some of his most mordant and memorable caricatures did appear in the old *NS;* a paper for which he had a high regard.

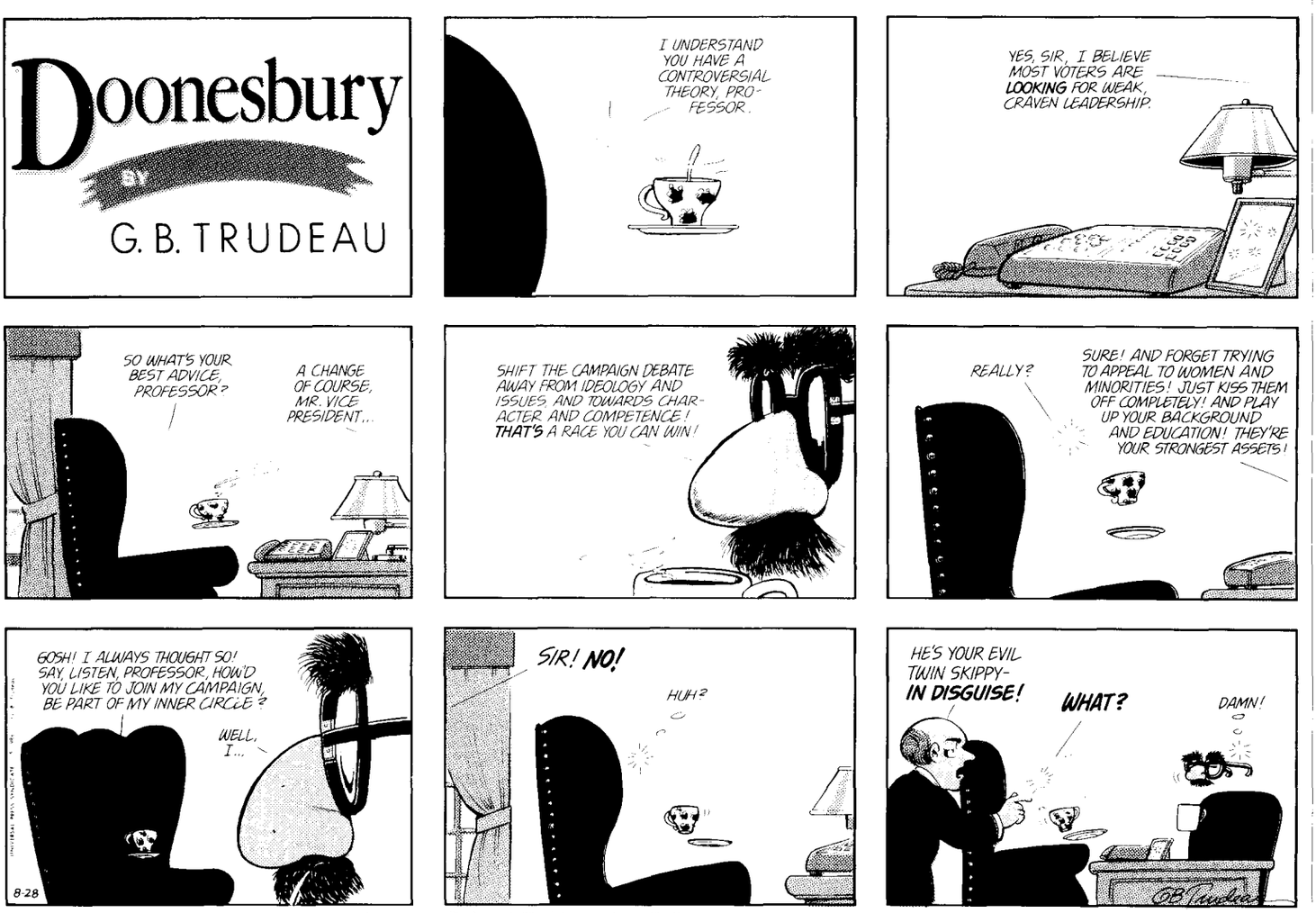
Mark had a gift, probably not very highly prized among radicals, for being serious about amusing things and amusing about serious ones. One of his great subjects was the nuances of class. He was brilliantly funny and acute about middle-class angst and upper-class fatuity. In a very moving speech at his funeral service last month, Bamber Gascoigne happened to mention two of my personal favourites from among his pocket cartoons. In the first, a bulbous managing director is greeting one of the token "worker directors" while keeping a furtive eye on a clock that reads 12.45. "About this time, er, Fred" he is saying "we usually take a three-hour tea-break." In the other, a man peers awkwardly over the top of a tasselled menu at the time of the 1974 miners' strike. "Do you mind if we have the carafe wine?" he inquires faintly. "I'm slightly embarrassed when the bill comes to more than a face-worker's wage."

Mark's milieu was that of the upmarket glossy magazine, where he was always a force in favour of high standards in writing and illustration. But his aptitude for this world, combined with his arresting good looks and his love of parties and entertaining, condemned him as flippant in the eyes of the more lugubrious types who compose the upper and middle management in journalism. Not until he was in his fifties did Condé Nast give him the over-arching mandate for magazines that he deserved. This fact alone makes his early death an insupportably bitter loss, because we can only guess what we have missed.

The "marvellous boy" image was complemented rather than contradicted by Mark's deep interest in public affairs. His caricatures were the product of shrewd politics as well as a faultless line. I well remember the way he chose to depict James Callaghan when he became Prime Minister and was profiled in the *NS*. The moment I saw the features of a bluff, bullying headmaster, whose solid exterior concealed nervousness and inadequacy, I realised that Mark had got it right again, and that we were in for trouble.

He was impatient with all kinds of vulgarity and stupidity, and had a light and deadly touch with fools. Once at lunch he showed me a *Daily Mail* story, which said that "ironically" New Zealand would rather have an English dustman than an English viscount as an immigrant. "Try as I may," said Mark, "I just *can't* see the irony there—can you?" Those are the tones I shall miss.

At a time when support for Labour's cause became statistically almost undetectable among his circle, Mark remained quite staunch and was forever having his more biting cartoons adjudged "not quite right" by *The Times*. But he never felt the urge to trim and, when I visited him during his last illness, said cheerfully that, "Of course, *we* have got more left-wing as we've got older." His death is an appalling blow to his ex-wife Arabella, to his widow Anna Ford and to his children and his legion of friends, but it is also a real deprivation in the battle against encircling Philistinism.


Doonesbury
BY
G. B. TRUDEAU
I UNDERSTAND YOU HAVE A CONTROVERSIAL THEORY, PROFESSOR.
YES, SIR, I BELIEVE MOST VOTERS ARE LOOKING FOR WEAK, CRAVEN LEADERSHIP.
SO WHAT'S YOUR BEST ADVICE, PROFESSOR?
A CHANGE OF COURSE, MR. VICE PRESIDENT...
SHIFT THE CAMPAIGN DEBATE AWAY FROM IDEOLOGY AND ISSUES, AND TOWARDS CHARACTER AND COMPETENCE! THAT'S A RACE YOU CAN WIN!
REALLY?
SURE! AND FORGET TRYING TO APPEAL TO WOMEN AND MINORITIES! JUST KISS THEM OFF COMPLETELY! AND PLAY UP YOUR BACKGROUND AND EDUCATION! THEY'RE YOUR STRONGEST ASSETS!
GOSH! I ALWAYS THOUGHT SO! SAY, LISTEN, PROFESSOR, HOW'D YOU LIKE TO JOIN MY CAMPAIGN, BE PART OF MY INNER CIRCLE?
WELL, I...
8-28
SIR! NO!
HUH?
HE'S YOUR EVIL TWIN SKIPPY- IN DISGUISE!
WHAT?
DAMN!
©B Trudeau

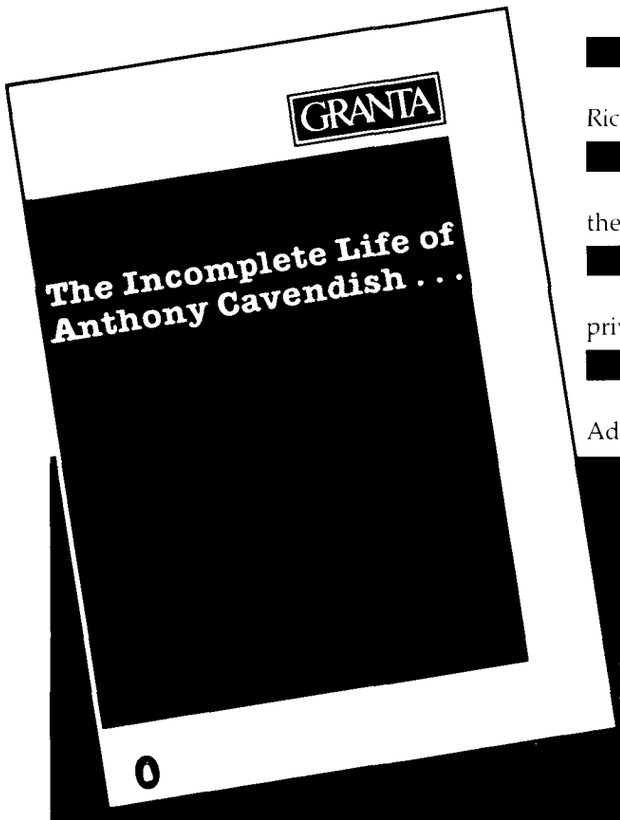
Incorporating 'The Nation', 'The Athenaeum' and 'The Week-end Review'. Registered as a newspaper.
Typesetting by ECML 36-42 Clerkenwell Road, London EC1. Colour origination by Graphic Ideas, 135-139 Curtain Road, London EC2.
Printed by BPCC Colchester Web Offset Ltd, Sheepen Place, Colchester CO3 3LH Tel: 577881, a member company of Maxwell Communications Corporation plc.
Distribution by NS Distribution 102 Curtain Road London EC2A 3AA 01-739 1807 Second class postage paid at New York, NY USPS 382260. Air freight in USA by Speedimpex USA Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOHN UPDIKE ▶ PAUL THEROUX ▶ GRANTA ▶ GRAHAM GREENE ▶ SALMAN RUSHDIE ▶

▲ WILLIAM BOYD ▲ DORIS LESSING ▲ GERMAINE GREER ▲ MARTHA GELLHORN ▲ IAN McEWAN ▲ MARTIN AMIS ▲ GUNTER GRASS ▲ JAMES FENTON

BRUCE CHATWIN ▼ GABRIEL GARCIA MARQUEZ ▼ JAN MORRIS ▼ SAUL BELLOW ▼ JAYNE ANNE PHILLIPS ▼ GRACE PALEY



FREE with a subscription to *Granta*

'Promises to develop into a Spycatcher-type row'
Daily Telegraph

Granta now sells 132,695 copies per issue. (Source: ABC). How it is that a magazine of literature and politics is read by so many people?

Because of what Granta publishes:

FICTION

Salman Rushdie, John Berger, Jeanette Winterson, Richard Ford, Nadine Gordimer.

POLEMIC

Germaine Greer, Günter Grass, and Milan Kundera on the death of Europe.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Doris Lessing, John Updike, and Graham Greene's private journal, 'While Waiting for a War'.

FIRSTS

The first published transcripts of the interrogation of Adolf Eichmann, the first autobiography by a Cambodian living under the Khmer Rouge.

REVELATIONS

The peanut-butter world of the scientists of Star Wars; 'They'—the explosive interviews with the individuals who 'stole' the Polish government after the war.

REPORTAGE

James Fenton looting Marcos's palace in the Philippines, Joseph Lelyveld riding buses with the blacks in South Africa, and Ryszard Kapuściński busting roadblocks in Angola.

TRAVEL WRITING

Saul Bellow, Paul Theroux, Martha Gellhorn, and Bruce Chatwin following Aborigines across Australia.

And now, 'INSIDE INTELLIGENCE':

In 194■, Anthony Cavendish was made the ■■■■■■■■■ officer of ■■■, the British ■■■■■■■ ■■■■■■■■■ ■■■■■■■. In 194■, he personally oversaw the illegal invasion of ■■■■■■■■ that resulted in the deaths of ■■■■■■■■■ of ■■■■■■■■■ ■■■■■■■■■■■■■. In 195■, Cavendish was personally responsible for monitoring ■■■■■■■■■ in ■■■■■■■■.

The Treasury Solicitor has conceded that Cavendish's book does not break the Official Secrets Act. Why, then, has the Government spent hundreds of thousands of pounds trying to stop its publication?

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE: Autobiography from Philip Roth, Peter Carey and Tobias Wolff. New fiction from E.L. Doctorow, Mona Simpson and Jay McInerney. Reportage from Nik Cohn and James Fenton. And Bruce Chatwin on the Albatross.

SPECIAL OFFER 25% OFF

SUMMER READING

For New Subscribers Only:

Please enter my subscription to Granta at the introductory rate. I will receive a year's subscription of four issues for only £15, a saving of £4.80 off the cost of the same issues in the shops —plus the current issue FREE.

Name

Address

Postcode

I would also like a copy of the bestselling 'Science' issue at £4.50 ☐

Payment: ☐ cheque enclosed (payable to Granta)
☐ I will pay later, please bill me
☐ Access ☐ American Express ☐ Diner's Club

Credit card number

TELEPHONE HOTLINE FOR CREDIT CARD ORDERS: (0223) 315290

Return form (no postage necessary in the UK) to: Granta, FREEPOST, Cambridge, CB1 1BR

Foreign subscriptions: add £4 for surface mail, £8 air-speeded, or £12 for airmail.

HSSXX

◀ ANITA BROOKNER ◀ MILAN KUNDERA ◀ BERYL BAINBRIDGE ◀ DON McCULLIN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED